

DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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ISSUE 20
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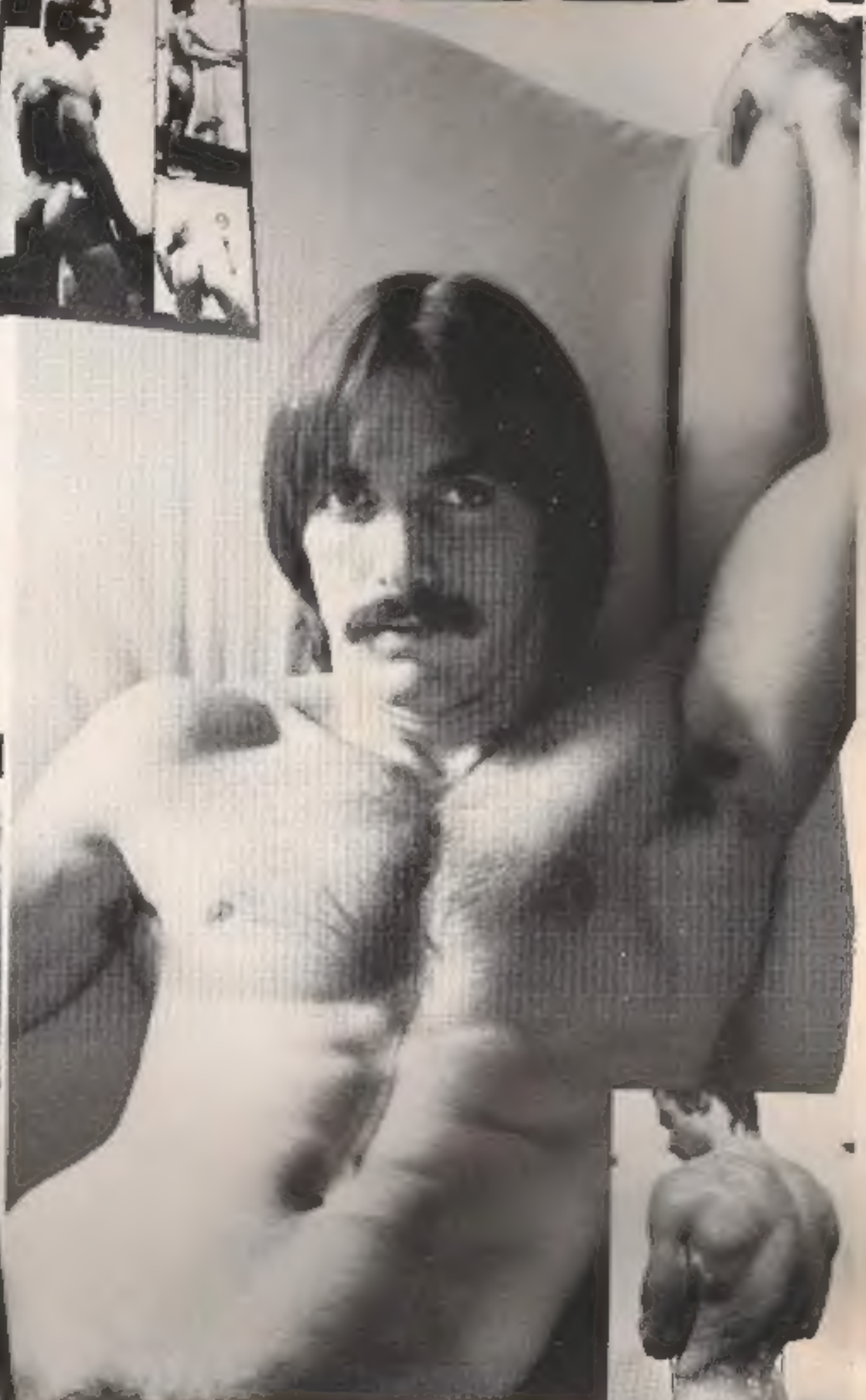




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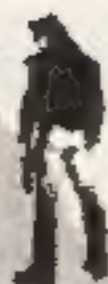
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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

20

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 20

- 6 GETTING OFF
MALECALL/DEAR SIR
- 8 GAY SPORTS by Jack Fritscher
*Why should straight guys have all the fun?
The Gaysports Revival: Fun, Fucking, and
Politics . . .*
- 18 S/M GYM by G. M. Misa
The road gets rougher; it's lonelier and tougher
- 22 PISSING IN THE WIND by Jack Fritscher
Ultimate water sports: How do you spell relief?
- 26 FRED HALSTED
The face that launched a 1000 CHIPPIES
- 28 HARRY CHESS
*Will the Python pull his dick from Harry's
Throat?*
- 30 ASTROLOGIC — AQUARIUS
Predictions for 1978
- 32 TRAPPED by Houston Smith
Exciting Fiction Continues
- 39 BOOK SECTION
"SOLDIER!" by Derek
- 74 CMC CARNIVAL
A photo essay by David Sparrow
- 75 BOOT RACK
Arnel Larsen: Arch of Triumph
- 86 DRUMMER SHOPPER ADS
- 88 NIGHT FLIGHT by Jack Fritscher
A boarding pass to THE hottest party of the year
- 90 BAR OF THE MONTH
*S.F.'s I-beam bar is red-hot and steaming
with wall to wall disco dudes.*
- 93 MEN'S BAR
Watering holes for big boys
- 98 IN PASSING

*Cover and Contents Page Photo
"DUNE BODY" by Joe Tiffenbach*

47 1978 TOM CALENDAR
Thanks to Eons Gallery; A book of lays

- 55 UNCLASIFIED/LEATHER FRATERNITY
- 63 DRUM COMICS
Bill Ward's Beat Meat
- 66 MOVIES (Drummer views the flicks)
*The last and best review of SALO you'll ever
need plus CLOSE ENCOUNTERS*
- 72 DRUMMER READS THE BOOKS

DRUMMER VOLUME 3 NUMBER 20

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Getting Off

Crimes Against Nature, written and performed by the Gay Men's Theatre Collective, has been the held-over hit of the San Francisco Season: Like *A Chorus Line* and *Hair*, *Crimes Against Nature* is a high-energy semi-musical in which the characters/actors expose the most private truths of their lives. *Crimes*, headed for Los Angeles and New York, deals specifically with athletics, jockstraps, and All-American dads' attempts to program their All-American boys into sports against their nature. *Crimes* is subtitled "A Play about Survival." As with *Hair*, one of the characters is shot, but in *Crimes* the fun and games turns serious. This play, like DRUMMER's sports issue is about fun that becomes self-defense. Like *Network*'s Peter Finch, gay men today are mad as hell and won't take it anymore. If a gay man wants to jock it up, it's not only okay, it's a celebration. Why should straight guys wear all the juicy equipment? When you grow up, you can play the way your nature calls.

CONTENTS

Taste is as taste does and DRUMMER tastes a bit of everything. DRUMMER has pinned its nuts on. Reality and fantasy both are in this issue. Jerk to what you like: drawings, comics, hot fiction, articles about the actualizing of fantasies, new photos by new photographers, the CMC Carnival, the I-Beam macho disco, and *Night-Flight*. You name it.

This masturbatory self-congratulation is to warn you that a new DRUMMER, good as the old, and even better to come, is in your hand right now.

DRUMMER GETS MORE AUTHENTIC

If you don't have DRUMMER, buy it. If you can't find DRUMMER to buy, subscribe, because in our next issue, you're gonna get put in 'PRISON' so authentically you wouldn't believe, and on top of that, the biggest up-front pumped-up exclusive of 1978 will be heading your way: ROGER'S BACK AND DRUMMER'S GOT HIM! (And Roger's ten inches is no crime against nature!)

NATURAL VS NORMAL

As Capote's Holly Golightly said in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, "I'd rather be natural than normal." The "norm" is what most people do: Dull. The "natural" is what men do according to their nature: Fanfuckingtastic! As David Baker, author/actor of the *Crimes* collective says: "To survive I'm Butch." He survives, as does the play, in the best DRUMMER tradition. If it's okay to be straight macho, it's just as okay to be gay, macho. If it's okay to be straight kink, it's okay to be a gay kink. After all on a desert island which would you rather have; DRUMMER's gay machismo or READER'S DIGEST'S "I Am Joe's Pancreas."

You read DRUMMER, dude, because you're macho, mad as hell, hot, horny, jocked, leathered, and getting in shape for THE SURVIVAL, SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

S&M GAMES

I think Jim K. hits the nail on the head when he refers to S&M as "games." That's exactly what it is — like golf and tennis — only it is more enjoyable.

"Fun and games" describes S&M perfectly, and Mr. Rechy has never really understood it, if he considers it brutal or something to chastise himself about.

When you enter into a ballgame you decide which team is up to bat first, and when you enter into chess you decide who gets the white and who the black. When you enter into S&M you decide who is top and who is bottom. Sometimes the same guy will be top on one occasion and bottom on another. I know I have taken both parts, and I imagine almost everybody else has done the same. You really have to know both parts to play either role well.

The object is not to hurt somebody, although hurt may be involved, but to bring great sexual pleasure to both players. The top is getting his sexual pleasure out of forcing (with consent) another human being to submit to all of his sexual advances and to suffer the humiliations and pain he inflicts. The bottom is getting his sexual pleasure out of being treated as a total slave, whose body is giving pleasure to another, and who must do what he is told whether he likes it or not. These are turn-ons to sexually inspired people, and neither player wants to be such a poor player that he turns the other off. If he is that poor a player, then he loses the game.

Being a poor player means giving more pain than the slave needs to experience slavery as a reality, or being such a baby that a little pain is treated like a big pain. Being a poor player means doing anything that could possibly cause physical damage to another, other than a few simple bruises, or which break the magic spell of intense role playing without good cause. This means that to be a good player each party in the game has to read the other well. That is why a little conversation beforehand can make the game just right. The top has to know the limits and the fantasies of the bottom, and the bottom has to have enough confidence in the top to submit completely to his period of slavery, and to get high on the thought of being another man's sex tool.

Part of the game calls for dressing the part we take, and maintaining the image of the part all the way. A player has to read the other guy all the way all the time. When he does, it's a wonderful game, and if Mr. Rechy thinks otherwise, he has never played the game the way it was meant.

Mike
Los Angeles, CA

MACHO MEN

I've had it with this "gay" crap. I mean the word. Let the fluff males have their feminine word, but for this masculine homosexual male, "Macho" is the best identifier.

If the straight macho male won't like our using the word to identify ourselves and if he won't want to be identified as one of us, then it's tough.

As for me, I cruise Macho men in Macho bars, and I read your damn good magazine — America's mag for the Macho Male.

L.C.
Hammond, PA

J/O ENJOYMENT

I have decided to subscribe to DRUMMER instead of being at the mercy of the local book store. I wish to subscribe with your next issue No. 19.

I read your mag from cover to cover with a perpetual hard-on and only stop to J/O, I hope you guys make a million on your efforts, and a million thanks for the long hours of enjoyment.

The drawing at the bottom is done by David Eastman, he has a poster out that you may have seen called "David's Men" and if you haven't it is a line of humpy numbers in different dress and each of them is playing with the next. I think David is very good in the S&M drawing Dept. and should you be interested in writing him I am sure I can get in touch with him; he spends summers in Amsterdam and winters in New Zealand.

Keep up the good work and hope you all had a young bird to stuff for the holidays.

Ed
Madison, WISC



SM TALLY

Dear Sir:

I realize that I didn't ask permission to speak, but, Sir, I discovered some very interesting statistics in the Leather Fraternity Unclassifieds in issue No. 18 of Drummer Magazine. Sir, I'm sure You noticed that all but a few of the ads mention the advertisers' astrological sun sign, in addition to their preference (S, SM, MS or M) I decided to tally the listings

and see which signs are Tops and which are bottoms.

By combining SMs with Ss (sadistically inclined) and MSs with Ms (masochistically inclined), i was able to get percentage figures that show the relationship within and between signs, Sir. Also, i computed from the 362 listings, the percentage of participation for each sign.

The greatest number of participants came from the sign Libra, which also tied for second with Gemini in the total number of Ss. The least participation came from Pices and Sagittarius at 6.9% each. Sagittarius, with Virgo a close second, showed the largest percentage of bottoms while (and i'm still shaking) Sir Taurus came in with a whipping 66% Tops and a mere 34% bottoms.

Capricorn was the median with a 50-50 split between Ss and Ms, Sir, but it seems unrealistic that there are so many Masters represented for all the signs. Most studies on the subject indicate that there are far more masochists than sadists, but i tend to think that the aggressiveness of an S and the fact that a good slave is hard to find (not from personal experience, just hearsay) makes it necessary for a Master to advertise more.

i hope i haven't taken too much of Your valuable time Sir. When You have time please look at the chart that i included. Thank you Sir.

Your humble servant,
Robert T. Rings

%	SIGN	%S	%M
8.8	Taurus	66	34
10.2	Libra	57	43
8.3	Gemini	57	43
9.9	Cancer	55.5	44.5
7.2	Aquarius	54	46
8.3	Aries	53	47
7.5	Scorpio	52	48
7.2	Capricorn	50	50
9.1	Leo	48.5	51.5
6.9	Pices	44	56
9.7	Virgo	43	57
6.9	Sagittarius	40	60

LAUGHTER AND PAIN

Have just completed rereading Bruce Weiner's, THE ALL NEW LEATHER MAN'S GUIDE, part I, for the fourth time. I'm still trying to get myself back together to the point when i started reading that hilarious article.

Not only are my eyes still secreting profusely from laughter; but the pain in my side doesn't seem to want to go away. (Or was that the author's intention)

Any WHOO - BRAVO BRUCE - You're outrageous. Can't wait for the next issue to arrive.

Paul
Buffalo, NY

FIRST CLASS

Please find money order enclosed, this is to ensure your GREAT mag gets to me. (I hope the Can. customs boys are

rolling it up and shoving it all the way in.) Your last issue No. 16 came to me opened and No. 17 has just arrived, same condition. Loved the letter on bare feet. Got off on just that. Any way to unstick the pages? Also would like to see some more W/S, maybe with bare feet?

So from now on first class all the way.
Canada

MISSING

Somewhere between the last paragraph of Chapter 3 through the first paragraph of Chapter 5 somebody fucked up.

Chapter 3 ended with a dream of the coach's strong arms and chapter 5 (within a few paragraphs) begins with Terry's sore ass as a result of the coach's big cock. When was this night with the coach (our hero astride his shining white cock) - not in Chapter 4.

Did i miss something - did the printer leave out something - the author? Don't you guys proof read your shit before you print it?

For God's sake let us incurable romantics know what's going on!

J.F.
Monterey, CA

CONGRATS

I recently started buying your mag and liked it a hell of a lot. When i saw the ad for copies of back issues i decided to compare your early issues to your latest ones.

You have progressed very well since your earlier issues, however, this was definitely to be expected, as you seem to have started out on the right foot from the beginning. Congratulations on a fabulous magazine!

I definitely enjoy, especially, your fiction and photography. Your mag is unique and i'm sure will be around for a long time.

Ron
N.Y.

SUPER GOOF

Apologies to all you disappointed DRUMMER readers who sent in for A. Jay's hot, new portfolio "Raw Meat" and had your orders returned. One of our brash slaves screwed up by putting a wrong P. O. Box number in the ad, and is being severely punished at this very moment for his mistake! Anyway, the goof has been corrected (see the ad on pg 87). All orders received from here on out will be promptly processed.

Thanks,
Powerhouse Productions
P.O. Box 11007
S.F., CA. 94101

LEFT OUT

I saw the bandana color code in your recent issue of Drummer. Once again we got left out. Piercing fans and guys into pin and needle trips have adopted "holy week" purple as their color, left for piercer, right for piercee. I hope you will let your readers know about it.

Jim Ward
Gauntlet Enterprises

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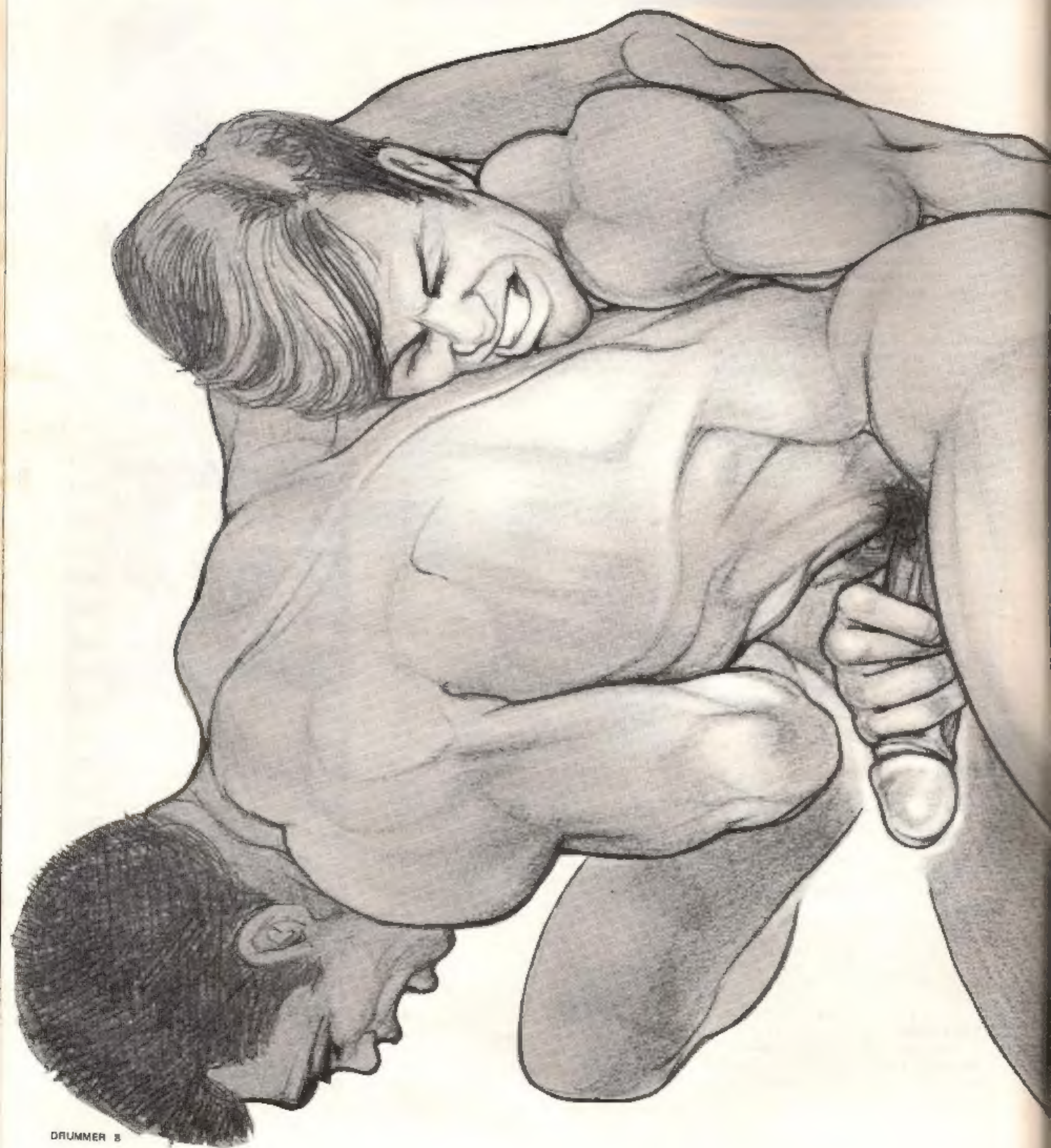
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This drawing and the one on page 31 are by an exciting new artist, Matt. Prints of his action wrestling drawings are available thru Athletic Model Guild.



GAY JOCK SPORTS

wrestling, boxing, rollerballing, soaring,
scuba, bodybuilding, dune bodies, films

By Jack Fritscher

He chews Redman tobacco, wears a railroad engineer's cap at the helm, and often pisses over the side of *Courageous*, the 12-meter yacht he skippered to the America's Cup crown. Before the America's Cup races, he peptalked his crewmen as if they were a football team, playing the theme song from *Rocky* to fire them up. His name is Reginald Edward Turner III, although he's more often known as "Captain Outrageous."

Ted Turner is a perfect 38, a Georgia

peach of a jock who stretched his RET initials to name his own WRET-TV station. He sees himself as Scarlett's Rhett, modernized. International yachtsman Turner owns Atlanta's baseball and basketball franchises. He buys and sells pro-ball players like Big Macs. In a former existence, the dashing handsome Turner no doubt owned a stable of gladiators. In this existence, he's a macho, married, millionaire, handsome, straight jock.

MATT

SPORTS MASTURBATED

Of all the current gladiator dream-jocks, Oakland Raiders' quarterback Kenny Stabler is a man of a southern class more redneck than the aristocratic Turner. "My life-style," Stabler confessed to *Sports Illustrated*, "is too rough -- too much booze and babes and cigarettes to be a highschool coach." Stabler is big, bearded, and so butch that after winning the Super Bowl, he described the Raiders' locker room victory party as a great release: "Coach Madden was all red and grinning and the guys were hugging each other like a bunch of fruits."

Twice-divorced Stabler now keeps Wickedly Wonderful Wanda so close that she emerges "like a bauble from the shadow of his armpit." (Jock reporters, like Robert Jones, have a way with words to make your mouth water.) Always an athlete, Stabler, nicknamed "Snake," was 6'3" and 185 before pro-ball weight training boosted his bulk to 215. "The stronger you are, the more muscle you got around those joints, the less likely you are to get hurt."

Check out *Sports Illustrated* (9/19/77) to see Snake's Wicked Wonderful Wanda, to see the shining Stabler shot in loving-color "beefcake" full-page and cover photos. "Ken Stabler is a man in motion," *S/I*'s Jones writes. "Furious, violent

motion. Exultant motion."

Motion just like a lubed hand.

No reflection on Stabler as a private person, but when a private person goes public and is openly touted as a sexual beast, the tempted reader who buys the magazine can stroke up whatever fantasy he wants. Stabler can take the energy as the complement it is: his manly mana only encourages lust in the grandstand. What jock-groupie wouldn't stir at Jones' story that Stabler is so tough, that when he was at Alabama he topped his girlfriend by putting her in her place in the corner and fed her with a slingshot.

SHOULD ONLY STRAIGHT GUYS HAVE ALL THIS FUN?

Even the tall, dark, and handsome Gordon Liddy, the only man who took Watergate like a man, while in prison buffed himself up to a tightlipped 190 pounds and was benchpressing over 300 by the time he went home to his wife sans slingshot. Liddy's dominant face suggests the look of the Castro Street type matured. Having achieved the character a man's face takes on passing through his thirties, Liddy's got the macho. He's got the magic. He's got the dark S-and-M look. He is so heavy, he offered himself for execution if his symbolic death would help clean up the

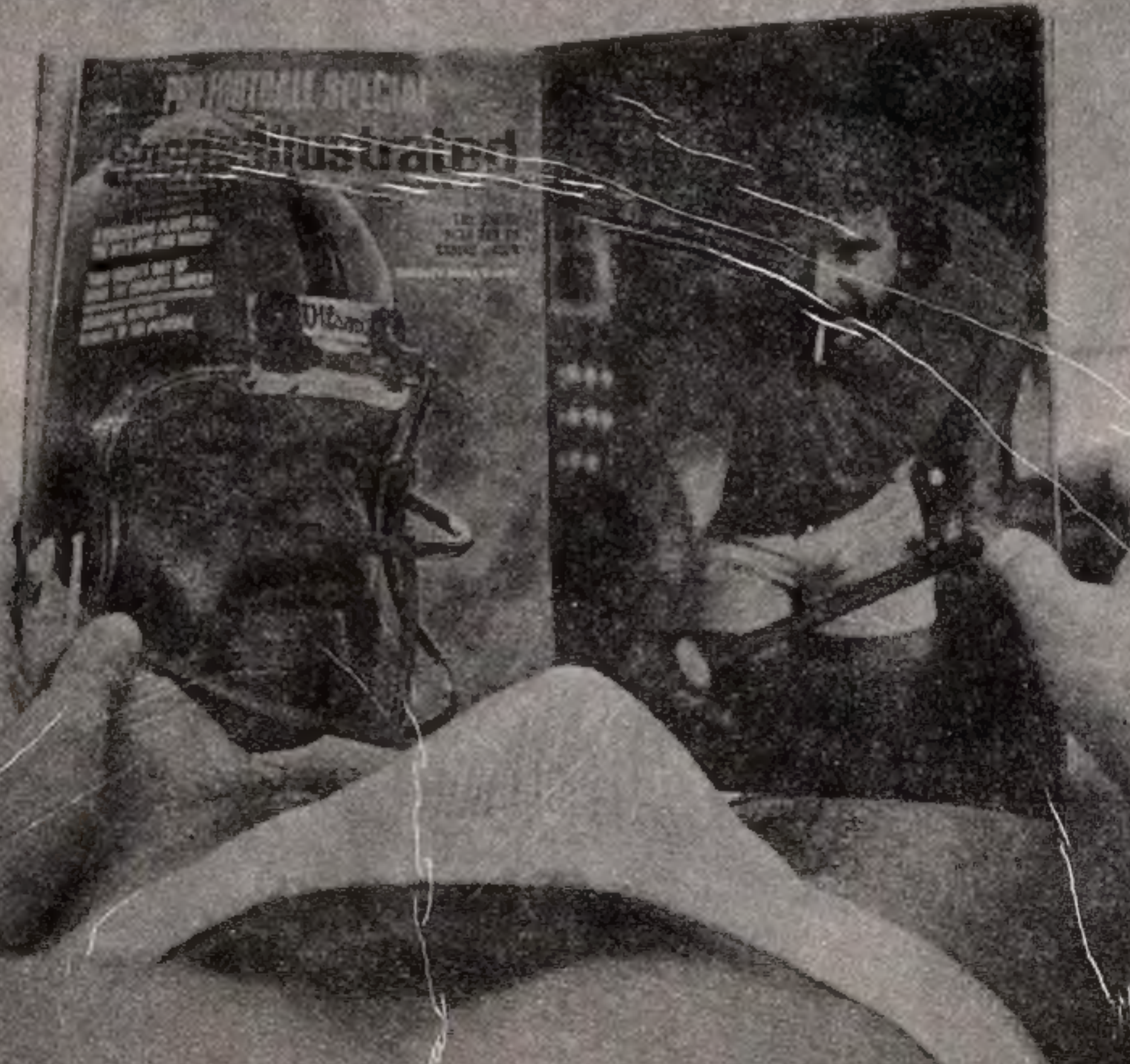
Watergate mess. Instead, like most cons, he worked out what he had to work out through the channeled aggression of sports and the stoicism of cold showers.

JOCULARLY STRAPPED AND LATENT

Jock is British slang for penis. Jock with strap means athletic supporter. Jock in American slang means athlete, especially a college athlete. Edward Albee's *American Dream* boy is a jock "who works out a little bit." Tennessee Williams' Brick in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is an over-the-hill jock, terrified, remembering that with his football teammate Skipper, "Sometimes late at night on the road in our hotel room we'd reach across the space between the beds . . ." The American dream is the golden boy who blooms early in high school, makes all the teams, and graduates to date the college homecoming queen. The American nightmare is the beefy jocktype who, ten years later, divorced from the homecoming queen, cruises singles bars, presses his beer can up against his dropping doubleknit chest, and admits to having "played a little ball in college."

SHOULD ONLY STRAIGHT GUYS HAVE ALL THIS FUN? Jock-groupies get off on Raiders' Quarterback Kenny Stabler topping his girlfriend by putting her in the corner and feeding her with a slingshot

PHOTO BY DAVID HURLES



FUCKING THE PRIMAL PUSH-UP

Charles Atlas made millions merchandising muscles to keep sandkicking bullies from stealing away the heart of beach blanket Annettes. Atlas' successor, Joe Weider, publisher of *Muscle Builder*, one of the world's truly great catalogs of beefcake, peddles classic sex in ads with Arnold Schwarzeneggers touting protein powder while a bikini-girl hangs over his bionic shoulder with a *National Lampoon*-tang look on her face. Weider's catalogs are wonderfully illustrated for one-handed reading late at night for anyone who gets off on a hyperbole of bodies.

Athletes have long endorsed products promising first of all a terrific body (Bruce Jenner for Wheaties), then a body with sex appeal (Joe Namath for you-name-it), then clothes with success appeal (Bob Griese for leisure suits from Sears), and finally the unstoppable Joe Willie — again — in his classic pantyhose. Woody Allen summed the Jock Sell up in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex* in the sequence with the two jocks, stripped down to white towels and tan torsos at the lockerroom mirror, endorsing the irresistible qualities of some sexy product on an athletic body. Naturally, they fall into each other's hot embrace, as naturally as ballplayers pat ass, snap towels in the shower, and talk chauvinist talk about broads and fags.

Athletics is attitude. Players spend as much time psyching as practicing. A jock is only as good as his body and his psyche. So when chased by jock-groupies of both sexes, players can get cynical or jaded. One baseball player recently claimed San Francisco was the worst place for a jock to try and get laid, because everybody in the Bay Area was either a hooker or a fag. Somehow, that should make it easier.

When the sport is as good as sex, as in *Pumping Iron* when Arnold rather truthfully states that a good muscle pump is as good as coming, then the sport includes its own sexual end. Uniforms often exaggerate body parts with protective padding or expose the body for freedom of movement. I have super 8 movie evidence I'll be glad to show any man who himself is around 6', 190, with 18" arms, that at more than one physique contest my zoom lens has, by sheerest of accident, caught certain bodybuilders during their posing routines growing erect in their sheerest of posing briefs. That's not only okay. That's the point. Among other things that it is, sports is exhibitionism. And what's the Ultimate Exhibit? The Body.

Schwarzenegger wasn't booked in as an exhibit at The Museum of Modern Art for nothing. He was booked to exploit his body. His acting career, going back to the Italian spear-and-sandal epics when he was billed as Arnold Strong, always was and always will be, based on his delts and not his diction. He and other sports-to-movies jocks are like the tone-deaf dancer in *A Chorus Line*. She doesn't need to sing. Her body itself has "men coming in their pants." Her pigtailed counterpart affirms the body as exhibit: tits and ass. The body is the one singular sensation, sensed in the athlete's body and sensed in the sports fan's head.



FIERCE FIST AND FACE: Dodgers' Ron Cey salutes the crowd after his grand slam home run in the National League play-offs. Wideworld Photos

Every man wants an athletic body. Lots of men want athlete's bodies. Back in the 1950's when Crazylegs Hirsch was America's football idol, after one particularly rousing game, the fans streamed onto the field and literally tore Hirsch's uniform off for souvenirs: jersey, cleats, socks, everything, pad by pad, strap by sweaty strap. Hirsch escaped in a shred of jock. He is remembered now more for

the movie about his life: how he changed from sports hero to convict to good citizen. The movie, a Fifties classic, was *Unchained*. Its main title theme was "Unchained Melody."

Norman Lear's short lived *All That Glitters* showed a professional baseball player turned actor exercising his naked chest while explaining to the camera, "Without pecs, you're dead."



WITHOUT PLCS, YOU'RE DEAD?

Naked to the Greeks, who had a word for everything but poppers, is *gymnos*. Gymnastics, like all events in the original uncut Olympics, was movement performed naked. In the 1960's *Sports Illustrated* went so far as to recommend that highschool boys attend gym class shirtless to spur competitive pride in their bodies. Nothing was said about quick glance comparisons made later in the overheated and underventilated shower. Gays have no corner on that kind of looking. At that age, every boy looks to see how he compares. The only difference is that gay guys never stop looking. Comparison shoppers to the end, they remember. For instance, a former student manager at Evansville, Indiana's Rex Mundi High School fondly recalls watching their all-star straight jock head into the shower. To this day he can describe to the inch the sudsy vision of a cut Bob Griese, long before he became the Miami Dolphins' quarterback whose blondness contrasted so perfectly with the macho darkness of those two other Dolphins, Jim Knick and Larry Czonka, whom the sportswriters called Butch and Sundance.

Equally well remembered is O.J. Simpson working out at the LC Berkeley gym:

O.J. Simpson long before he hurtled suitcases for Hertz, pleased more than one pair of adoring eyes while he minded his own business at U.S.C. As only *Straight to Hell* No. 32 could lucily put it: "Before going to Stanford, I was working in Hollywood and going to U.S.C. part time. This was during O.J. Simpson's last year at U.S.C. (1969-1970). Because I used to run, lift weights, swim and generally hang out at the gym, I met the straight O.J. a number of times."

"One afternoon I was in the weight room working on an exercise machine called Universal Gym. The leg press part is lowest to the floor and faces the south wall which is covered with mirrors. I was on this part of the machine when

O.J. and a couple of his Black buddies came in to work out. They were bare-assed except for bulging jockstraps. We exchanged nods and greetings and O.J. came over to work on the bench press section which was raised and to my left. Since I'd seen O.J. stripped to gym shorts several times before, I already knew he had a great Bud: thick neck and arms, gigantic thighs, and beautiful dark reddish brown skin. So this time I concentrated on the private parts. His jock pouch was filled out quite well, and because the bench press user has to spread his legs wide to the sides of the bench, he unknowingly gave me a fantastic panoramic view of his beautiful tight buns bulging out of the jock: dark, moist curly-haired crack; fuzzy crotch; plus just a hint of asshole and a peek of one large thick nut sac. What a juicy mouth-watering straight stud. I wonder if the sports writers realize how appropriate his pro-nickname, 'The Juice' really is." In this media-mad world, anybody can fantasize almost anything about anybody, and Simpson even way back then, minding his own business, was already larger than life.

WIDE SCREEN JOCKS

Boxer Ken Norton infuriated Muhammad Ali by appearing in a tabloid wearing only a jockstrap. That strap was a lot covering a lot more considering what the classically built Norton displayed in *Mandingo*. In that Dino DeDeMented movie, plantation mistress Susannah York summons slave Norton to her bedroom. Norton wears only white cotton trousers held up by a drawstring. The camera shoots Norton's broad-shouldered, sweaty, and lickable back. York, standing in front of Norton, faces the camera, but looks straight at Norton's face. Her hand reaches up and pulls slowly, sensually, and long on the symbolic drawstring

holding his light trousers against his beautiful dark skin.

Not one to be undone without being done, Norton stands stock still as his trousers slide slow down his naked buttocks. The camera tracks equally slow down his noble backside as the fair-skinned York sinks to her adoring knees down his frontside.

This is acting? She gets paid for this?

One black moviegoer shouted out in the hypnotized theater silence: "HOL-LEEE-WOOOOOOD!" And his perfect review was right on. Yet through it all, Norton's innate nobility and incredible body carried the scene with a dignity Ali long ago lost. His athletically disciplined body on exhibition, preserved for all time on film, is worth twice the admission price. Norton seems both to understand and be willing to share the vision of the naked body perfected by sports.

Hollywood has always trafficked in athletic bodies: Brando, Newman, Douglas, Voight, and Stallone boxed in *On the Waterfront*, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, *The Champion*, *The All-American Hero*, and *Rocky* long after the humpy young John Garfield broke jaws and hearts in movies of the 1940's. Currently, Ryan O'Neal boxes for real, owns a piece of a boxer, and wants a boxing script for himself.

Wrestling was never better before or since it peaked in Ken Russell's *Women in Love* when Alan Bates, who shows his ass in nearly every movie he's ever made, grapples sweaty and naked before a roaring fireplace with the very macho Oliver Reed.

Redford's body, looking good as Natalie Wood's gay husband in *Inside Daisy Clover*, has been through a litany of athletics: leathered and shirtless dirtbiking in *Little Fauss and Big Halsey*; skiing in *Downhill Racer*; hiking and rafting in *Jeremiah Johnson*, running in *Three Days of the Condor*; and sailing in *The Way We Were*, in which he also out

wrestled Streisand frame-by-frame for skin space

Richard Harris, sailing in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, was stripped, tied to an iron grate, and flogged. That took care of his backside. The Amerindian athletics of tribal life in *A Man Called Horse* took care of his frontside. The Indian elders strung Harris up with wooden pegs through his pecs, hoisting him up for a test of his endurance. He becomes a "man" through his initiation in pain.

Burt Reynolds wrapped (*The Longest Yard*), Stallone Weathering Car Weathers (*Rocky*)

Appropriately, *pain* is the one word all athletes use in common. Training, like sex, can become an obsession. It feels so good it sometimes becomes compulsive, addictive. The body aches for a workout. The more miles a longdistance runner logs each day, the better his threshold of pain. No man races against any clock. All men race against themselves. The mind takes control of the body and the miles pile up. This running analogy fits all sports as well as it explains much gay

sex, which is the Greatest Sport, and why so many gay men ground their sexuality in endurance of s and m, fist fucking, and marathon fuck sessions.

This Sporting Life, made at the same time as *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, was the jock movie that took care of Richard Harris' face. *Sporting Life* featured nude bathing and brawling similar to David Storey's Broadway rugby drama *The Changing Room* where twenty men enter the set, strip,

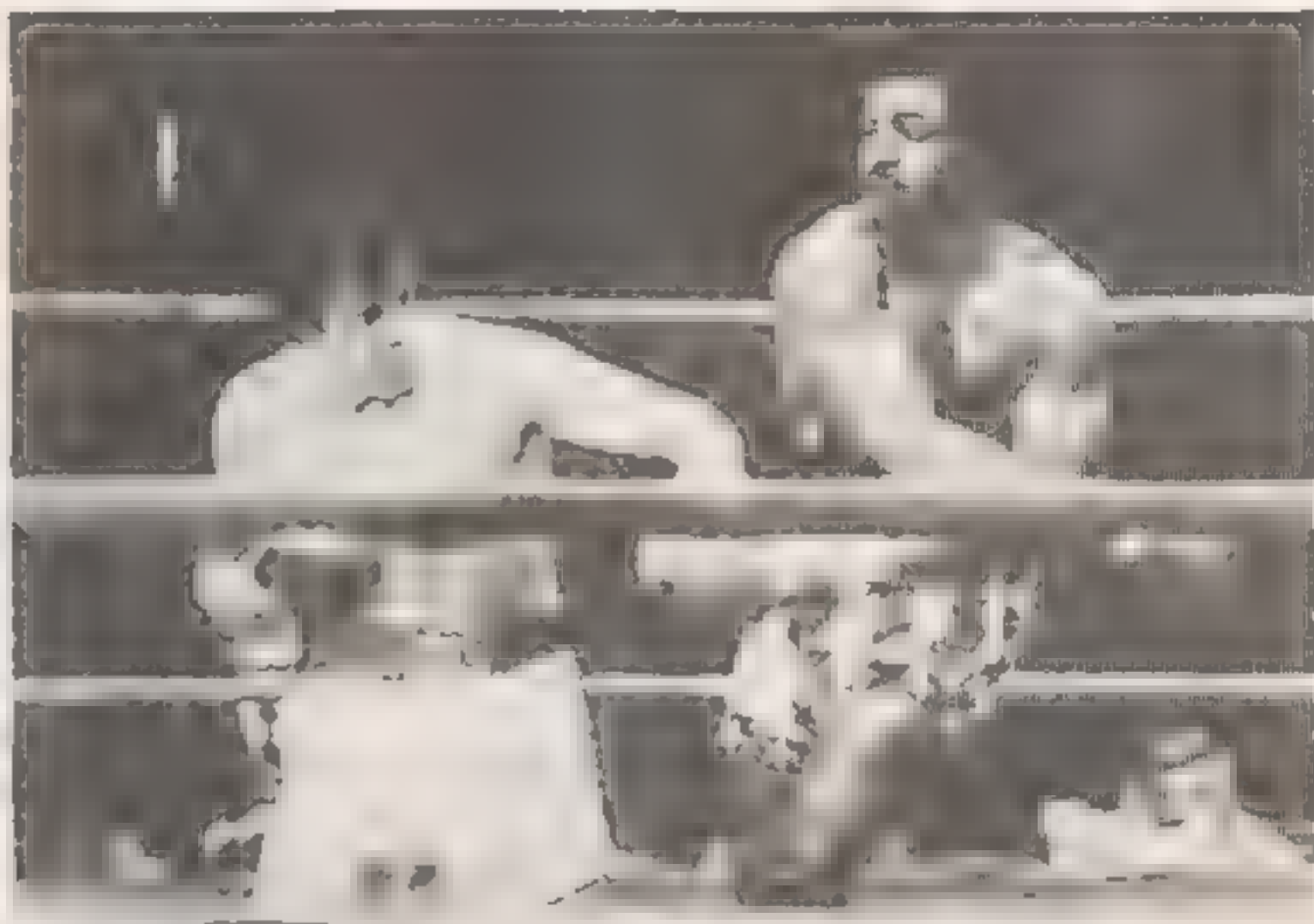


PHOTO BY BOB McFFRON



the implications of this constitutionally include you who are straight." These people, for better or worse, have given us the material we need: being gay is more than sexual calisthenics energized by poppers.

HIGH ANXIETY

At the midwestern University where I formerly taught, I had various close encounters with a baseball star, an assistant freshman football coach, one gymnast, and innumerable ordinary jocks mutually cruised in the shower where students re-

David Kopay, The Ultimate Gay Jock



cruited the more tactful faculty. Wrestling late Saturday afternoons on the mats in the second-floor gym of the field-house led more often than not back to my house.

At UC Berkeley not only was the library lav a study in tangled Adidas, the maze of gym shower rooms was highly active. Sunbathing was nude beside the outdoor pool, and in the johns outside the Olympic gymnastics room and the weight room, the sex was subtle, free, and easy. At UC Berkeley, every man is issued regulation blue shorts and a jock. My first workout, I hit the john and within three minutes, tanned barefeet padded in, turned, and curled all ten toes in the age-old signal. I pivoted my own foot slightly. Immediately, blue shorts and white jock dropped down over the tanned feet. His knees knelt to the floor and he slipped his thighs, knees first, tanned with mats of golden hair, under the partition. His cock followed erect from a blond bush, hard, wet, and ready with the foreskin stripped half-back. I stared in disbelief, like some fucking tourist fisherman who catches a marlin in the first three minutes of his charter. Jocks, I knew, did it, but didn't talk about it. Was this the Berkeley custom? When in Rome, do. Unhesitant, I did. After all, Zorba the Greek said: "There is one mortal sin in life. When a woman calls a man to her bed and he will not come." This athlete called me to the vaulting pole of his cock and I'm no mortal sinner. He was the first of many good sports that summer.

If gay men are anything, they are often insecure. Los Angeles psychologist Ralph Greerson believes that men generally deal with anxiety by compulsively facing it. If they are afraid of violence, they may become addicted to football, play it, see it again and again." When a man fears something, he counters the phobia by doing exactly what scares him. So years ago you got a "D" in Phys Ed or beaten up on the playground. So what. Fuck explanations of behavior.

On any playing field or any white-water raft, the reasons for being there are as many as the men involved. Fear. Fun. Fucking. Walk into a gym and shout, "What insecurity brings you here?" (You can also shout it in businesses, busses, and churches.) Do jocks buff up with tremendous muscle motivated by the cliché of a four-inch cock? Then let's hear it for four-inch cocks. As a coach told an embarrassed bare-assed boy at Chicago's Lawson Y: "Big cock, small cock. Yours gets hard, doesn't it?" The kid nodded yes. "Then that settles that."

Gays once were afraid to be anything but closeted or queenly. One new-found jock said, "When I was sixteen, I thought I was the only one like me in my home town. When I was nineteen, I discovered others. They were hard not to discover because they were so nelly and outrageous. I thought to be queer I had to affect a limp lifestyle. Then I moved to New York, found out I wasn't queer, but that I was gay, and that the Limp Style was only one of many ways to be gay. I turned in my ruby slippers for something I'd wanted all my life: boots, cleats, and Adidas."

Now that gays are a political issue,

stretch, massage, horse around, head out to get bloodied up on the field, re-enter the lockerroom, doggedly strip off their muddy uniforms, shower, towel dry, and exit.

Rugby has its own rituals of communal baths and bawdy ballads. The rugby player is more than just the member of the team. He's part of a more latent than blatant global fraternity that emphasizes bonhomie and plenty of beer-guzzling off the field. Rival teams usually share the same lockerrooms and dip in the same team bathlup, communally, after their afternoon tussle in the mud. Every match ends with the "Third Half," a booze-up contest of bawdy ballads, where usually one or more players break into the traditional Zulu Dance, a tipsy male striptease. Admits Michael Smith who boosts US rugby out of Chicago, "I work in stockbroking because I have to live. But if I could, I'd spend all my life in rugby."

No wonder show biz types like to buy jock types. O'Neal has his fighter, Elton John has his football team. Mick Jagger, Paul Simon, Peter Frampton, and Bill Graham recently bought up the Philadelphia franchise in the North American Soccer League.

Burt Reynolds, sprung from a Cosmo centerfold, played football in college and in two movies since: *The Longest Yard* and *Semi-Tough* with the really tough Krls Kristofferson. Paul Newman's passion for real-life racecar driving was featured in *Winning*. Peter Firth in *Equus* played a boy who loves horses so much he hates them, and tortures them and himself (with a bloody bit tied tight into his own teeth) until "cured" by an incredible shrinking shrink.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? And with puritan good reason. Horses in films are always symbols of passion. Equestrians always gallop toward passionate disaster: Christopher Jones' stallion forbode sexual danger everytime he fucked *Ryan's Daughter*, Sarah Miles; Brando's Captain Penderton in *Reflections in a Golden Eye* gets carried away by his gay passion on his wife Elizabeth Taylor's horse. Throughout that film, where Julie Harris cuts off her nipples with the garden shears, fetishist Robert Forster, the young Army private after whose privates Brando lusts, rides naked wild and free. The horse's eye, the eye of passion, reflects life, love, lust, and Liz.

Gay horseback riding has long been established in a very low-profile Los Angeles riding club whose members project a very heavy Marlboro Man image. Farther north, riding with a posse of gay men through Redwoods and down a Mendocino creek bed conjures a galloping sensuality of horse-sweat, creaking leather saddles, levi-asses posting in a canter of foreplay, crotches pushed up against the horn, looks cast one man to another back at the corral, leather reins in gloved hands, uncinching the horse, carrying the saddle over the shoulder to the barn, carrying down the horse, turning him out to graze, and heading toward the hayloft with the rider of choice. Such weekends are often arranged out of San Francisco.

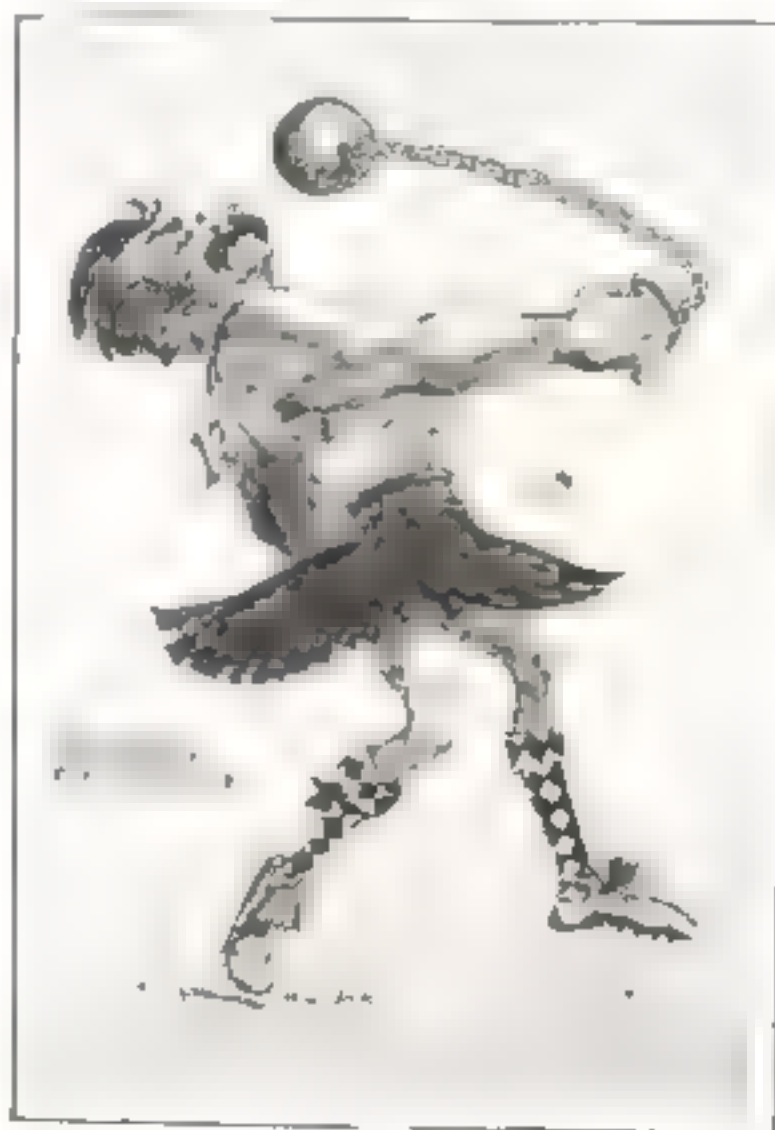
Horseback riding, of course, is not all

overt sexuality. Gay men, like other men, can get into a sport for itself. The triumphant Gay Rodeo held in Reno in the Fall of 1977 received national press coverage and helped establish a positive sports image of gay men as men competitively capable of traditional American manliness in its best sense. This is affirmative gay action. Many gay athletes coming out into sports in their twenties or thirties admit to fears of athletics when they were very young — fears of "pitching like a sissy." A new liberated attitude now allows them to tackle whatever sport they like. People are learning that *gay* is not a synonym for *effeminate*. No more in sports than in bed is the ordinary gay man interested in "playing the passive female role." In both arenas, gay men celebrate together their masculinity.

This is what really lies behind the gay sports revival.

Previously, the obvious way to be gay, maybe the only way, say men who remember the unhappy days of the Fifties, was skirt-and-sweater camp-scream-outrage. Liberation has let real, traditional manliness out of the locker and on to the field. Suddenly, the alternative to nelly, stands on its own two Adidas.

It's okay to be Macho.



MOVIES AND GAY SPORTS

Movies stylized the gay subculture (and vice versa if you've ever been blown in Hollywood): from the mad-queen stereotype of a Bette Davis, who is her own best cliché, to the grooming of movie males on an increasingly macho scale: from the effete Valentino to the insipid Leslie Howard to the tough gangster-cowboy actors to the Ivy-League grooming of Troy/Tab/Rock to the womanless romantic coupling of Newman and Redford, Voight and Hoffman, Reynolds and Kristofferson. Movies have long taught gay men their attitudes. Movies came out of the hetero-marital closet at the closing line of *Women in Love* when wrestler Bates's wife asks, "Aren't I enough for you?" His answer

prepared the way for Butch and Sundance. "No," he answers. And the movie ends.

Semi-Tough's Kristofferson says, "I figure the first year and a half of marriage is lust. After that, you just settle into a basic friendship." The boys, like Brando in *Streetcar*, go back to bowling with the boys. Movies of the Seventies have taught America a new attitude toward male relationships, just like Hollywood musicals, dead as *New York New York*, taught a whole generation of males how to be queens. Currently, thanks to Stallone, Hollywood's second biggest trip is the Jock Movie. (The first is the horror-science fiction movie.) And it is the Jock Movie that is teaching gay men the uniquely other end of the masculinity spectrum: semi-tough macho.

Women might not like macho men. But men like macho men. Women often dislike very muscular men. So what do these female Breeders know? For instance, go to a straight gym. You'll see straight men, married and single, who are out-and-out Straight Queens: mincing, prancing, camping in nelly voices; but, aha! their sexual preference is women with whom they watch football, go four-wheeling, and skiing. Then hit a gay gym. Sure, you'll see some Muscle Queens pumping pecs they deep down wish were tits; but you'll also see the heavy Muscle Buddy trip. These guys look like stereotype straights: strong, silent, practiced movements, "spotting" each other on their heavy sets, into rag sweatshirts they work to get really soaked, eyes only for each other's correct athletic form. Yet their sexual preference is each other.

How will Anita, who reads people by stereotypes, ever figure out who's doing what with whom? From the uncloseting of sports has come a new viable gay lifestyle, visible and suitable: the athletic, genuinely masculine gay male.

Movies and TV have opened to gay men the possibility of participating in sports they long thought closed to them, because they were, from grade school on, a little "shy" as Tomlin would say, or marching to a different drummer as Thoreau would say. Somewhere, with the debunking of all the Great American Myths, sports has finally lost its straight cherry, its false modesty, its phoney purity, its stupid prudishness. No one anywhere anymore believes an athlete tackles better, runs faster, serves more accurately because he is straight. Since Kopay came out and Johnny Carson asked Namath directly about the number of gay quarterbacks, American attitudes have necessarily changed.

The famous *Washington Post* article, Kopay's dignified disclosure, and Anita's Big Squeeze Play were the three best things to happen to the gay movement. Before this trinity happened, if a gay man came out, he came out. Point and period. What was he to discuss with good old mom and dad? Details of our midnight gymnastics? They needn't hear all that about their best little boy in the whole world. Now, a man can discuss something after disclosure. Kopay and the *Post* gave us a topic: *athletics*. Bryant gave us *politics*, since she politicized us to the point where a man can say, "I'm gay and



we are forced into community relations and gladly play softball with the local cops. Just as Blacks have gained respect kept from them from the Black Athletes who were first of all a credit to their sport, so ordinary gays gain acceptance as sportsmen through upfront softball with teams fielded by, say, the San Francisco police. When a sports team that happens to be gay beats a sports team that happens to be straight, the straight figure they were outclassed by waxes better jocks, and they realign their opinion about the opponent "cocksuckers," in going to a victory bar for a victory beer (either Coors nor screwdrivers). The aftermath are a celebration of two varieties of ways to be masculine in America: straight macho and gay macho.

Everyone is rethinking masculinity today. Read *Semi-Tough*, *Ball Four*, *The Boys of Summer*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *The Front Runner*, plus Mary Renault's cock and bull-jumping novel *The King Must Die* where nude athletes do tricks in the arena. Best of all is Gary Shaw's *Meat on the Hoof*, a straight non-fiction expose of college football and the story of a player to get into the big leagues (Dell publishes it.)

"Probably the varsity's most popular game was 'Record Races.' Here they would strip several of us (football players)

naked and divide us into two groups. Then, they would bring out our 'toy' an old 45-rpm record. They placed the toy between the cracks of our asses. We had to carry it from one end of the hall to the other without using our hands. We would then have to - again without using our hands - place it in our teammate's ass. If he happened to drop it,

DUNE SODS

Do you want to
stretch your legs and waxes,
a little bit of a stretch
to the dunes?
Here you are, and so
I am going to
show you a new way to
get a good look at your
own back and legs.

Take flying leaps
at your silver spokes.
Christ, Your shock absorbers are
shouting over hot desert hills
rolling down dunes at me, duck in here
ready for your pitstop lube job, baby.

Isn't mirages when you rub 'em
s'pose to disappear? Though
like some golden tan dust
leaving in the sand
of your steel
Swing lower, sweet chariot.

So come on, show
show me what you do
for your next trick.



his partner had to pick it up with his mouth, and put it back in place. These races were considered the highlight of the evening."

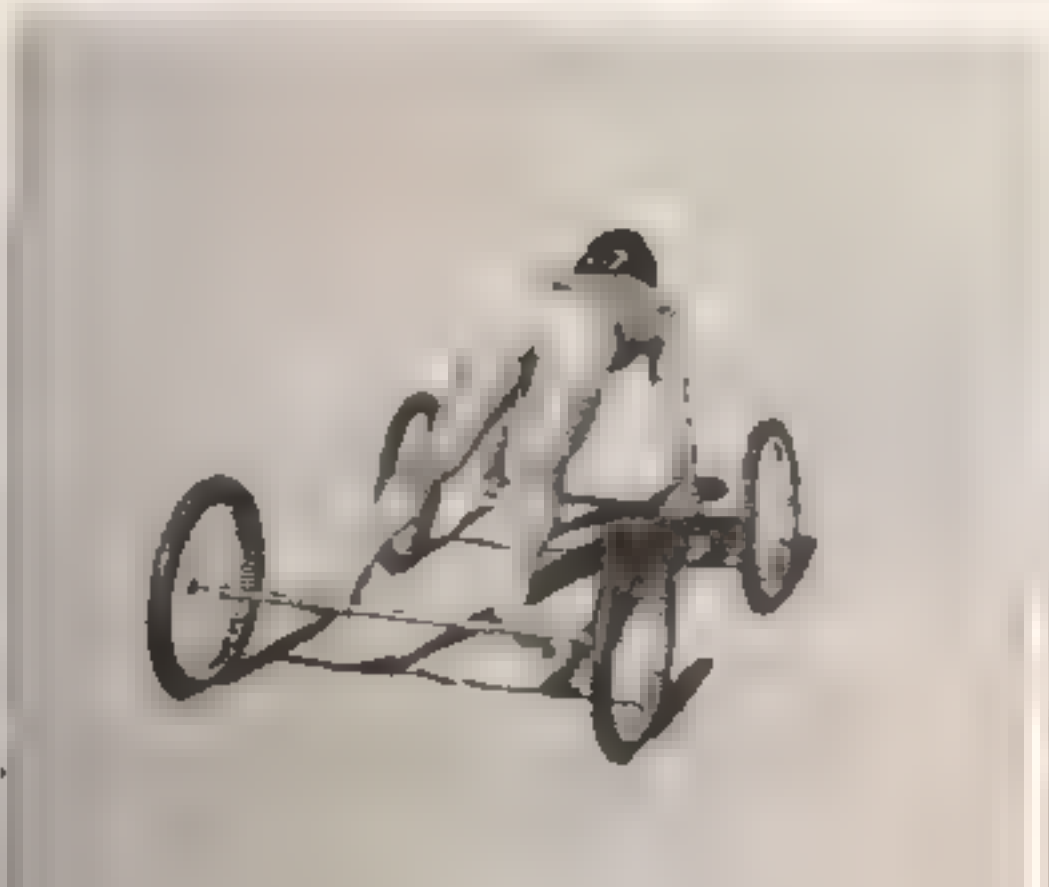
Not to imply anything about Shaw's straight sexual ty, but he adds: "It seems rather ludicrous now, but my best moments as a freshman Longhorn were spent at the same time every day, in the same toilet stall, and on the same john. Being able to lock that stall, and then sit and read a magazine in total privacy for thirty minutes each day, enabled me to survive that first year."

HOT SPORTS

All sports until recently were heavy team sports: major equipment for ten to thirty guys, either seven feet tall or 250 pounds. Anything less than basketball, football, or baseball was sissy. Schools today emphasize individual sports a man can play his whole life. Tennis, once strictly for women and Latin males, has a whole new machismo. TV has internationalized sports, junking All-American Babe Ruth baseball, and going beyond seasonal football and basketball to include hockey, soccer, handball, racquet ball, soaring, sky and SCUBA diving. To find the full variety read the bumper stickers. DIVERS DO IT DEEPER is one sticker that the accompanying photo taken off Gran Camen Island at an 80-foot depth gives a raised fist salute to.

Admittedly, the jockstrap boxer in *Waiting for Mr. Goodbar* was about as hot as DeNiro steeling himself to endure in *Taxi Driver* through hard workouts. But the ultimate jockstrap movie is Paul Newman's *Slapshot*. Actor Michael Ontkean plays a hockey goalie who skates around the ice arena crowded with spectators cheering on an illegal icebrawl. Ontkean breaks it up by stripping his hockey uniform piece by piece to the strains of "The Stripper," getting down bare-assed to nothing but his skates, socks, and his chock-full-of-nuts jock. All in a row. It is a High Moment of cinema fetishism. Ontkean's slow strip stops the disbelieving brawl, proving, if nothing else, that sex, especially in Ontkean's overflowing cup, can stop violence.

Continued on page 76





by G.B. MISA

Chapter 7

Maybe it was because the rain suddenly stopped and the corn colored moon had raced past the smoky clouds. Maybe it was because the ancient redwoods were casting moonshadows. I'm not sure but the fear left me as I stared at the seven foot giant standing on the stone steps with a bullwhip in his hand. Ten Russian wolfhounds so motionless they looked like statues directly behind him. Somehow the giant was no longer a threat. Anyway, he looked silly in his leather jock strap with the zipper down the front of it.

I didn't get down on my knees like he had ordered. Instead I climbed a step and looked him right in the eye, even though I had to stand on tip-toe. "Hey, sweetie-pie, what's happenin'?" I winked at him.

"On your knees, faggot!" he screamed again, his enormous biceps tensing. He raised the bullwhip over his head.

I coughed, making sure I got a good one in my mouth and then I let fly. It caught him directly on the bridge of his nose. I grinned as the spittle dripped down his nose and onto his

chin. He was so stunned that he couldn't even open. Now my hands shot out and I saw his pink nipples in his mountainous chest. He let out a grunt again. Hitting the bullwhip but I beat him to the punch. I shot a left jab to his solar plexus and a right cross to his chin. He didn't move a muscle. It was like trying to knock out a boulder or a rock. There was a touch of a smile on his rugged face as I hit him with a combination of lefts and rights. It was like trying to beat up a brick wall. I wondered if the big bastard was going to kill me and then suck the blood from my veins. I knew he could tear me apart with his bare hands.

Again our eyes met and held. It seemed like an eternity. In that moment I knew I would have to dominate the big son of a bitch or Killer McKenna would lose the gym and all of us slaves would be out on the streets of San Francisco.

Concentrating my strength I slammed my right knee directly into the black leather jock strap. I don't think I've ever heard such a crazy, wild scream. I thought it was going to take the leaves off the redwood trees. His face turned purple as he dropped the bullwhip and bent double, grabbing for his balls. He was a sitting duck as I caught his chin with my knee . . . right on the button! He went over . . . toppling like one of the ancient redwood trees. I almost felt like yelling 'timber!' The Russian wolfhounds scattered, then grouped around him, whining. Picking up the bullwhip I cracked it and the wolfhounds moved to the bottom of the stone steps of the colonial mansion. Then I heard a strange sound. At first I didn't know what it was. The man-mountain was crying softly as he held his fucked up balls. "You . . . you . . . my scrotum . . . it . . . it!"

"Shut the fuck up," I snarled. I felt like kicking him in the head but instead I put my boot on his mountainous chest. "It hurts . . . it"

I cracked the bullwhip almost taking off his left ear. "You want this across your back, cocksucker?"

"Don't . . . don't . . . hurt . . . me . . . anymore. I . . ."

"Unzip my fly, asshole!" My voice was cold as ice.

He looked at me with big cow eyes. "What . . . what did you . . .?"

"My dick . . . take it out . . . on the double!" I kicked him in the ribs. "You some kind of a retard?"

A moment later my raging erection snapped out of my pants, flopping against the side of his face. I could see the tears streaming down his cheeks. Just the thought of dominating the big son of a bitch almost got me off with a load right into his face.

His hot lips were around the head of my dick. I wanted to slam it all the way down his throat and shoot off my load but instead I pulled it out and slammed my foot into his belly. He grunted and turned a green-purple as he flopped back onto the stone steps. He looked like a beached whale.

"I didn't give you permission to suck my dick!" I held my raging hardon in my hand. I picked up the bullwhip and snapped it hard across his massive chest. He screamed and his face turned white when he saw the long gash streak his chest.

"Don't you know your master when you see him?"

A flash of anger twisting his mouth and then it was gone. He bowed his head. "Ah . . . yes, master!"

I waited for the exact right psychological moment and then I let go with a heavy stream of piss right into his eyes. He jerked away but then he closed his eyes and there was a touch of a smile as the yellow stream splashed on his face and ran in rivulets down his huge chest. He was crying softly but his hand moved to his leather jock strap and he grabbed his crotch.

"Who the fuck gave you permission to play with yourself?"

Quickly he pulled his hand away. Grabbing his head I jammed it onto my burning hot cock. He went wild. His huge arms wrapped around my waist almost crushing me. His hot mouth was like a vacuum cleaner and for a moment I thought he'd suck my whole body down his throat. He was a great cocksucker! I knew if I let the suction go on for another five seconds I'd pop my cookies. I pulled out quickly. "On your back, fag!"

"Oh, yes, Master. Anything you say, sir! Just let me suck your beautiful cock, sir. I love it . . . It's . . ."

"Shut up, asshole!" My boot smashed at his chest, pushing him on his back. I straddled his face, sitting on it. "Eat it

out!"

Since I've been taking ten thousand units of Vitamin C every day I've been farting a lot. I let go with a big one right in his face. He gasped but then he pulled my ass down tight over his mouth. "Fuckin' fart eater!" I cursed.

Christ, his tongue was long and rough. It was like getting reamed out by a lion, only better because he shoved his tongue deep into my bunghole. He fucked me with his enormous tongue as I sat on his face with all the weight of my body. I lit a Camel, took a deep satisfying drag and looked up at the stars. The clouds raced the corn colored moon to some unknown destination in the universe . . . finally they caught the moon, surrounding it, capturing it. The stars were gone.

I dragged deeply on the Camel as I felt the white heat of my orgasm building. Christ, he had an educated tongue. The tingling sensation began in my calves, moved up to my knees and then to my thighs. I threw away the Camel and groaned in rapture. The ecstasy was about to erupt from my boiling balls.

"God damn! Best fuckin' ass eater in the universe!" I screamed.

And the universe seemed to answer. A raindrop on my face . . . another and another. Faster and faster the raindrops until it was coming down in sheets. My head was back, my mouth open. I drank the warm summer rain. Then a flash of lightning . . . a moment of intense light . . . a clap of thunder as my body convulsed and I shot my burning spunk all over my rain soaked chest and stomach. I flopped back, still with the giant tongue deep inside my guts. I stared at the violent sky. The smoky clouds parted and the corn yellow moon appeared. It hadn't become the slave of the clouds after all.

Still the giant's tongue was up my bunghole. Relaxing completely I let go with a loud fart.

He screamed as if he were being killed. I dunno . . . I guess it was my fart that did it. His dick was out of the black leather jock strap and it must've been twelve or thirteen inches long. It was like the giant geyser at Yellowstone National Park. Tremendous gobs of gliz jetted out of his giant knobhead, splashing against his face, his shoulder, his chest and finally his stomach. And still he screamed as if he were being killed. I didn't think the giant millionaire would ever stop shooting his load. I grabbed a gob of it and slapped him hard across the mouth, shoving my fingers down his throat.

"Fuckin' queer fart eater!" I stood up, pulling at my pants.

"You're wonderful . . . oh, master!" He looked at me adoringly.

"We're hitting the road . . . right now!" I snarled.

"We're what?" The gliz dribbled down his chin.

I snapped the bullwhip across his big, beautiful ass. I got an instant hardon as the blood oozed down the crack of his muscular buns. He jumped half a mile. "Master or Sir! Ain't gonna tell you again, asshole!"

"I'm sorry, sir! Please forgive me, Master!" He was crying again.

"Stop your fuckin' cryin'," I yelled. "Shit, men don't cry!"

"Yes sir, you're right, sir!"

"I forgot your fuckin' name."

"Alastair Ames, sir!"

"Fuckin' queer soundin' name."

"Yes sir!"

"We're goin' back to Killer's gym . . . but not until you get the mortgage papers."

He looked startled. "I don't understand, sir!"

"You're gonna sign all those papers over to Killer McKenna so he owns the gym outright!"

"I am, Master?" His eyes blinked rapidly.

"You want me to cut you to ribbons?" I ran the bullwhip gently across his back.

He hesitated a moment. "Whatever you say, sir." He moved to the carved oak door. "It'll only take me a few minutes to change, Master."

"You're comin' the way you are!"

He gulped. "The way I am, sir?"

"You heard me, fart face! On the double!"

I sat on the steps, smoking another Camel, feeling a deep satisfaction. The gym would be Killer's. Maybe he would give me my reward tonight instead of waiting for the Mr. Bay Area contest. Maybe Killer would give me his ten inches of uncut dick. I sighed, feeling my cock stiffen.

He looked funny as hell coming down the stone steps with

an attache case, wearing only his leather jock strap. He turned to the chauffeur. "We're driving into the city, Reeves!"

"He ain't drivin' nowhere, fart face. You're the new chauffeur!"

"Me, Master?" I realized that the big son of a bitch could pick me up with one hand and throw me against one of the redwoods. He probably would if he hadn't liked the smell of my farts. "Get your queer ass behind the wheel!"

His body sagged. I'd broken his spirit. He moved quickly to the Rolls Royce and held the door open.

"You creep! You goin' into San Fran with your zipper unzipped? You wanna get busted by the vice?"

The big son of a bitch was a lousy driver. I eased back into the plush upholstery of brown leather and lit a Camel. I fixed myself a scotch and soda from the built-in bar. I knew if Killer caught me breaking training he'd lock me in the closet. I tensed my bicep, staring hard at it. Almost eighteen inches. I knew the next two and a half weeks were crucial. Killer had given me my new workout schedule. Three hours in the morning on my upper body and three hours in the afternoon on my lower body. Yes, I had to win the Mr. Bay Area Contest.

I finished the scotch and fixed another one. I flipped on the stereo. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." A damned good title. I wondered if Alastair Ames was picking up on the humor. His ass would be blue in the morning.

I closed my eyes . . . listening to the music . . . at peace with the world. I was half asleep . . . and the images took over . . . I floated out of the Rolls Royce . . . I was in a bar . . . The Rolling Stones on the juke box . . . sawdust on the floor . . . the Turtle. Yes, I was back on the North Side of Pittsburgh selling the bulldog edition of the Post-Gazette. I was fifteen. Dad had lost his job in Santa Cruz and we had taken the bus to Pittsburgh . . . three days and two nights of eating bologna sandwiches.

The North Side was a slum . . . Aunt Tiller was on welfare and Dad couldn't find a job. I'd wander the streets late at night, hawking my papers to the customers in the greasy spoons and the run down bars. But I spent most of my time around the Turtle. It was a tough joint, with a fist fight guaranteed on a Saturday night. It was a hangout for all the young working class studs but especially for the motorcycle gangs and their gum chewing broads.

I hung around the Turtle because of Boog. Whether it was summer or freezing winter he wore the same outfit. Black boots, thin, torn blue jeans and a crummy old leather jacket against his skin. His torso was covered with heavily matted hair. I found out later that he was a construction worker. He'd sit at a round table with his left hand playing with the twat of some chick while his right hand scratched his hairy chest.

It was a cold January night when I first spoke to Boog. I'd wandered through the bar without selling a single paper. I went into the john to take a leak and Boog swaggered in, pulling at the buttons of his fly. He had to bend backwards to release his dick from the confines of his skin tight blue jeans. I realized why when he pulled it out. It was as hard as a rock. He held it proudly in his hand. "Fuckin' cunt out there!" He winked at me. "Can't take a leak until it goes down."

I tried to pull my eyes away from the drippy red knobhead. I had an instant erection and I don't know if Boog saw it. I jerked my body away from the pisser, quickly stuffing my hard dick into my pants and running out of the john as quickly as I could. I didn't want Boog to know I was a queer.

I couldn't keep my mind off Boog. I wanted to suck his drippy, red knobbed tool. If Boog wasn't at the Turtle, I'd wait until he showed up. He finally appeared about a week later. I waited until he went to the john and I nervously followed him in, my knees shaking. And again Boog held his cock proudly and again it was hard and dripping.

He gave me a sidelong, wise look. "Pirates win?"

"Yeah . . . three to two."

"How old are you, boy?"

"Ah . . . 18," I lied.

"You look twleve!" Quickly he shoved his fingers under my nose. "Breathe in, boy!" He grinned. "You like the smell of it?"

It was a strange smell. "What is it?"

"You don't know?" His dark brown eyes twinkled.

"No, I don't!"

"Pussy juice, boy! Pussy juice!" He licked his fingers. "You a virgin?"

My eyes were glued on his drippy dick. It wasn't more than six inches long but it had the thickness of a baseball bat. "Shit, no." I turned scarlet. "I ain't no virgin!"

His hand grabbed mine and I felt my fingers wrapping around his baseball bat. "You dig it, boy?"

"I... ah... I..."

"No wonder you're a virgin!" He scratched his hairy chest. "You dig cock, boy!"

I made a terrified lunge for the door but he grabbed me by the scruff of the neck. His hand grabbed my ass. "I'm gonna pop your cherry, boy!"

I gulped, wondering if he'd know that my step-father had already cornholed me many times... since I was eight years old.

"Be at the corner of Federal in fifteen minutes. If you ain't there the next time I see you I'll whip your ass! You get that, boy?"

"Yes sir!" I ran out of the bar and stood in the cold, staring through the dirty window. I watched Boog and the blond. His fingers worked on her snatch. Then he'd put his fingers to his nose and smell.

My throat was dry as Boog turned up to the corner of Federal Street. His leather jacket was open. I guess all the matted hair on his chest insulated him from the cold. It was ten degrees below zero. "I don't want no reputation for makin' it with chicken," he growled.

Then we were barrel assing down Federal Street on Boog's Harley-Davidson, across the grey bridge and into the Golden Triangle. My arms were wrapped around his bare waist and my head pressed against his black leather jacket. He pushed my frozen hand down to his swollen crotch as we hit the freeway and he rode the white line. His dick was still rock hard and I wondered if he slept with a hardon.

Christ, it was cold. Now the hilly countryside and Boog skidded off the asphalt and I hung on for dear life as he dragged his boot along the shoulder of the road. He laughed, finally getting control of the half ton monster between his legs and we were sixtying up a dirt road, riding the bumps, the bike jumping two-three feet into the air. I shut my eyes tight and prayed. Finally there was silence except for the chirping of the crickets.

It was a rundown shack that managed to hang onto the side of the hill. It had once been painted white, probably during the Depression. A skinny dog with its ribs showing lay on the stoop, raising its skinny neck. I gulped as I saw the row of gleaming bikes lined up against the side of the shack. I heard the loud male voices. I thought of running away but where could I go? We were in the middle of nowhere.

"Just you and me... just..." I pushed my body backward, ready to make a break for it.

Boog was greased lightning. I didn't see him move and a gleaming knife was at my throat. The steel was even colder than the night air. "You do what I say or..." He ran the knife across my throat. "You wanna be buried on the side of the hill, boy?"

My knees were knocking together as Boog pushed at the creaky front door. The one room was small, filled with smoke, and had a round table in the center of it. A naked light bulb hung from the ceiling and a fat winter fly circled it. Six dudes were playing poker. All of them were bikers... some wore their leather jackets... others were stripped to the waist. A black stud glanced at me... his eyes were veiled with hate. My teeth chattered, even though the pot belled stove overheated the room. I wondered if I'd come out of this adventure alive. They were a rugged, mean looking bunch and they looked like they'd rob their own mother for a nickel. And then my eyes saw the blond stud. He was stripped to the waist. His nose was flattened against his face and he had a cauliflower ear. My heart quickened.

"What you got there, Boog?" He smiled, showing a broken tooth.

"Got us a chicken, Bucky!" Boog slapped him on the back.

Bucky... Bucky... the name reverberated in my head. Crazy I thought of the game I used to play when I was in grammar school. It was called "Buck, Buck, how many fingers up?"

Bucky scratched his balls. "I want some of that young meat!"

"As soon as we finish this hand," the black dude said. "Bump ya twenty, Bucky."

"You're covered." Bucky threw in a twenty. "I got a full house... aces and kings."

Bucky's face was expressionless as he hauled in the pot. His body was covered with tattoos. MOM inside a heart. A girl in a hula skirt on his deltoid muscle, and on the joints of his fingers... LOVE on his left hand and HATE on his right hand. Just like Robert Mitchum in the movies.

Bucky leaned back in his broken down chair, "Hey, Boog, how come you don't bring us no pussy?"

"Because I want a boy cherry!" Boog stuck out his chin pugnaciously. "How 'bout you guys?"

"One of us is gonna pop it, right?" the black dude said.

"You catch on quick!" Boog answered. His arm shot out... there was the sound of ripping cloth... before I knew what had happened Boog had ripped the clothes off my back with his bare hands and I stood naked as the guys looked at me.

"He's got hair around his dick!" Bucky slapped his leg.

"Bend over, boy!" Boog ordered, slapping me hard across the ass. "Grab your ankles!"

I bent over quickly, my knees trembling. I felt his rough finger pushing hard against my bunghole. "Tight as a chicken's ass!"

"You bin fuckin' my chickens again," the black dude asked.

Bucky stood up. "Five cards up. How's that?"

The black dude was slobbering at the mouth. "Cherry bustin' time!"

I watched in fascination as Boog dealt the cards. I finally realized I was the poker prize. I was terrified and yet I wanted either Boog or Bucky to win. But it wasn't my lucky night. The black guy with the angry eyes got an Ace on the last card and won.

"I get sloppy seconds," Bucky crowed.

My body flew into the air and then I was lying on my stomach on the poker table with my head hanging over the side. The sons a bitches lined up behind the black dude with the beard. All except Boog. He grabbed my hair, pulling my face toward his fat, stubby dick. I felt the hot, pulsing knob-head press against my boylips. "I knew you were a fag the second I saw you, boy!" His dick was so fat I could barely get my mouth around it but that didn't stop Boog. He slammed it deep into my throat just as I felt the searing pain tear at my asshole. I tried to scream but instead I choked on Boog's baseball bat dick. I blacked out and when I came back to consciousness the floor looked like the ceiling turned upside down.

Boog had his baseball bat jammed all the way down my throat. It was a real jawbreaker. "Baby, I'm comin'... I'm shootin' off... you're a great cocksucker... eat my fuckin' spunk... you teenaged faggot!"

I hardly paid any attention to the bearded black guy who was pumping away at my tail. He had a small dick and I could hardly feel it. He shot off and still I licked the dripping giz from Boog's fat cockhead. Finally he pulled it away from my hungry mouth and shoved it in his pants. It was still hard.

Now it was Bucky's turn. He pulled down his pants and my eyes feasted on his flat belly and the nest of black hair that held his monster cock. Shit, it was big. Almost nine inches long and fat. "Off the table, k'd!" he ordered me.

My eyes were mesmerized by the fat animal between his legs. The ex-pugilist's body was a ripple of muscles and he moved like a panther, his tattoos moving in different directions. He picked me up in his arms as if I were a baby he was going to nurse. For a second I was sure he was going to sing me a lullaby but instead he sat me down on his huge prong and it slammed all the way home, lubricated by the giz of the black dude. I was so hot for his meat that it didn't hurt at all. My ass was on fire as the sexy stud pumped away at my burning bunghole.

"Son of a bitch, son of a bitch," Bucky moaned. "You ain't no virgin, kid. Bet all the studs on the North Side bin cornholing you... Shit, you're a great piece of ass... you're the real thing... the real... my God... my God... ah... shit... fuck... corruption... snot... YAHHHHH."

As he shot deep inside me his calloused fingers were twisting my nipples and I shot off, my spunk spraying all over the floor. I closed my eyes and after that I couldn't remember too

much . . . it was a smoky haze . . . just like the room . . . a kind of delirium . . . hot cum . . . piss . . . sweat . . . tattoos . . . every time I opened my mouth hot cum spurting against my tongue . . . my throat, my lips, dribbling down my chin . . . no sense of time . . . or place . . . two studs were fucking me in the ears and somehow another stud had his dick in my mouth and another one up my ass. All four of them came at the same time . . . the two dude's pulled their pricks out of my ears and shoved them in my mouth . . . at the same time . . . it went on all night . . . I can't remember when they did the circle jerk. I think it was just before dawn. All seven of them surrounded me, each one throwing twenty bucks down on my sperm wet belly and chest and the bet was who could shoot off on me first. He would win the pot.

It was a trip . . . all these guys standing over me jerking off and yet I couldn't keep my eyes off Bucky. Maybe it was his flattened nose but he drove me wild with desire. He was talking a mile a minute as he stood over me, his legs spread wide, whacking away at his big piece of flesh. Looking up, I could see his bunghole opening and closing.

"Your tits, Jenny . . . you got the biggest tits . . . great . . . I fucked you between your big tits and your tongue licked the head of my dick. I shot all over your face and you just smiled. My cum was dripping from your mouth and your . . ."

"Shut the fuck up, Bucky!" Boog yelled as he pounded madly at his meat. "You're cheating!"

JENNY . . . ALL . . . OVER . . . YOUR . . . BIG . . . TITS . . . OHHH . . . SHIT . . . HERE . . . IT . . . IS . . . JENNY . . . THERE IT IS . . . FLECK!"

Bucky's asshole puckered and his hot giz splashed all over my face. I got some of it on my tongue and swallowed it. A second later the next batch hit my body . . . splatting against my belly button . . . the next and the next . . . it was glorious . . . all of them shooting their loads all over my body. I was sure I was drowning in an ocean of love juice. Then Bucky sat on my face and just as my tongue entered his beautiful puckered asshole I shot an ocean of cum. It seemed like I shot forever.

All the studs went back to their poker game to recoup the money they lost in the gang jerk. Not Bucky. He was the big winner so he sat on my face for about an hour until he got his big dick hard again and then he fucked me slowly. I fell asleep a couple of times but I smiled when I woke up . . . still Bucky's hot prong deep inside my guts. He was screwing me front ways with my legs up over his shoulders and his teeth bit into my left nipple as he shot off and I screamed in pain, wondering if he had bitten my tit off. I sat up. The sun was slanting through the dirty windows. All the guys split and I was alone with Bucky. He winked at me. "I'm gonna make you my mascot. You're good luck!"

He peeled off a twenty dollar bill from the fat roll in his pocket. "You earned it, kid!"

He was a nice guy. He made breakfast, pancakes and eggs and we gobbled them down. Then Bucky went to the closet and pulled out a pair of pants. "Won't fit right but good enough, kid!"

The pants worked on the principle of long johns, only they didn't have buttons on the back . . . they had a zipper. One zip and my bare ass would be available for a good fuck. I got into them with the zipper unzipped.

The weak winter sun didn't warm the below zero weather as Bucky gunned the motor of his Harley. He ordered me to grab the handlebars and lower myself onto his big, hard dick. I'd been fucked so much that night that it slipped on almost too easily. Christ, before I settled back he took off with his dick up my ass and I was hanging onto the handlebars. "Cmon, kid, you drive the bike, and I'll drive you!" He laughed wildly, tearing at my nipples.

It was fantastic. Bucky didn't move a muscle. We'd hit a bump and the bike would fly three four feet into the air and when we hit the ground I thought his dick was going to come out my mouth.

Now Bucky gunned the bike and we tore assed up the side of the mountain. I almost ran into a spruce tree. We hit the ridges every few feet and we bounced our way up the side of that mountain. I didn't know how we'd get to the top of the mountain but I didn't give a shit. I felt the rapture building in my guts . . . now the front wheel shot high in the air and we rode on the back wheel. Finally the front wheel grabbed the frozen dirt and still his long prong was deep inside me. I

screamed with the ecstasy of my building orgasm as Bucky ripped at my nipples.

We were close to the top of the mountain and miraculously both of us were still riding the bike. "Best fuckin' fuck in my life," Bucky screamed. "Better than fuckin' Jenny between the tits. Sen . . . sa . . . tional!"

We shot over the last ridge and hit the top of the mountain.

The bike flip flopped . . . both of us went flying high into the morning air simultaneously like a couple of dogs stuck together. High in the air I could feel his dick exploding like a gun and I shot my load. It was incredible. Both of us were still shooting off as we hit the rock hard ground. His arms were tight around me and his teeth were biting into my back. Finally both of us relaxed. When he pulled out his dick the cold winter air rushed inside me. The bike was lying on its side with the wheels spinning. Not even a fender was dented.

I sat in the back of the Rolls Royce laughing as my giant slave exited off the freeway. That Bucky . . . what a trip he was. I got the inspiration when we were a half a mile away from the gym. "Pull into the shopping center," I ordered.

"Yes, Master!"

"We need a dog collar and a leash!"

"Ah . . . yes sir!"

He was back in a few minutes. "Put the collar around your neck, Fido!" His eyes blinked rapidly but he quickly put the collar around his neck. I snapped the leash onto the collar. "Bark, shithead!"

He barked. "You sound like a fuckin' Pekinese!" I yelled. "You should sound like one of your Russian wolfhounds!"

He was still trying to sound like a big dog as we pulled up in front of the Killer McKenna Gym and he jumped out. He was barking as he held open the door.

"Shut up, Fido!" I wondered if I should walk him . . . train him to shit in the gutter and piss against a fire hydrant but I was too eager to show off my prize puppy to Killer. Making sure he had the brief case with the all important papers I held the leash tightly as I walked my monster dog through the lobby.

My heart sank when Killer wasn't in his office or in the apartment. I figured he was having a late workout so I went into the gym proper. The neon lights were on full but still no Killer. Instead I saw Rip Powell and Percival. The golden boy of baseball had the tiny peroxide kid tied down to a five hundred pound barbell and was fist fucking him. He had it in up to the wrist.

"Where's Killer?" I asked nervously, tying the 'dog' to the lat machine.

Rip pulled his hand out of Percival's ass. It was glistening with Crisco. Still Rip wore his blue bikini and one of his golden balls hung out of it.

"You know, Georgie, Percival keeps his shithole clean. Did you know that he douches three times a day and it's got perfume on it?"

"Where's Killer!" I felt anger in my throat.

"Oh . . . ah . . . he's out!" His gold fleck eyes looked at the giant in the dog collar. "Where'd you get him . . . at the dog pound or Bide A Wee?"

"Bide A Wee's for cats!" I snarled. "You know where Killer is, don't you?"

"Well . . . ah . . ." He stuck a couple of fingers up Percival's ass. "He's ah . . . with his old lady!"

"His ex-wife?" I was stunned.

"Seems they never got divorced, Georgie."

My mind screamed back to the day I'd met Killer . . . she was in the office reading the National Enquirer and chewing bubble gum . . . red lipstick and peroxide hair . . . and she was still his wife!

"She's moving back in. And we ain't sleeping in the walk-in closet no more."

"Shit!"

"We're sleeping in the locker room in sleeping bags."

"Fuckin' shit!" I sat dejectedly on an exercise bench.

"You up to some good fist fuckin'?" I knew Rip was trying to cheer me up. Rip clenched his fist and slammed it deep into the vulnerable ass. Percival didn't move a muscle as Rip's hand disappeared up to the elbow.

Despite my disappointment I got an instant hard-on.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



4 sports action from El Paso Wrecking Cup

Pissing In The Wind

By Jack Fritscher

"Drink up. Drink up. Let me fill your cup with the promise of a man."

Neil Young, *Harvest*

Gay reality often reads like fiction. Mainly because the gay sense of adventure, that sense of openness to experience, causes fantasy to turn into fact; and, once turned, that fact is often so outrageous in its reality, it sounds like fiction to people too chickenshit to pursue their fantasies. "What," they ask, "would happen if you actualized your fantasies? There'd be nothing left to fantasize about."

Wrong. There would be new fantasies, one-step further fantasies, push-the-limit fantasies. There would be bent, sick, twisted, and new lost horizons to celebrate.

A man without fantasies is a man of the First Kind.

A man afraid to actualize his fantasies is a man of the Second Kind.

A man who acts out his fantasies is a man of the Third Kind.

HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF?

The backroom bars, watering holes for night bloomers, are phenomena of the Third Kind. *Contact*. They are native to San Francisco and New York. They begin as literal backrooms, spontaneous, in bars like The Tool Box, The Folsom Prison, and The Ambush. They came out on their own as The Covered Wagon, The Anvil, and with increasing intensity, The Zodiac, The Toilet, and the latest infleshtation, The Mine Shaft.

After midnight, after the lights go down low, a man of the Third Kind can see what the boys in the backroom will have fantasy actualized a la carte. New York's Mine Shaft is the current front runner. Down a steep stairway, The Mine Shaft offers "The Lourdes Room," featuring a full-length white porcelain bathtub, suitable for baptizing and, in fact, any man who d...s.

Any given night, a man can climb into the tub for nonstop Golden Showers. Fairer faucets, major and minor (less than seven inches), than he ever dreamed of, turn on — literally — to him and a over him. Saturday nights, especially, on three sides of the tub, men press in, six or seven deep. Men nearest the tub unbutton their levis, unsnap their leather lodpieces, or go for their meat by peeling down their jocks. They are the front line of the Third Kind, pressed from behind by dozens of others chugging their beers as they press forward toward the tub. RLB A DLB DUB.

A single red light illuminates the da... races, the blond moustaches, the bared chests wet with the humid cellar sweat. Often, a man of no patience drops to his knees to drink the piss of a man three rows back from the tub. The pissers move around the private scene toward their targets: the man, laid back in the white tub, sometimes naked, more often wearing only construction boots, athletic socks, a piss-soaked jock, maybe a USMC fatigue hat.

One night, a perfectly groomed dude clumped into the tub wearing wingtips, a Brooks Brothers dark wool suit, Ivy League tie, a white oxford cloth dress shirt which, when he pulled open the suit coat, exposed holes cut out over his nipples on his hairy chest. His hands found his crotch and fished his own cock hard from his white jockey shorts. On all sides, he looked up at the fifty or so piss-filled men looking down on him. A

guy in full leather hawked up some deep spit and flumed it down on the dark suit. His baptism had begun.

The ritual runs nightly the same. The dozen men closest to the tub rim are in various erect stages of pissing. Some unbuttoning, some whipping it out fast. Others teasing it out slowly. One peels back his lip of heavy foreskin through his full hard-on. One stands muscular arms folded across his thick pecs, eyes closed, waiting for his piss to work its way down from inside his tight belly to his dick hanging out of his jeans: untouched, untouchable, but willing to piss down hard and heavy on the right mother fucker laid back in the tub. One by one, then in pairs, building to four and five at a time, they join together in a waterfall of piss.

Each chooses his own target. A man in the tub can study how some guys choose to piss on his boots. Others on his jock. Many on his chest. Most on his face and shoulders. The streams come thick. Some with firehose force. The hard ones piss straight down on his body. The thicker soft cocks rain down in a curved arc of beer-rich piss.

Ordinary to great bodies climb into the tub. Every body looks better hosed down with gallons of shiny piss. The look of the wet skin. The sound of hot piss splashing on warm flesh. The feeling, from celebration to humiliation of timing cock to piss on another man's cock and balls. The feel, to the man in the tub, of twenty streams of piss hitting him at once. The hot energy trade-off, man to man, in a communion of piss.

SIGHTS TRULY SEEN: PISS JOCKS

One dark-headed guy stands at the head of the tub with a dozen orange and blue Mike supporter boxes. He opens them slow and deliberate. One by one. Pulling out of each a clean new jockstrap. He opens the first box and throws the jock on the belly of the guy soaked in the tub. Three dudes turn their dicks directly on to the new jock, it soaks up their piss fast. The second Mike box opens and the second jock lands in the tub. Again and again. The bearded guy tosses each box to the floor as he tosses each jock on top of the man in the tub.

Another guy, one of those blonds with a thick red Marlboro moustache, sticks a finger through a small hole near the neck of his own white teeshirt. Slowly he tears the white cotton, shredding it to strips of rag, revealing his good pecs and smooth belly. He holds the rag of teeshirt baled up in his hand. His other hand pulls out his cock. He pisses long and heavy into his torn tee shirt. His cock hardens as he pisses.

The other men, except for one with a piss-foad that won't quit, stop looking to look at the big long blond. When his teeshirt is soaked, he balls it up, wrings it out over the face of the man in the tub. Then he pisses in the shirt some more. Two other guys piss toward his cock passing into the shirt. One hits the shirt. The other hits the blond's jeans.

Nothing bothers him. Pissed out, he lobs the dripping teeshirt like a wet softball into the face of the man in the

FRED HALSTED



Fred Halsted as he appears in the new epic "El Paso Wrecking Corp."

UNBUTTONING MY LEVIS I SOON HAVE HIS TONGUE FROM THE TOP OF MY BOOTS TO THE BOTTOM OF MY CROTCH

I met him at Larry's. He is from Long Beach (I seem to be a magnet to out of town hunks), really good looking, about 5'8" tall, dressed sort of casual in a dark Pendleton shirt half rolled up to his elbows. I liked him and thought his really hairy forearms were a good sign that he grew lots of hair on his ass. I liked his nervousness, yes he had been to Larry's before and liked the dungeon look of the bar. I told him I had a space hotter than a dungeon and he got even more nervous. I asked him if that great beach toilet was still hot and he said yes, but the vice busts it a lot so it's pretty dangerous.

There are two hot toilets in Long Beach. One is at the far end of the Pike Amusement center. Real off the wall types go there, a lot of straights and also an occasional guy looking for a blow job or whatever. It's real good 'cause you hear all the great sounds from the rides and the urinals are in a easy sight line to cruise cock. The other is near Belmont Shore area and more gay in the sense that it is on a lonely stretch of beach and down about 50 feet of steps from Ocean Blvd. You go there to cruise and don't have the unexpected drop ins of the busier Pike john.

I say let's split and go to my place so he follows me out of the bar and drives real close so we don't split in traffic. A

good test of how hot someone is -- is to put a few cars between you (while checking them in the mirror) and watch them frantically try to keep up.

We pull onto my street (a quiet residential area of LA) so we get out of the cars and he follows me down the sidewalk. We walk down the dark side of the house and I can almost feel the pressure on him . . . going around to the rear in the shadows is a detached building. We walk up to it and I stop and pull keys out of my pocket. Unlocking the large padlock I slowly pull open the door, the creaks and scraping along the ground adds to his feeling of anticipation.

Further setting the scene up in his head I walk into the space and he follows me. It is dark and large ominous shapes appear. I step back and pull some Butyl out of my pocket. Giving him a hit we both experience that great relaxing rush.

He hears an unfamiliar sound and suddenly finds himself trapped by a thick rubber restraint. I grab him tight as I am tying him with his hands to his side standing up. Next I order him down on his knees and he quickly has his tongue licking the black shine of my knee high police boots. Unbuttoning my Levis I soon have his tongue from the top of my boots to the bottom of my crotch . . . taking another hit, he soon is giving me great head.

Pushing him all the way down he lays on the cold concrete floor . . . feels even better as his pants come down and my fingers work slowly up his beautiful and yes, I was right, hairy ass. I get over him and my hot tongue is quickly opening up his butt. That great smell and taste of ass sweat mixed with levis filis my nostrils and mouth and I soon am pumping my cock into his beautiful tight ass. Obeying orders he licks the oily cold floor as his ass is satisfied.

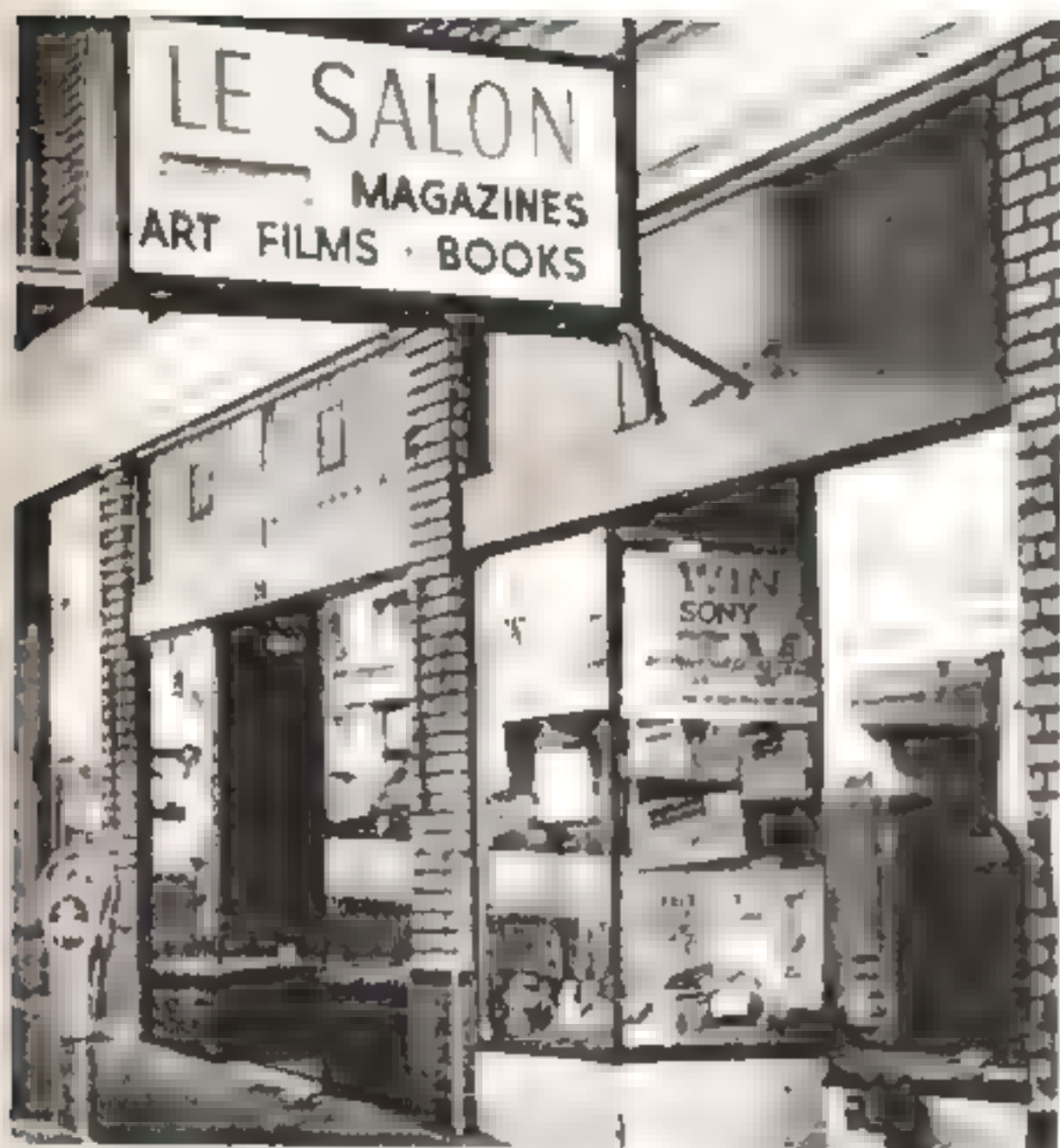
Later as we are walking back to the street he says he liked it a lot and can we do it again.

My mystery space was a garage, the strange dark forms were tires propped against a wall and an old desk, the rubber restraints were an old garden hose.

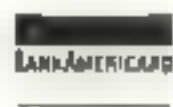
Making the Inconspicuous space a surprise dungeon is a real turn on. Always carry on you, your basic equipment -- your belt, some aroma in your pocket what else do you really need? Other areas that work well are old garden sheds with their great musty smells and selection of hand tools, a closet with some leather jackets and maybe an electrical cord, a back porch . . . you define the space. It is important to keep it dark so the mystery is created . . . a garage with the light on is just a garage . . . with the lights out it is a fuck space. It isn't what you have it's how you use it.

the pleasure of polk street

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ASS-LICKIN'-GOOD
COMICS
PRESENTS

HARRY CHESSE VS. THE PYTHON BY A JAY

GREAT GOOIE GUSHES! IN THE LAST THRILLING EPISODE, THE ACTION WAS GETTING SUPER WEIRD, FAR OFF THE WALL, AND A BIT HEAVY! OUR HAPLESS HERO, HARRY CHESSE, WAS ABOUT TO BECOME THE PYTHON'S NEXT COCK PUMPER MURDER VICTIM! THE EVIL PYTHON, AFTER SECURING H.C. TO HIS DIABOLICAL DETENTION TABLE, SUDDENLY SUCCEDES TO THE MYSTERIOUS RAYS OF A FULL MOON... AND WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A POSSESSED ZOMBIE (KNOWN IN THE TRADE AS MOONIE-LOONIES)! THE PYTHON THEN DID A BIG NUMBER ON HARRY BY HYPNOTIZING HIM WITH HIS SINISTER LUNAR POWERS!! ALL LOOKED LOST AS THE PYTHON'S THROBBING, SUPER GIGANTIC COCK (WHICH, BY THE BY, WAS TATTOOED AND SHAPED EXACTLY LIKE A REAL PYTHON) STARTED TO SLITHER TOWARD HARRY'S UNFORTUNATE MOUTH!!! MEANWHILE, BY A FLASH OF GOOD FORTUNE, OUR TWO OTHER FUGG ACES-MICKEY MUSCLE AND RANCID AGNEW HAD LOCATED THE PYTHON'S LAIR (AN ABANDONED EGG ROLL FACTORY ON CLEMENTINA ST.) AND WERE RACING AGAINST THE CLOCK TO RESCUE THEIR FUGG BUDDY, HARRY.....

GEE... STEP ON IT, RANCID! MY TWITCHING PECS TELL ME HARRY IS IN GREAT DANGER!

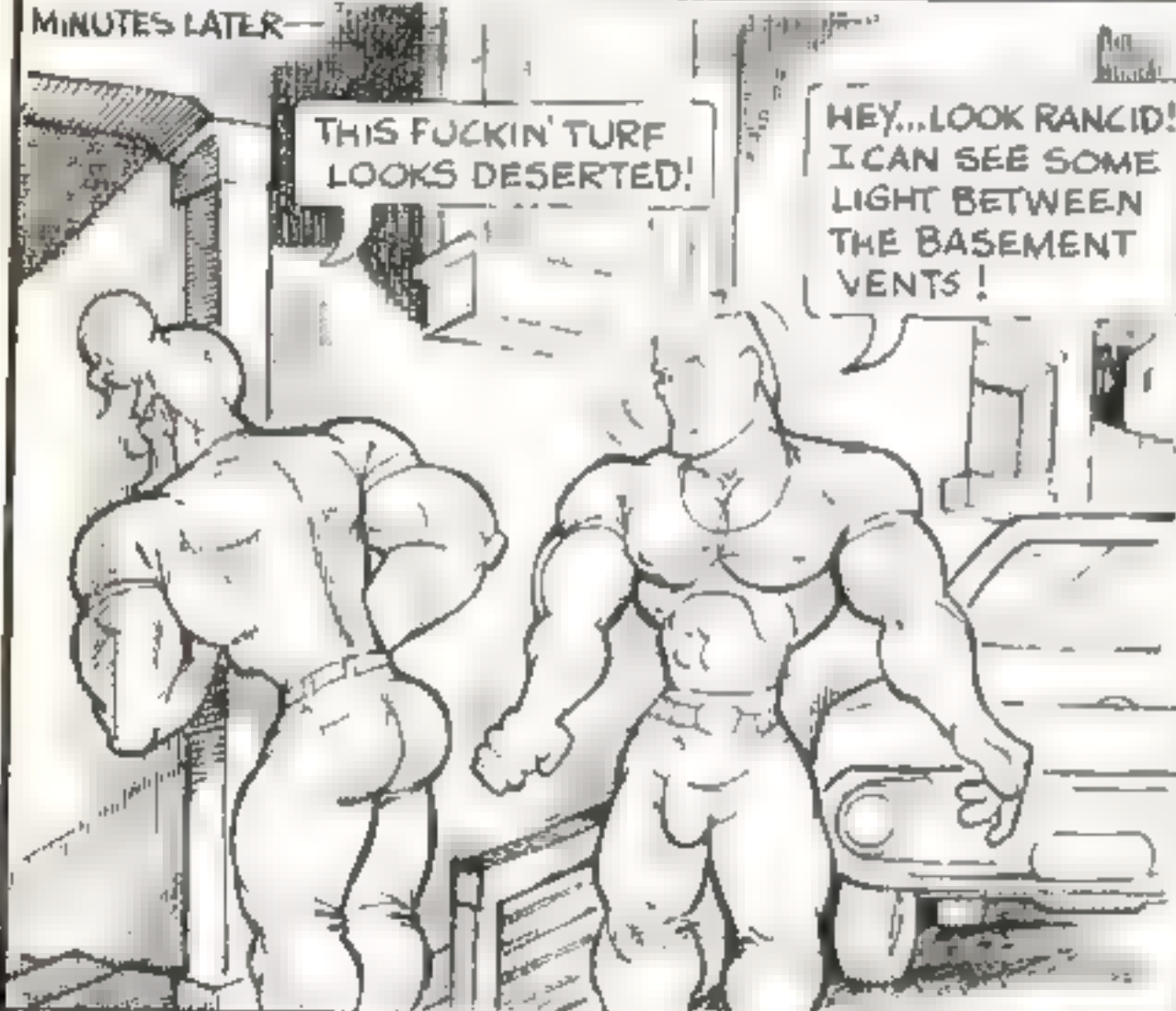
MY NERVE ENDS ARE ALL HOT 'N BOTHERED TOO! HOLY TIT CLAMPS! THE ADDRESS WE CONNED OUT OF YOUR PAL AT MA BELL'S IS DEAD AHEAD- HOLD TIGHT!



MINUTES LATER—

THIS FUCKIN' TURF LOOKS DESERTED!

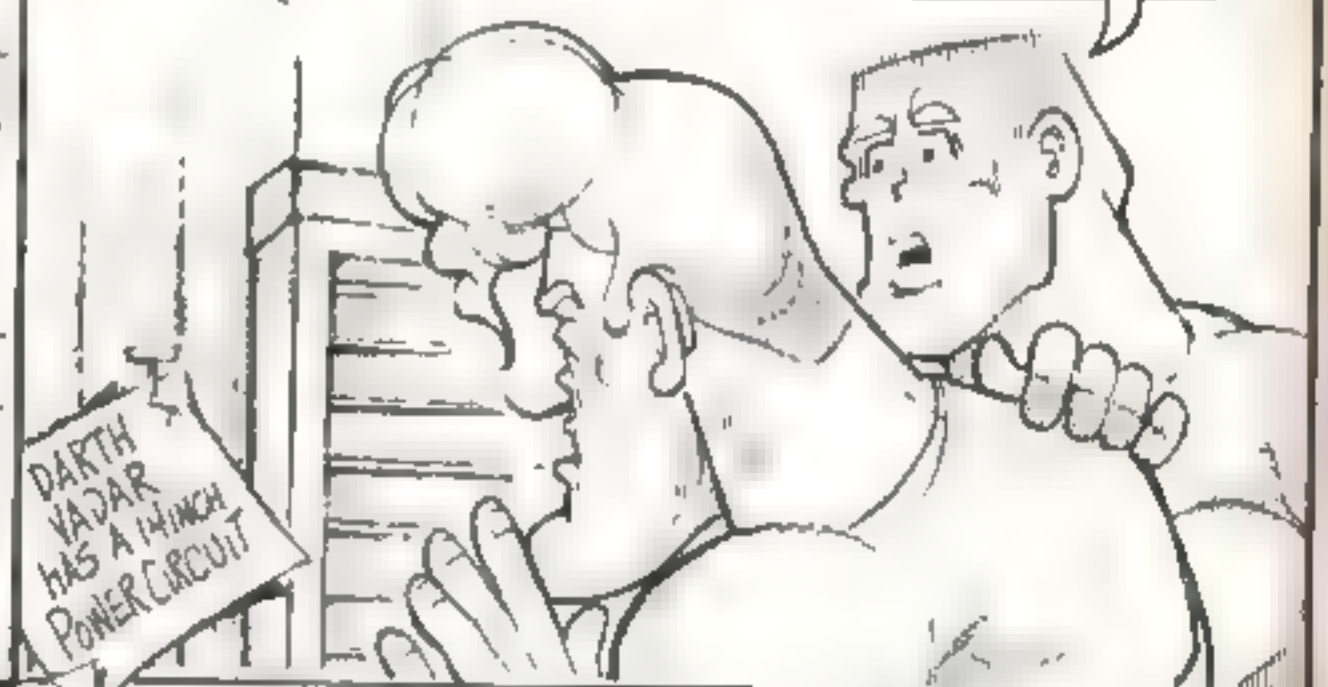
HEY...LOOK RANCID! I CAN SEE SOME LIGHT BETWEEN THE BASEMENT VENTS!



SHADES OF FRED HALSTED! I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! FUGKIN' FAR OUT!

GEEPS... LET ME SEE...!

DARTH VADAR HAS A WINCH POWER CIRCUIT



HARRY'S IN TROUBLE! COME ON... EVERY HOT SEC COUNTS!!

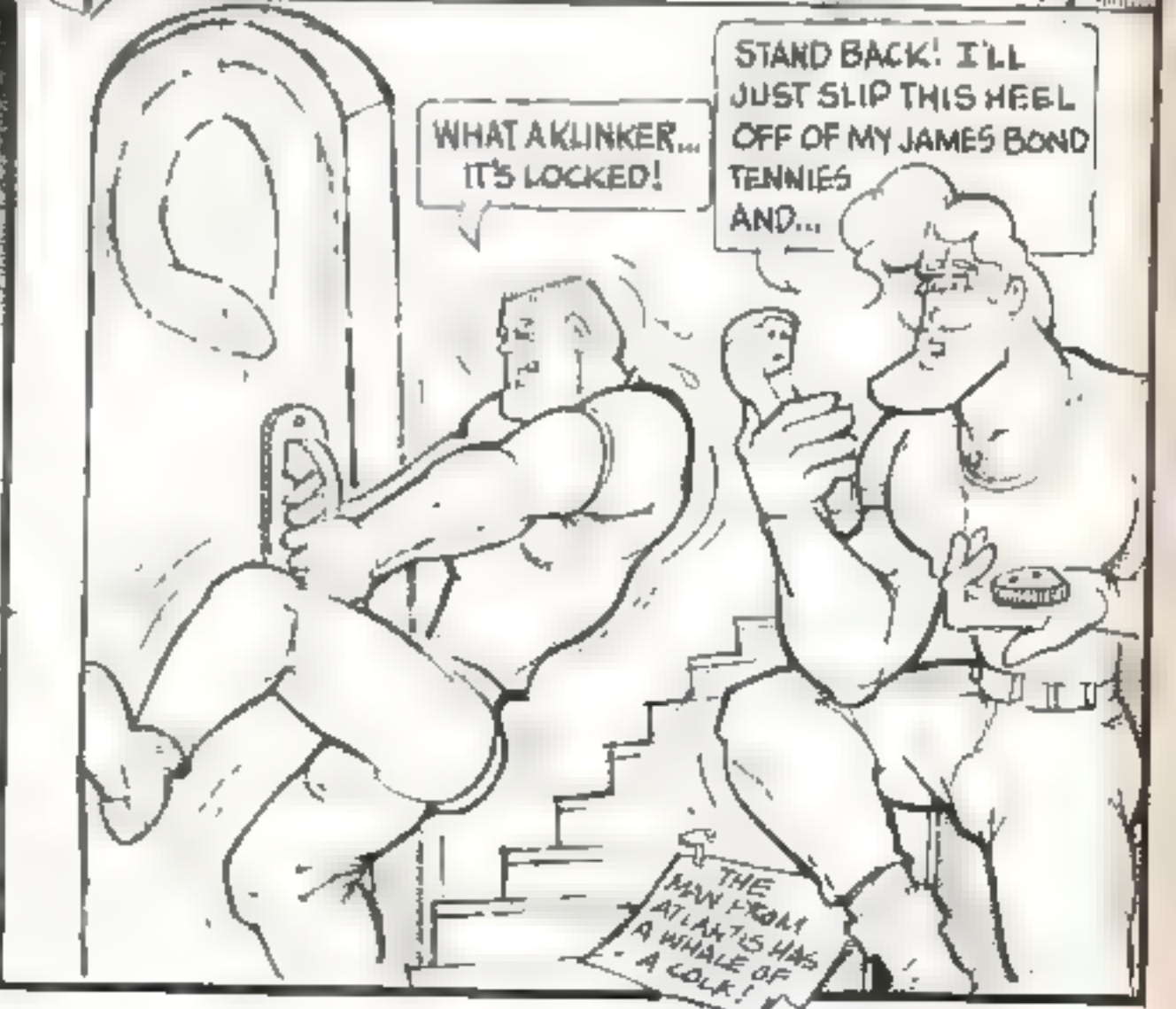
GEE-ZUS! IS THAT A REAL COCK OR A GARDEN HOSE?



WHAT A KLINKER... IT'S LOCKED!

STAND BACK! I'LL JUST SLIP THIS HEEL OFF OF MY JAMES BOND TENNIS AND...

THE MAN FROM ATLANTIS HAS A WHOLE OF A COCK!





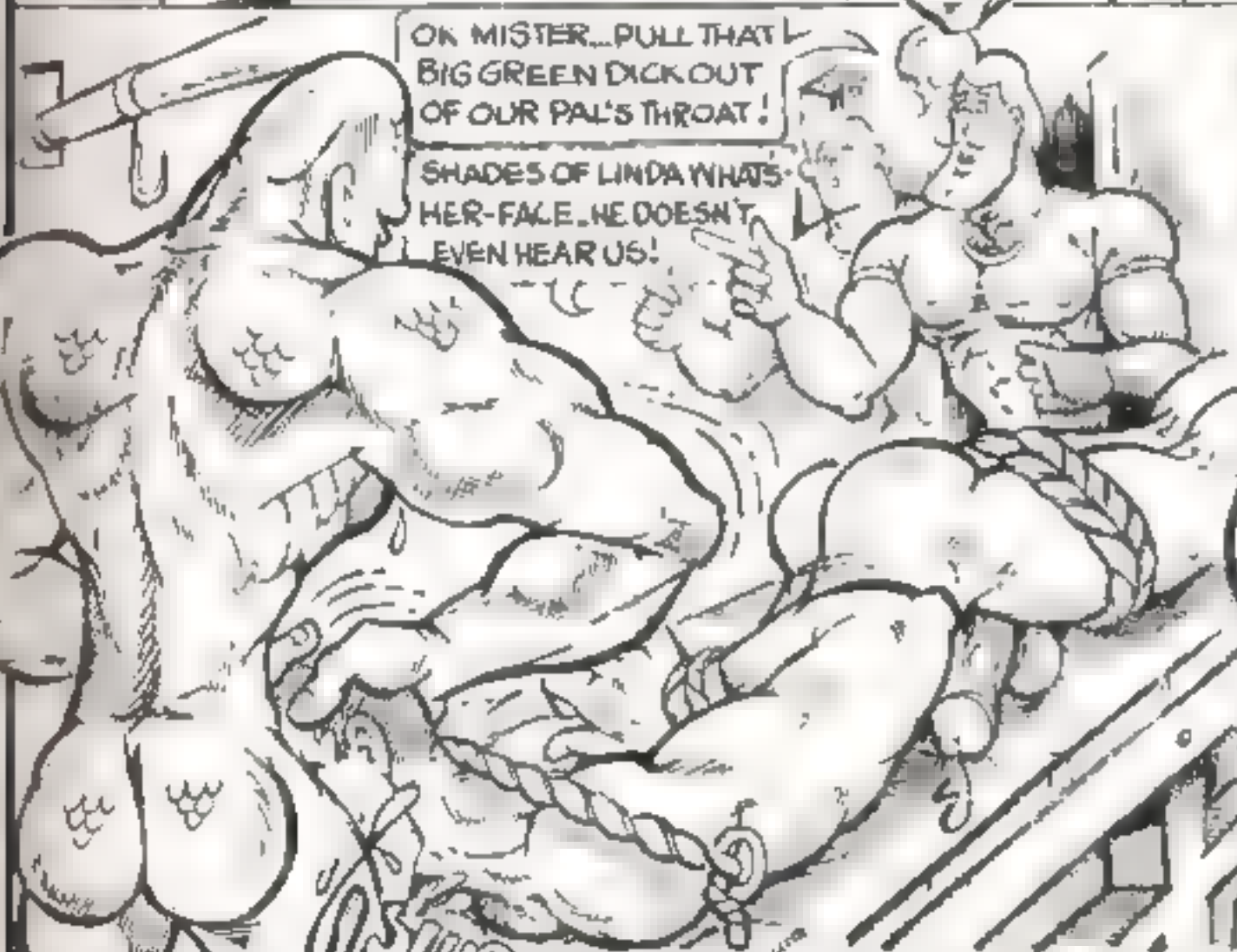
WALLAH...A MINI
DETONATOR...

I COULD HAVE
GIVEN YOU THE
FUNKY JOCK
STRAP I'M
WEARING...IT'S
JUST AS LETHAL!



THE DOOR AT THE END!
HURRY!!

GEE...I AM, BUT MY
NEW TEFLON COCKRING
IS STARTING TO
CHAFE!



OK MISTER...PULL THAT
BIG GREEN DICK OUT
OF OUR PAL'S THROAT!

SHADES OF LINDA WHAT'S
HER-FALE...HE DOESN'T
EVEN HEAR US!



KILL!!!

MAYBE THIS WILL GET THRU TO
YOU, FLAKO...AND MELT
THAT LONG CUKE OF
YOURS!



WHACK

OUCH!



HARRY... ARE
YOU OK?

SHARP

THANKS MIC, I NEEDED
THAT! HOLY HOLLYHOCKS...
I THINK MY TONGUE IS
DISLOCATED...

NEXT...
THE
PYTHON'S
SECRET!

THE MAN FROM
ATLANTIS IS
A
BED WETTER!

WHERE AM I...
WHY IS THIS ROOM ROCKING?

TO BE
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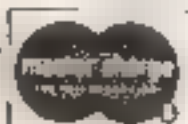
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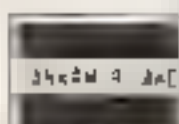
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Astrologic

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21 - Feb. 18): Admit it, asshole. You are BST: Bent, Sick, and Twisted. You have an inventive mind, inclined to be into PROGRESSIVE S&M. You fear you've already gone too far sexually when in reality you're only half as BST as 1978 will make you. By the end of the Seventies, you will be a fully jaded, degenerate man. Sit on your own hand.

AQUARIUS M: Inclined to be careless in your choice of masters, you will make the same stupid mistakes repeatedly until finally you learn how to project mastery of yourself. THEN the Right S will pick up on you. Currently you say NO too much too often. Relax. You need to be severely whipped and permanently pleased. You're old enough now to take possession of your body and give it away piece by piece.

PISCES S: (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20): Careful this winter of M's who want to turn the tables on you. Secretly you desire to bottom out to a Satanic Warrior who will pin you to the mat. If you're not seriously working out, get your physique set together. An event is about to occur requiring from you a very muscular response.

PISCES M: Any Pisces named DAVID had best be careful as the combination sign and name will this month earn you a very bad reputation among your immediate friends who find you quite possibly attack former lovers' motorcycles with nails and do terrible things to small animals when alone in your apartment. You rarely ever get what you want, but you are about to get what you deserve.

ARIES S: (Mar. 21 - April 19): Consider an affair with a taxi driver. Especially if he is strawberry blond, moustachioed, and muscular. Keep his meter running. You need another top man to play with, as your current bottom tricks are not fully satisfying you. Seek our mutual scenes.

ARIES M: You are the asshole type and might as well celebrate the fact that most guys hold you in contempt. You are quick-tempered, impatient after midnight, and always scornful of advice. You are not very nice. Men should piss on you.

TAURUS S: (April 20 - May 20): You are bullsh on yourself and, by god, you deserve it. You are practical and persistent. Your bullheaded determination makes you cruise with specific purpose. M's know you've got ATTITUDE.

TAURUS M: Secretly, you're a sex freak. And you think your friends don't know that you eat your own bullshit.

GEMINI S: (May 21 - June 20): You are a quick and intelligent thinker. Both of your heads are better than one. Men like you because you are bisexual (some of the time) and on the head of your cock they can taste p-u-e-s-y j-u-i-s-e. Before the winter is out, you may need H-E-L-P.

GEMINI M: Uh-oh. You are too narcissistic these days. Stop jerking off alone in front of your mirror. It is a necessity for you to go to a bath for a heavy degradation trip. Find the ugliest dude you can and go down on him. If he rejects you, all the better. That could be your ultimate trip: to be rejected by a real surnbag.

CANCER S: (June 21 - July 22): Wrestling has sometimes been a spontaneous part of your sex scene. Add in more sports touches. Drop some of your heavy leather and lock up your wardrobe. You will come on and get off differently if you advertise the true sexual athlete hidden in your real self.

CANCER M: You whine too much. Lower your voice a tone. Currently, other men think you're a sucker. You procrastinate. That's why you never make anything of yourself except a mess. No wonder most welfare recipients are Cancer people.

LEO S: (July 23 - August 22): You are the sunshine of several men's lives. They'd like you to be even more of a bully. Add to your innate arrogance. M's will adore you, and in any sports contact you'll immediately establish psychological dominance.

LEO M: No trick should let you stay over night, unless you are in total bondage. After dark, you turn into a thief. Keep your hands off the downers you find in your host's medicine cabinet. If he's going to trick with a creep like you, he'll need all the valium he can get.

VIRGO S: (August 23 - Sept. 22): This month make your clean act even cleaner. Shower twice a day at the Y. Avoid sex with others. Target them instead by standing under the shower spray with a hard-on. If uncut, spend a long, lingering time pulling back your delicious foreskin and sucking your cockhead. This month your game is Turn-On-And-Turn-Down.

VIRGO M: Your logic and hatred of disorder make you sickening to your friends. You are cold, unemotional, and often fall asleep while making love with your socks on. Virgo M's make good bus drivers. You ought to try it.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22): Practice your artistry by learning how to do prison-style tattooing with pins and indie ink. Find a pierceable M and decorate the space between his balls and his asshole. Who cares if he objects? He IS an object.

LIBRA M: If you haven't, you should try hustling. You will be good at it. You should also be quick, as most Libras die of VD.

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21): You are shrewd in business and in bed and cannot be trusted any farther than Bruce Jenner can toss a cow-pie, discus. You have achieved the pinnacle of your late-night reputation because of your total lack of sexual ethics. Remember that most Scorpions are murderers and their peeing is only backpage news.

SCORPIO M: Consider joining the Trappists. They keep their mouths shut. You kiss and tell. So it's either the monastery or pursuit of an S who will sew your loose lips to a pig.

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21): You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you lack the talent a true top man needs to hit his mark. Most Sagittarians are dope fiends. You are no exception. When you are on gaseles, people laugh at you a great deal.

SAGITTARIUS M: Buy a statue of St. Sebastian stuck full of arrows. He is your patron this month as you will be besieged on all sides by the slings (good) and arrows (better) of outrageous (best) fortune-hunters. Be ready to suffer.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19): Post-holiday let-down should not affect you, as you have lent to look forward to. Improve your performance as a top by denying yourself latent athletic skill. M's will worship your pumped-up forearms.

CAPRICORN M: You are afraid to take risks. You don't do enough of anything. All you ever want is to lie back with a fat up your thankful butt. No wonder there has never been a Capricorn of any importance. Don't stand still too long as you tend to take root and become a tree, unless that is — you're into dog play.

INTER-CLUB FINALS

- DISTANCE
- ACCURACY
- QUALIFICATION



AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19

moved forward and took the end of my dick in his mouth. I pulled him up more and started shoving my cock as hard as I could into his throat. He sucked on it like it was the last cock he'd ever have to suck. He was good.

I held on to his hair and pulled his face on and off my cock. Then I pushed him back against the wall and moved towards him, jamming his head against the solid wall, and I face-fucked him. He took it and was running his hands up and down my legs at the same time. He looked innocent, but he liked things rough.

I pulled my prick out of his mouth and stood erect, looking down at him for a few seconds. "C'mon," I said finally, "let's head to the bedroom."

He crawled the whole way on his hands and knees. I liked that, too.

I followed him down the hallway to the second bedroom. He went inside and stood there, glancing around at the equipment. I shoved him hard towards the bed and he sprawled on it, face down. I was on his back immediately, dry-humping my hard cock against his ass. I wedged my hands down under his chest and took hold of his tits. I worked on them hard, really hard. He moaned. I was hurting the hell out of him.

"Please, sir, not so fast," he begged, but I didn't give a shit. I leaned up and spit in my hand. I wet my cock and was back on his ass. I pulled his ass cheeks apart and aimed my prick. I felt his asshole fighting me and I pushed harder. "Loosen up, fucker," I said. He tried to relax. I felt my cock slip past that first muscle. The kid had a nice, tight asshole. I shoved harder. I slipped in a few inches. He lurched away from me and let out a loud moan. "That hurts," he said. "Sir."

With the flat of my hand I bopped him alongside the head and told him to shut his fucking mouth. I shoved again and my dick slid all the way inside him. He again lurched away from me, trying to get off my prick, but I held on to him. I pulled out fast and shoved it hard again into him. He squealed. I pulled out again and shoved it in even harder. My cock was hate-hard. I got into him to the balls. Still he tried to get away from me; he was whining. I slammed my hand into the side of his head again. "Shut up, you fuckin' asshole," I said. He got quiet.

I had him flat out on the bed, his belly jammed against the mattress. I was on top of him, pounding my cock into his ass. I kept moving faster and faster. He was groaning quietly and involuntarily pulling his ass away from me. I was still hurting him. I reached under his chest and started working on his tits again. He lurched away against that pain.

Then, just that quickly, on one of my fucks into him, his groan turned from one of pain to one of pleasure. I knew I had him. Instead of pulling away from me, I felt him pushing his ass up to me as I came down into him. He shoved his arms straight out over his head and opened himself up to me. I had him; I could do anything I wanted.

I fucked him until my cock was getting sore from the dryness of his asshole. I pulled out of him and stood at the bottom of the bed. He was wriggling his ass now, wanting my cock back. I told him to turn over. His cock was roaring hard. He was tensing his body all over; he looked good. He was a hot little man. I reached for the drawer next to the bed and got out a sheath for his cock. I fitted him in it, tight. The tit camps were next. He groaned when the ends closed over his erect nipples.

I got him back on his belly and got his wrists and ankles tied to the bed. I shoved a blanket under his belly and then stood back to survey the scene. What I saw was a beautiful little ass, raised and waiting. I decided what the kid needed was a good-sized fist up his ass.

I shoved a popper up his nose and reached for the Crisco. He didn't object. "You want a fist up your ass?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "but please go slow. I haven't done it much."

"Once is enough," I said, laughing. "One fist makes you an expert." I spread the Crisco all over his ass and up his asshole. Two fingers made it inside him easily. Three was no problem. I knew I was moving too fast. I slowed it down a little. I started talking to him. "It's gonna feel good, baby," I said. "A good fist up your ass. Open yourself, baby, relax." All that kind of shit I was saying to him and I could feel his asshole opening like a canal lock.

His asshole fought me for about thirty seconds and then I felt my hand slip inside him. I held still for a while, letting him

get used to it. He was groaning like mad; he really liked it. I reached over and got some more Crisco and greased my arm to the elbow.

I clenched my fist inside him and started slowly to move deeper. He wanted it now. He was pushing his ass back against me. I watched my hand move farther and farther inside him. I twisted my fist and then brought it back to its original position. I pushed and another couple of inches disappeared into his ass.

It was at that point, just then, that I heard the voice. "Hey," somebody shouted, "is anybody home?"

I stopped in mid-fist-fuck. Who in the hell was that? Why had I left the door open? I leaned down next to Beau. "I'm going to pull out," I said. "Relax it good."

Beau turned and looked at me. "Are you coming back?" he asked.

"You want me back?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he said. That was just the right thing to say, and the right way to say it.

I pulled out of him and stood up. He moved over quickly as far as he could and opened his mouth. I put my dick in his mouth and let him suck me. Then I pulled out and walked towards the living room.

I made it down the hallway quickly. "Who's out there?" I yelled.

"It's me," came the answer.

"Who the fuck's 'me'?" I asked, getting even angrier.

I turned the corner into the living room. "It's me," he said. "I came for the blanket."

Christ, it was my beautiful buddy cop, standing there in all his glory. No uniform this time, unless you call Levi's, T-shirt and shit kickers a uniform. He was standing in the doorway looking better than anybody I'd ever seen.

"The door was open and I knocked," he said. "I thought maybe somebody was playing another practical joke and you were hanging from your balls from a curtain rod."

I laughed weakly. I felt like a fucking idiot. I was standing there stark naked, my arm dripping with Crisco, my cock still hard. But what the hell, I thought, that was the only way he'd ever seen me. He was used to it, except maybe for the Crisco.

"Do you want to sit down a minute. I'll make you a pot of coffee, I mean a cup. I'll put some pants on . . ." I was as nervous as a librarian at her first fuck.

"Sure," he said, and moved towards a chair. His ass looked better in Levi's than it did in his uniform. Christ, he was one beautiful man. I started for the bedroom.

"What are you doing back there?" he called as I was walking. "Baking cookies?"

I looked at my greasy arm and then at him. "Yeah," I said, "a big batch of chocolate chips."

I got to the bathroom and got the slop off my arm and then went to the bedroom. Beau was looking at me like I'd deserted him for life. I sat down on the bed next to him. "Look, I got a visitor," I said, "and I don't think he should see you. Just keep your mouth shut and I'll be back with you as soon as I can."

"I have to go to work soon," Beau said.

I don't know why that pissed me off, but it did. I guess it was just that things were getting a little too hectic. I started to get him loose. "Fuck ya, then," I said. "Get your ass out the back window."

He tried to argue, but I wouldn't have any of it. I kept jostling him. "I can wait a little while," Beau said finally. He said it in such a way that my heart warmed up a little. He meant it. He really wanted to stay.

I put my arm around his shoulder. "Listen, kid," I said, "we got a lot of time. You come over some other day, you hear?" He nodded, but he wasn't happy. Shit, why does everything I do have to get sticky with problems?

I got him loose and headed back down the hallway and into the kitchen. I put some water in the kettle and on the fire. I walked back into the living room. "I forgot my pants," I said. The cop looked up at me.

"That's alright," he said. "It's kind of free that way. You know . . ." He looked away.

Since it was alright with him, I sat down starkers. I was comfortable if he was comfortable. "You got a name?" I asked. I used my deep, don't-give-a-damn voice.

"Sure. Harry. Harry Vicconti."

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DR 178

"You Italian?"

"A little bit. I'm a lot of things," he said.

"I'll bet you are," I said. We were getting nowhere.

"I came for the blanket because they'll charge me if I don't get it back," Harry said. "I mean, it's a good blanket."

I smiled. Not damn. Harry was getting nervous. I could tell by what he said and the way he said it. That made me a hell of a lot less nervous.

"You're up early, aren't you? For working at night?"

"I couldn't sleep," Harry said. He looked at me and smiled a small smile. His eyes lit up when he did it. He was gorgeous. Really gorgeous.

"How come?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. He lowered his head like he had just made a confession. Maybe he couldn't sleep because he was thinking about me. About my cock. About how my cock was going to be shoved up his ass...

Just then the kid from the bedroom appeared at the front door. He'd done as I told him and gone out the window, but now he was gesturing like crazy from the front porch that he needed his clothes. They were still in a pile next to Harry's chair. I guess the kid couldn't pedal his ass home in just a jock strap.

"Ah, hell, Beau, come on in," I said after not being able to come up with any other solution. Harry turned in his chair to see who I was talking to. I watched him as he looked. He turned a bright red, slowly, from the neck up. God damn, I couldn't believe it. The fucker was blushing. I hadn't met anybody who blushed in the last five years.

Beau cautiously walked into the living room. He stood next to Harry's chair. "Harry, this is Beau. Beau, Harry," I said, getting angry at the whole situation. The two shook hands.

"This is my laundry," Beau said lamely. "I dropped it off and then I realized I didn't have anything to wear."

"Yeah, that's what I do for a living," I said. "Take in laundry. Beau, get your stuff and get your ass out of here."

Beau got himself assembled nervously and then headed for the front door. He got his bike away from the wall and was just ready to take off when he leaned back into the living room. "Don't forget," he said to me, "you owe me a fuck." Then he took off like a bat out of hell.

So it was out in the open. Maybe it was better that way. Harry and I could have sniffed around each other all day. I looked at him. "I like to fuck guys," I said.

"I know that."

"Is that what you're here for?"

"I don't know."

My cock was reaching for the sky. I'd been with a lot of guys in my life, but I wanted Harry more than any of the rest. It wasn't just because he was a cop—that was part of it, I guess—but there was something more. His looks, his body, his attitude. Jesus, I really wanted to get inside that ass. And more importantly, I just wanted him.

"You want to come back to the bedroom and help me get the blanket?" I asked. I tried to keep my tone light.

"Don't rush me," he said sharply. "I don't do this every day."

"I didn't think you did. Have you ever done it?"

"A few times."

"We'll go at your pace."

"Thanks." He had his head down; he wouldn't look at me. It was a tense moment, and I thought he might just get up and walk out. I didn't want him to do that. It was important to me that he didn't.

I was trying desperately to think of something that would get us on the right track. I had a feeling that the heavy stuff wasn't for Harry. No meat hooks or fist fucking. And to tell the truth, I wasn't all that interested in that kind of activity with him. Not then anyway. I just wanted to get into bed with him, feel him next to me and get my cock into him. Fuck him slow. All day.

Harry, not me, came up with the solution. Without looking at me, he stood up. He opened the fly on his Levis. His hard cock, nothing elaborate in the size department but beautifully formed, popped out. He looked at me then. "Suck on it," he said. His voice was flat.

I continued sitting where I was. I didn't move; didn't smile. I didn't do anything. "I said suck on it," Harry said. There was a quiver of something in his voice.

"Fuck you," I said. "Get over here and suck on this." I

had a hard-on that would have pierced steel.

He stared at me for a couple of seconds. His cock bobbed, I hoped with excitement. Then he dropped his head and I heard him say, "Oh, god." But then he started to move. He got to in front of me and slowly got to his knees. I sat absolutely still. I watched as he moved his face towards me. His hand reached out and took hold of my cock. He moved even closer. His mouth opened and even more slowly, as though it were hurting him, he put his mouth on my cock. I felt him suck it inside him. He wasn't too good as a cock-sucker, but just his doing it got me so hot I almost shot right then.

"No teeth," I said. "Just suck on it." I arched my belly and cock up farther towards him. I felt my cock slip down into his throat.

He sucked on my prick for a short time, with his eyes closed, until I reached out and took his head in my two hands. I pulled him away from my cock. He looked up at me. "Shit," he said.

I laughed. "Does that mean it's good or not good?" I asked.

"You know it's good," he said.

"Yeah." We both laughed at that. "C'mon, Officer, let's go to bed."

The next four hours were maybe the highlight of my life. It took coaxing but I got into his ass and I rode him three goddamned times. Each one was longer and even better than the one before. I fucked him on his back, on his belly, on his knees, standing up, bent over, on the floor, leaning against the wall. I even got him tied down and fucked him. I sucked him; he sucked me. I licked all over that beautiful body and then I fucked him some more. No poppers, no dope, just the natural high of being together.

After the third come from each of us, we were a little worn out and took a break. I lit cigarettes and climbed into bed next to him. I looked over at his belly. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. Hard and defined and tapering down to his crotch. And his eyes... shit, I could talk about him for months.

We were lying there with my arm around him. He was leaning over, I think, and licking on my tit, when the doorbell rang. Somebody is always ringing my doorbell at the wrong time. I looked down at Harry. "I guess I ought to get that," I said. "It's probably the vice squad, looking for you."

"Tell 'em I'm not here and come on back," Harry said.

"Give me two minutes," I said.

"I'll wash up," Harry said. "I smell like a French whore."

I walked down the hallway and went to the door. I was feeling too good to think about who might be there. I didn't even consider Jesse and his buddies. Then I opened the door and almost puked. Thomas was standing there. He was wearing only a pair of shorts and his whole body was a mass of welts and cuts, most of which were bleeding. He'd been whipped mercilessly.

"My god, help me," Thomas whispered. He was leaning against the wall of the house.

I tried to get his arm around my neck so I could help him into the house, but he was in too much pain. He couldn't even raise his arms. I called for Harry and waited until he got to the living room. "Jesus, what the hell happened?" he asked.

"I think it's another practical joke," I said. With one of us on each side, we got Thomas into the house and back to the bedroom. We put him gently down on the bed.

"I'll call a doctor," Harry said.

"No. No doctor," Thomas said. His voice was little more than a whisper. "I'll be alright."

"Yeah, in about a year," I said.

"Just let me sleep," Thomas said. "I took something to make me sleep." He closed his eyes and I could see his body shuddering into a drug-induced relaxation.

Harry was the one who found the note. It was a small, folded-over piece of paper, stuck under the dog collar that Thomas had around his throat. Harry opened the note, read it and handed it to me. "I'm going to help you catch these assholes," he said.

I took the note and read it. It was short, as usual, and to the point. I looked at Harry. I was glad to have his help. The note said: "You're next."

to be continued...

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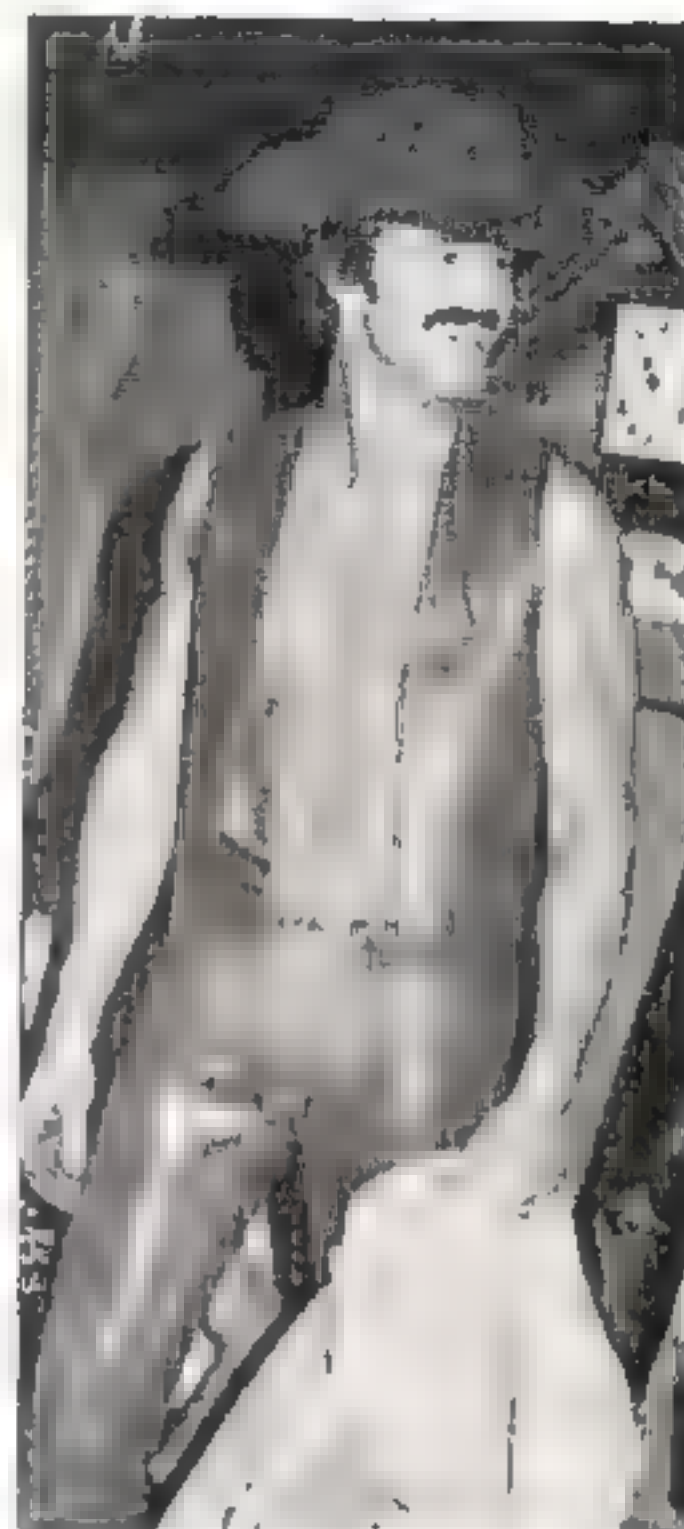
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PART ONE
SOLDIER!
BY DEREK

BUCK DOYLE, SIR!



PHOTO BY DAVID CARTER

EPISODE 1 NEW RECRUIT

(0900 hours) Stark-naked and summer-bronzed, the husky young blond snapped to attention. Exhausted from the up hill hike, he sucked at the cool mountain air in steady, measured breaths. The clean, spicy scent of Montana forest filled his lungs and sent blood pounding to his temples.

He had followed the letter of instructions carefully — all his clothes and personal belongings were a mile or so down the trail, locked in the back of his jeep. With just keys and application form, he'd made his way up the trail bare-assed to the camp's main gate. His final instruction had read more like an order. *Obey the guard on duty!*

So, straight as a Great Northern pine, the young man waited patiently before the small guard house with its long, striped pole and sign that demanded "HALT!" Opposite him stood the brawny guard with a clipboard, dressed in a uniform of khaki trousers and black combat boots, mirrored sunglasses and a blinding white helmet with "MP" stenciled on both sides. He was bare from the waist up, with a torso as big around as an oak tree and completely denuded of hair. A black leather strap slung over one shoulder sliced diagonally across his chest and attached to the belt around his narrow waist. When the young man handed him his things, the guard put the keys in his hip pocket, then checked the papers against his list of new arrivals. At the top of the form it read. "Camp Big Timber — An S/M Training Ground for Men."

"Name?"

"Buck Doyle."

The guard looked up, scowling. The young man stared nervously at his own reflection where the other guy's eyes should've been.

"Buck Doyle. *WHAT!*?"

"Buck Doyle, SIR!" the young man said emphatically.

"That's better. Occupation?"

"College student, Sir!"

"Any sports, boy?"

"Football, Sir! Right end position, Sir!"

With a hint of a grin, the guard silently took inventory of the naked recruit: Five-ten or -eleven, with shaggy, straw-colored hair. Bright blue eyes. Clean shaven and handsome in that cocky-jock sort of way. Pecs, biceps round and full, broad shoulders tapering to a narrow waist. Stomach rippled as he breathed. Sharp tan lines around hips and thighs emphasized his nudity. Muscular legs, bulging with athletic vigor, lightly covered with golden fuzz. His stance — aggressive. Attitude eager. The guard's silvered gaze lingered at the young man's crotch where a damn fine piece of manmeat arched over low-slung balls. Its tawny shaft had swollen perceptibly.

"How long you sign up for, boy?"

"Six weeks, Sir!"

Buck's stomach twitched as he said it. Six weeks! He'd read about this place in the classified of an S/M magazine — a summer "boot camp" run by ex-Army guys, crawling with hunky dudes into heavy, wild sex. But now, for the first time, he felt a twinge of fear. The muscle-bound guard had possession of his keys, and with them his car and clothes. There was no backing out!

The guard returned his eyes to the clipboard. "You've been assigned to C Company. The drill instructor is Sergeant D'Angelo. He'll be along any minute to take over your . . . orientation. Any questions?"

"No, Sir!"

"Then at ease."

While the guard and the new recruit had been sizing each other up, a man appeared on the trail up ahead, jogging toward them. Dark, Italian-looking, with a square jaw and close-cut black hair, he was the kind of man you couldn't call handsome but who had rugged masculine appeal nevertheless. Spotless fatigues and combat boots weren't enough to conceal the massive, powerfully-built body he carried underneath. On his shirt, right over the tit, was a name tag. Sgt. D'Angelo. The guard gave a crisp salute as he approached.

"This here's your new man, Sir."

The sergeant walked a tight circle around the recruit, gray eyes glinting like pieces of flint under the low brim of his cap. He surveyed every inch of the young man's hard, tanned body. Buck stared straight ahead.

"Did ya stamp 'im yet?"

"No, Sir." The MP ducked into the guard house and returned seconds later with a rubber stamp and ink pad which he handed over to the officer.

"Bend over, boy," the sergeant barked.

Buck bent. With a hard punch, the sergeant stamped "New Recruit" on his right asscheek.

"Now we'll show you the ropes." Officer and guard both laughed. "Up that trail, boy. NOW!"

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Buck took off at full speed. His new DI brought up the rear, eyes focused on the firm, muscular ass running just ahead of him. The main gate was no longer visible through the tall pines behind them when they broke out into the open on the edge of the camp compound. There Buck saw four long, low buildings forming a quad, and beyond them a parade ground and athletic field. A football game was in progress, and as far as Buck could tell, the players wore helmets, jock-straps, socks and cleats - and that's all. Beyond them was nothing but Montana wilderness.

"Over there, boy." The sarge pointed to the far side of the quad. "ON THE DOUBLE!"

As they jogged across the grounds between the barracks, Buck's groin began to tingle at what he saw. Humpy dudes were everywhere - standing, sitting, lying around in various stages of undress. Some wore just fatigue caps and combat boots. It was hot here in the open sun, and one soldier in just a sweat-soaked olive drab T shirt sprawled on the grass, napping. He had a raging erection. The men began to whistle and shout at the new recruit, shaking their cocks in his direction and calling out for a piece of his tight ass.

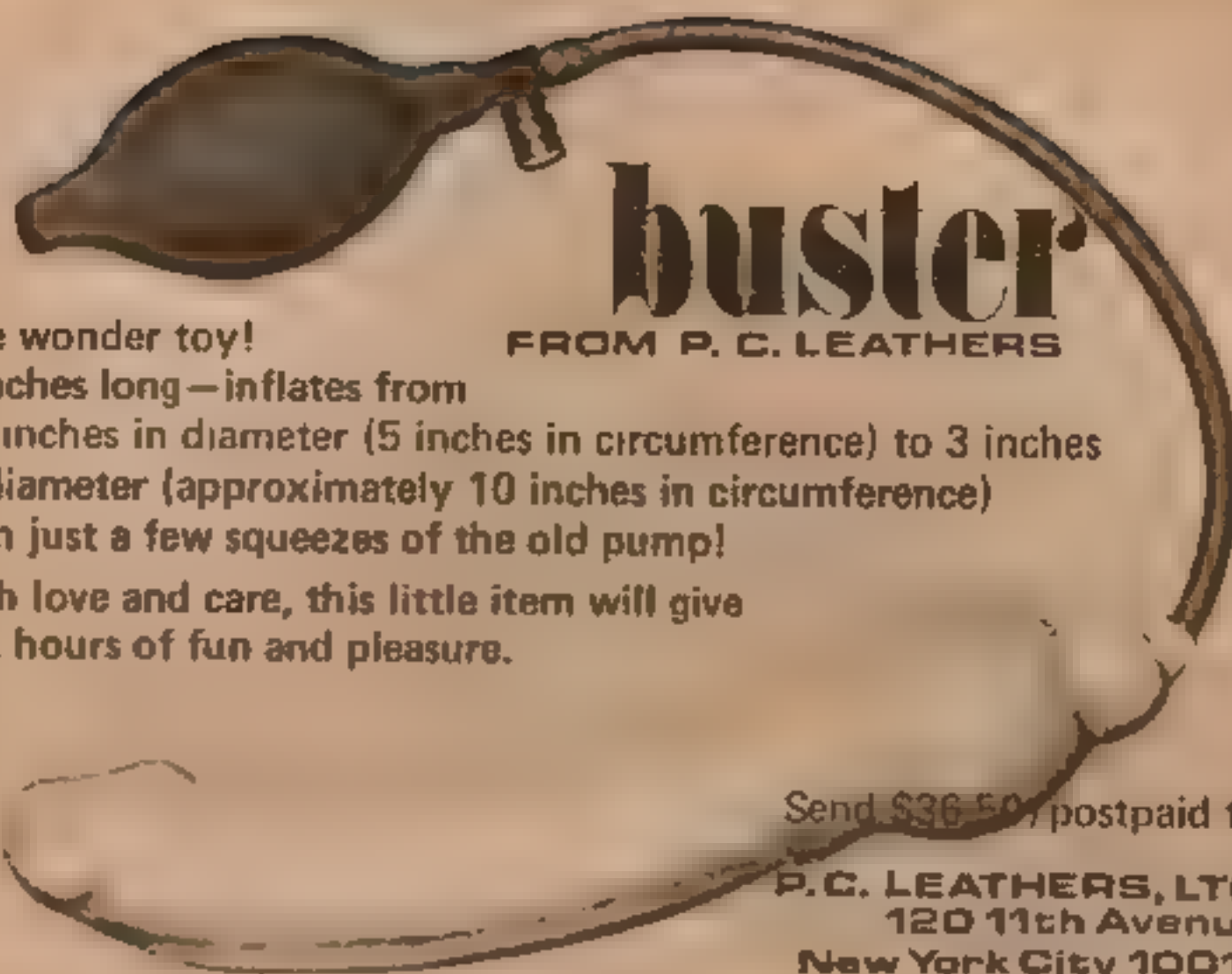
"It ain't always so easy here," said the sarge when he noticed that Buck was taking in all the sights. "This is free-time. But there's a lot of hard work, too. You'll see."

On the far side of the quad, Buck and the DI came across two nude guys wrestling like wild-cats in the dirt. A crowd gathered around, shouting encouragement and taking bets. One of the wrestlers suddenly pinned the other on his stomach, and now he was trying to shove his dust-covered prick up his opponent's dry asshole. The man on the bottom howled.

Far fuckin' out! Buck thought to himself. He wanted to stay and watch the action, but the sarge continued on, rounding the corner of the last barracks, then on around behind it.

"Stop here!" the sarge shouted suddenly.

Jerking to a dead halt, Buck once again snapped to attention. They'd stopped near two metal poles planted in the earth about four feet apart, each with shackles and chains. Cement held them in place, and they looked sturdy enough to hold the strongest motherfucker - no matter what. Sweat began to trickle down Buck's forehead and chest.



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"Alright, you piece of sh't," the sarge growled. "Git yer ass between them poles! PRONTO!"

Buck followed orders while the DI kicked at his feet, making him spread his legs wide. The sarge clamped the leg irons from the bottom of the poles around his ankles and secured them, then he lifted the young man's arms high above his head and snapped the handcuffs around his wrists. The cuffs hung from adjustable chains welded to the tops of the poles. Metal clanged loudly against metal, attracting everyone's attention. After making sure he couldn't get loose, the sarge fixed the chains so that Buck was forced to stand on his toes. Stretched under his own weight, Buck's chest heaved as he sucked in air. The sarge ran his fingers over the taut flesh in silent appreciation.

The strange feeling of helplessness, of being exposed to a l eyes and probing fingers sent chills of excitement through Buck's backbone. His blond fuckpole stood straight out from his groin in a posture of attention. When the sarge swatted his low-hanging balls, a grunt of brute desire escaped from his throat.

A knot of soldiers gathered around to watch the show, some standing, others squatting on their haunches. Taking one of the men aside, the sarge sent him off inside the barracks. A few of the spectators displayed stiff meat, and Sgt. D'Angelo, although fully dressed, had a blunt protrusion straining at the crotch of his fatigues. Minutes later, the soldier returned with a small black case.

"Ok, hose 'im down," the sarge said.

The same soldier grabbed a rubber garden hose from the side of the whitewashed building, aimed it at the chained recruit, and let him have it full force. Ice-cold water sent spasms through Buck's stretched body. He twisted and pulled at his chains, trying to escape the stinging spray while the soldiers laughed at his torment. Water gushed in his face until he thought he would drown. Then the soldier swung the hose lower, tracing a path down the center of his chest and belly until he hit the exposed crotch. The punch of the powerful jet on his nutsac made Buck scream in pain.

"STOP!" the sarge belowed.

As Buck hung there dripping wet and gasping for breath, his face a contorted mask of pain and relief, the sarge pulled a can of shave cream out of the black case and threw it into the crowd.

"Lather 'im up, somebody."

A dozen soldiers scrambled for the privilege. Finally, a big hairy guy in khaki shorts and dog tags got the can, walked up to Buck, and squirted lather on him from head to toe. He kneaded the slippery flesh, rubbing the suds all over, paying

particular attention to the blond's cock, balls, and ass. Before he finished, he stuck the nozzle of the can between Buck's lips and gave him a mouthful of pungent soap.

"All yours, sarge," he said smiling.

Gagging involuntarily, Buck spat the noxious suds on the ground while the sarge pulled a straight razor from his black case. The glint of honed steel caught the sun and flashed in Buck's fearful eyes.

"All new recruits git shaved their first day," the sarge said. "Keeps 'em in their place." Grinning sadistically, he grabbed Buck's foamy nuts and pulled on them so hard that the recruit had to arch his back to relieve the pain. "We'll start here!"

Buck didn't dare breathe as the DI scraped the gleaming blade across his scrotum, removing every bit of golden fuzz. Then he shaved the crotch, holding on to the hard pecker which dripped fuckjuice while he cut off all the blond bush around its base. Finished below, he defoliated Buck's head — all of it! Working his way down from there, he scraped each armpit clean, then began on the tawny young chest. Buck jerked slightly and winced in pain when the razor passed over his rigid nipples, nicking them slightly and leaving a thin thread of blood. The sarge finished off with his arms, legs, and ass until there wasn't an inch of skin he hadn't gone over.

After the body-shave came another dousing with the hose until Buck was as smooth and slick as a ten-year-old. He stared down at his crotch and was shocked at how it looked without its yellow fur. On the cement below he saw the pile of hair that had once adorned his head, and for the first time his face was hot with embarrassment. There was something about being naked and hairless in front of other men, all of whom sported manly thatches, that was downright humiliating.

"Now we clean you out, boy!" the sarge announced.

Stepping around behind the suspended recruit, he spread the young man's ass with one hand and rammed in the brass nozzle of the hose with the other. Buck bellowed in pain as the cold metal penetrated the tight muscle-ring, but the sarge kept on shoving until the entire nozzle had disappeared. He left the entire hose sticking out of Buck's smooth butt like a long, black tail. Swaggering back to the side of the barracks, he raised his hand on the spigot.

"Watch this, men," he said. "This oughta be fun!"

He teased the frightened recruit, playing his fingers over the metal spigot, watching the blond's anxious face with amusement. Buck met the DI's steel gray eyes and felt a renewed stab of fear in his gut. Despite the cold shower before, he could taste his own sweat on his lips. Suddenly, the sarge gave the spigot two full turns.

Buck lurched violently. His muscles bulged as he jerked around on the ends of the chains, trying to expell the spurting monster from his butt. A river of ice water filled his guts, his eyes grew hot and wet, and he bit his lower lip to keep from screaming. The soldiers just laughed as they watched the naked stud and his tortured dance.

"Hold it, boy!" the sarge ordered.

Just when Buck thought he was going to explode, the water stopped.

"I said 'hold it.' THAT'S AN ORDER! Spill one drop, and we'll have to do it all over again!"

Buck panted heavily as the sarge reached between his thighs and rudely yanked the hose out of his ass. He clamped his cheeks hard as the nozzle popped free, his face turned red with exertion. He concentrated on holding the water in while the sarge made all the soldiers line up behind him, single file.

"Each of 'em gets one chance to make you lose it," he said with a smirk. "And you better not let 'em do it, or yer ass is grass!" The sarge hollered "GO!" then stepped back to watch.

The first guy in line gave the recruit's hind quarters a sharp slap. Caught off guard, Buck shook uncontrollably while struggling to keep his stinging ass closed. Then the next guy smacked him. Then the next. Soldier after soldier stepped up from behind and planted a hard palm squarely on his butt. His asscheeks grew red and sore, and handshaped welts etched themselves on the smooth, white flesh. But he held on. He couldn't see how long the line was. He didn't want to know!

When the last man had gone by, the sarge smiled with approval. "You got the makin's of a good soldier, boy," he said. "OK, you can let it out now. Come on, kid. Let's see ya shit!"

Buck had never done that in front of anyone before. His inside screamed for relief, but something kept him from letting go. The sarge walked up and punched him in the belly.

With a loud, animal grunt, Buck's body let go by itself. He went slack in the chains while water and pieces of shit spewed out his sore asshole. At least a gallon of murky water splashed to the ground, forming a puddle under Buck's feet. Breathing slow and deep, he went limp. The sarge, meanwhile, unzipped his pants and hauled out his rigid, blunt hunk of guinea-meat. Its huge pink crown, slick with juice, protruded from the heavy folds of dark foreskin.

"Now you're ready for this!" he said triumphantly.

Moving around behind the naked recruit, the sarge stood in the mucky puddle and put the tip of his fuckstick between those burning asscheeks. Buck had no strength left to resist. He hung there helplessly while the sarge wrapped his powerful arms around his torso and shoved it in.

"GAWWWWWDDAMN!!!" Buck cried in agony.

The sarge began humping the blond jock like a sex-starved gorilla. Chains clanged against the metal poles as he bounced the new recruit up and down on his hard manfucker all the way to the hilt.

The soldiers cheered. "Fuck 'im, Sir!" "Fuck his ass good!" "Give it to 'im, sarge!" "Show 'im who's boss!"

They all began jacking off, forming a circle around the DI and his bound partner.

"Git up here and cream on the bastard!" the sarge ordered.

Amid whistles and catcalls, they shot their loads one by one, covering Buck's hairless crotch and stomach with their manly juices. When he saw the jism flowing freely, the sarge began to jack Buck off from behind as he continued to fuck his butt.

Buck began to tremble. The sight of all those hunky soldiers draining their cocks on him, plus the hot, hard rod in his ass sent sparks through his taut body. His balls slapped loudly against his wet crotch as the sarge pumped his dick faster and faster. Buck looked down at that big hand wrapped around his cum-covered cock, jacking it wildly. A muffled cry of lust burst from his lungs, and he came. Feeling the contractions around his cock, the sarge squeezed him harder and made one final lunge.

"TAKE IT UP THE ASS, BOY! TAKE IT! TAKE IT! I'M CUMMIN'! OH CHRIST! I'M CUMMIN'! I'M CUMMINN'!"

The DI's bullock erupted with hot white cream, filling up Buck's cleaned-out guts. Yet he continued to fuck, pumping himself dry into that wild, pulsating asshole. Little streams of jism dribbled down his balls and fell in long, stringy drops to the ground.

When they were all satisfied, the sarge released the new recruit and made him stand at attention in the puddle of water, shit, and cum.

"What's yer name, boy?"

"Buck, Sir! Buck Doyle."

"Men, meet Buck. Show 'im around camp, but don't be too hard on 'im, y'hear. It's his first day, y'know."

They all laughed. Sgt. D'Angelo shoved his cock back in his pants and walked away. Buck remained at attention, quaking from the incredible aftershocks of sex. The other soldiers gathered around eyeing him, and Buck could tell they were thinking hard about games to play with their new toy. He swallowed hard, and promised himself that no matter what, he would take it like a man.

EPISODE 2: BARRACKS

(1900 hours) By evening of his first day at Camp Big Timber, Buck was ready for a good night's sleep. His orientation that morning had been rough — a complete body shave including his shaggy blond head, a garden hose enema and group spanking, followed by a bear hug fuck from his new DI, Sgt. D'Angelo. After that, the regular soldiers of C Company put him through his paces for the rest of the day. Endless push-ups in the dirt, hauling garbage, KP, a three-mile run naked and barefoot around the camp perimeter, with more spankings whenever he didn't move fast enough — no wonder he was tuckered out! At evening mess the new recruits ate from bowls on the floor, down on all fours with their asses in the air, exposed to all eyes. Two new guys were there along with

Buck but they weren't allowed to talk to each other. They were hungry, though, and those three young studs wolfed down a dinner of leftovers like starving dogs.

Yet none of the soldiers had tried to have sex with him, not since that morning with the sarge. Buck wondered about that while resting on the grass after mess, but he couldn't figure it out. The 'New Recruit' stamp on his ass meant he couldn't wear any clothes at all—not even boots. And as the sun set behind the Montana hills that first night, Buck began to get cold. Living without clothes was gonna take some gettin' used to!

He found the barracks with the C Company insignia and went in long before official lights-out to get warm. The long, narrow building was bare inside except for a row of cots along each wall and footlockers down the center aisle. The floor was wooden and rough, the walls unpainted. Bare light-bulbs hanging from the ceiling, surrounded by cone-shaped metal shades, provided the only light. At the far end were the showers, with four showerheads lined up along one wall. Two floor-to-chest urinals, the huge old-fashioned kind, stood opposite. Shitting, Buck learned later, took place in a small clearing behind the camp compound. If you had to take a dump—day or night—that's where you had to go. Soldiers who dug that sort of thing hung around, and many were the horror stories about guys who got ambushed by the SHIT-FUCKERS after dark!

A few soldiers were already in the barracks, clustered around one of the cots playing cards. Buck recognized a couple of them who had been at his initiation that morning. They were all good-looking in their own way, and each was magnificently fit. If nothing else, a stint at Big Timber was a good way to keep in shape.

The men were so intent on their game that they didn't notice Buck as he approached.

"Excuse me," he said, standing beside the cot.

"No one paid the naked recruit the slightest attention.

"Uh... excuse me!"

A big guy whose bare back was turned toward the new comer slowly swung around. It was his DI, Sgt. D'Angelo! His broad muscular chest, unrestrained by a shirt, was covered with a mat of soft, black fur. Silver dog tags glinted on a chain around his tree-trunk neck. He looked up at the intruder and snarled.

"What d'ya want, dickhead?"

"Uh... excuse me, Sir! I... I just wanted to know... where my bunk is," Buck stammered. All the soldiers looked up in surprise. "No one... assigned me a bunk... yet."

The sarge laid down his cards, chuckling to himself. He rose from the cot and stood wide-legged and menacing before the young man whose body he'd shaved that morning. His knees bulged like knots of iron cable, and his enormous ears roled sensuously when he moved his arms. Putting his fist on his hips, he inhaled deeply and spat right in Buck's face.

The other soldiers grinned and laid their cards down, too. Buck just stood there, spit dribbling down his cheek, not knowing whether to stay or run.

"Your bunks?" the sarge asked incredulously. "You think you're entitled to a bunk!? Did ya hear that, guys? Dickhead wants to know where his bunk is!"

Laughing at their private joke, they rose from the cot one by one and formed a ring around the nervous recruit. There were five of them plus the sarge, who was the only one wearing pants. The others wore jockstraps and athletic T-shirts, or nothing but caps and combat boots with thick wool socks. The mood of the room changed abruptly when the sarge's face switched from a grin to a scowl.

"Shit, boy. New recruits don't get bunks. Didn't nobody tell you that?"

"No, Sir," Buck said sheepishly. He searched from face to face for a sign of friendliness, but all he got in return were cold, leering stares. With automatic modesty, his hands moved to conceal his hairless crotch.

"You don't get no privacy either." The sarge spat the words out. "Not when you piss, shit, or shower. You gotta ask permission. From me! You're my property, understand? Until that stamp on yer ass wears off. Hell, don't even jerk off without asking me, GOT IT!?"

Buck jerked his head up and down. "Yes, Sir."

"WHAT!?"

"YES, SIR!"

"GOOD!"

The sarge relaxed and let his hands fall to his crotch. He rubbed himself lightly, reaching underneath to feel those bull-balls dangling in the loose material.

"I'm tired of playin' cards," he said. "What d'ya say we have a little fun with our new recruit."

The other soldiers responded with enthusiasm.

"Down on the floor, boy!" the sarge demanded. "On yer hands and knees!"

Buck did as he was told. The sarge rummaged around in his footlocker a bit and came up with a dog collar and leash. The collar was black leather with sharp pointed studs around it. He squatted down and put the collar around the recruit's neck, then attached the leash to it with a metal spring clip.

"That's a good boy," he said, patting Buck on his bald head. "You're gonna be sarge's doggie for a few days. OK?"

Buck didn't answer.

"I said 'OK!'" The sarge slapped him hard on the ass.

"YES, SIR!" Buck barked.

"That's better."

The sarge stood up, undid his belt, and dropped his pants. Holding the leash in one hand, he stepped out of the olive-drab fatigues, sat on the edge of the cot, and put his heels up on the metal frame. His hairy crotch was now fully accessible to the attentions of the spirited young recruit. Rolling back slightly on his elbows, the sarge pulled Buck toward him.

"OK, doggie. Lick my asshole."

Staring at the dark crevice inches from his face, Buck inhaled deeply the musky scent of the DI's genitals and ass. Two huge balls hung down in full view, but one squinting to get away hidden in a tangle of black fuzz. The sarge lifted his hips slightly and tugged on the leash.

"I said 'lick it,' boy!"

One of the other soldiers put his hand on the back of the recruit's neck and shoved his face into the sarge's butt. Buck resisted at first, but soon the warm, sweaty smell turned him on. He stuck out his tongue and softly probed the entrance to the man's body.

"That's it, soldier! Stick yer tongue up there and eat it out good! Ahhhhh!"

The sarge groaned with pleasure as he watched the young man chewing at his butthole. Buck was more eager now, shoving his wet lickmuscle deep into the musky channel. The soldiers began to jack themselves slowly, and one of them inserted his finger into the recruit's upturned ass, poking roughly at the dry fuckery. Buck let out a muffled moan, clenching his ass and the probing finger as it wiggled its way deeper into his gut. He attacked the sarge's ass with renewed vigor, burying his nose and mouth completely between those hard mounds of flesh.

"OK, boy. Now my nuts." The sarge jerked on the leash. "Clean those nuts like a good dog!"

Buck licked the plum-sized glands in their loose sac, then took them one at a time in his mouth. The sarge began to breathe heavily as his new pet chewed his balls. When his cock was lying hard up against his belly, he pushed the recruit away and stood up.

"Grab 'im!" he ordered.

Two soldiers snatched Buck off the floor while the others threw the mattress off the cot, scattering cards everywhere.

"Down there!"

They threw Buck on the bare springs on his back. Prongs of sharp metal dug into his shoulders and legs, sticking him in the butt as he writhed around. The soldiers held him down while the sarge tied his wrists and ankles to the corner posts with nylon-web straps.

"OK. Let 'im go."

Buck lay panting and spread-eagled on the bare cot springs. A little dazed from the rough treatment, he could focus only on those six hot cocks arching over him.

"I get 'im first," the sarge said, kneading his nuts. "Any complaints?"

No one said a word.

"Good." He grinned at the naked stud bound to the cot.

Now you'll see what that stamp on yer ass really means, boy. It means you're fair for me and all other comers.' He laughed heartily at his own joke. "And we mean to come plenty right now, don't we guys?"

"RIGHT!" they all shouted.

Buck had only a second to think about getting gang-raped before it happened. Straddling both the new recruit and the cot, the burly sergeant squatted on Buck's chest and stuck his shank of uncut meat in his face.

"Lick it, soldier-boy!" he demanded. "Lick my dick like the dog you are!"

He rammed the turgid shaft against the young man's lips. Buck stuck out his tongue slightly and touched the throbbing manflesh. The sarge slapped him across the top of the head.

"I SAID 'LICK IT,' BOY!"

That's all it took. Buck lapped at the sarge's sweaty tool like he was starvin' for it.

"Yea, man! Eat my meat! Lick it good'n clean, boy!"

The soldiers shouted at the recruit, telling him to eat the sarge's fuckin' dick. Suddenly the DI raised up on his knees and plunged his spit-covered fucker down Buck's throat. The blond gagged as the huge rod stuffed his face. Holding on to the bar at the end of the cot, the sarge pumped his ass as he rammed it home again and again.

The other soldiers watched excitedly,acking themselves off while their DI face-fucked the new recruit. Then the sarge stopped pumping and held his cock deep in Buck's throat. Buck felt it jerk slightly, then he tasted a drop of warm quid. Twisting his head violently, he let the gorged shaft flop out of his mouth. The sarge grabbed him by the chin and pulled that handsome face back in line with his dripping piss-hose. Buck clamped his eyes shut a split second before the beer-tainted piss sprayed in his face.

"Piss on 'im, Sir!" a soldier shouted. "Show the dickhead who's boss around here!"

The burly sergeant drenched him completely, rising up on his haunches to wet the recruit's chest and crotch. When he was finished, he stood up and shook the last drops onto the wet wood floor.

"Turn 'im over," he said.

The gang of soldiers untied him, rolled him over on his belly, and secured him to the cot frame once again. One guy crawled underneath and worked Buck's cock and balls through the springs until they were free-swinging.

"Hey, lookit that," he called to his buddies. "Dickhead's got a hard-on!"

It was true. Buck was quivering with excitement as the soldiers prepared to fuck him. The springs dug painfully into his chest and thighs, but his cock was rock hard just the same. The soldier slapped at the dangling genitals.

"OWWWW!" Buck cried out.

His protest only excited the soldier more. He kept it up, using Buck's cock and balls like a miniature punching bag. The sarge jumped on the cot once more, this time straddling the recruit's muscular hams. He spread those taut white ass-cheeks, put the crown of his fuckpole against the puckered hole, and shoved. Instantly, Buck forgot about his balls and yelped in pain as the searing organ plugged his dry butt. The men cheered.

"Ride 'im, Sir."

"Yea, fuck 'im good, sarge!"

The sergeant fucked hard, shooting a heavy load of cum deep into the squirming recruit. After he was through, he let the others take their turns. While one plugged him from above, another would pull and twist his swollen cock and balls from below. By the time the last soldier was ready to shoot his wad, the sarge was hard again. He squatted at the front end of the cot and stuck his funky-smelling tool in Buck's mouth. They screwed him from both ends, filling the squealing blond with their sticky balljuice.

Their lust temporarily satisfied, the soldiers untied him and made him lie on his back in the aisle between the rows of cots. More of the men of C Company were coming into the barracks now, and they all gathered around to watch the show. For their amusement, the sarge ordered Buck to jack himself off, flailing his clean-shaven meat like a fourteen-year-old with the hots.

Buck had never been so turned on before. The soldiers were hooting and hollering as he beat his meat for them, when suddenly the sarge yanked his legs up and pulled them over his head so that his cock hung right above his face.

"Lick yer dick, boy!" the sarge demanded. "Show the guys here how dogs love to eat their own cum!"

Reaching through his thighs for his cock, Buck began to pump it harder. He stretched his neck as far as it would go until the dripping dickhead brushed against his lips.

"Eat it, kid!" cried one of the spectators.

"Yea! Let's see ya cream in yer mouth!"

The soldiers went wild as Buck stuck out his tongue and licked his meat in earnest. The sarge leaned on the back of the recruit's legs, bending his spine into a doughnut and forcing the whole crown of his cock in his mouth. Then he slapped the blond's upturned ass in slow march cadence, right below the balls. Buck went crazy. As the sarge's palm heated his ass, his whole body quivered, and with muffled grunts he shot in his mouth.

"EAT IT, DOG!" the sarge bellowed. He slapped the recruit's ass extra hard. "SWALLOW IT! SWALLOW IT ALL!"

Buck pumped himself dry, gobbling up the torrent of his own manjuice to the cheers of the soldiers. Only when he dropped his head to the floor in exhaustion did the sarge let go of his legs. Stretched out on the rough wooden floor, Buck let drops of jism dribble out the corners of his mouth.

The show was over. The soldiers strayed away to their own cots, some pairing up for the night. Sergeant D'Angelo led Buck off to the showers where he instructed his new charge in the art of cleanliness. Buck wasn't allowed to use soap on himself as he washed off the sweat and piss. It was against the rules, at least until the stamp on his ass wore off. It would take a few days naturally, the sergeant said, and no sense hurryin' it up any. But Buck did get to lather down every inch of the sarge's hard muscles, paying particular attention to the crotch. Squatting on his heels, he rubbed down each of those stallion legs and reached between them to wash the asshole. The sarge just stood there under the warm water and let his new pet clean him from head to toe.

It was just time for lights-out when they left the showers and returned to the sarge's cot at the head of the barracks. Some of the soldiers had begun to get it on, and Buck couldn't help but stare. The sarge took a blanket from his footlocker and spread it on the floor beside the cot.

"You sleep here like a good dog," he said with a grin.

Buck sat on the blanket while the sarge tied the loose end of the leash to the bedframe.

"See ya in the mornin'," he said.

Then the lights went out. The sarge climbed naked into bed and rolled over while Buck curled up on the floor. Listening to the sex-sounds that filled the darkened barracks, he began to understand a few things about camp. There was some sort of pecking order at Big Timber, a sexual hierarchy tacitly but strictly enforced. And he was at the very bottom! "Learnin' the ropes," as the sarge had so aptly put it, was gonna take some time!

EPISODE 3: LATRINE DUTY

(0700) Tall and proud in his new olive-drab fatigues, young Buck fell into formation beside his buddies on the parade ground. It was the first day of his second week at Camp Big Timber, and his first inspection as a full-fledged private. The "New Recruit" stamp on his ass had finally worn off, which wasn't surprising with all the use his hind-quarters got from the sarge and the other guys of C Company. His hair was growing back, too. Already it was military length on his head, and an itchy blond bush sprouted anew in his crotch.

The whole camp had spent most of yesterday getting ready for the inspection. Buck himself had slaved for hours, washing and ironing his new uniform so that it practically stood up by itself, then spit-polished his combat boots until he could see his handsome face in 'em. The fatigues were a bit snug in the pants, showing off his hefty crotch at its best, but that suited Buck just fine. A couple of new recruits were there, too. Washed and groomed for the occasion, they knelt beside their temporary masters in naked obedience.

While they waited like statues in the brisk morning air, the drill instructor from A Company wandered by on his way to headquarters. Their own DI, Sergeant D'Angelo, was already with the Camp Commander and his fellow officers. Buck recognized this guy as a mean son-of-a-bitch who was always giving him a lustful eye whenever they crossed paths. Spottin' him among the ranks, the DI swaggered up and stood just inches from the young blond's face.

Buck didn't even blink. It was forbidden to move while waiting for inspection.

"Well, lookit here," the burly sergeant sneered. "If it ain't

the little dickhead from C Company, all decked out in his new duds."

"Fuck off," Buck muttered hoarsely.

"You say somethin', soldier?"

The private was silent.

"Say one more word, buster, and I'll have you in the stockade!" The DI spat the words in his face. "As my *personal guest!*"

Buck was well aware that the sergeant could make good on his threat. And from the stories he'd heard from the guys, being a sergeant's "guest" in the stockade was no adolescent circle-jerk. It was definitely "for *Men* only!"

Satisfied with his show of intimidation, the sarge pinched the private's nipples through his shirt. **HARD!** Buck's face screwed up in pain, but he didn't resist.

"You little turd! You think you're such hot shit, don't ya! I'll show you what you are! Unzip your pants!"

Buck stood still as a stone.

"Unzip 'em, I said!" The sarge's face was angry red. "AND THAT'S AN ORDER!"

When Buck still didn't move, the sergeant reached down and unzipped 'em himself. Then, undoing his own trousers, he hauled out one of the thickest manjoints Buck had ever seen. He was hung like a beer can — short and super-thick, and capped with a broad pink cockhead.

"Ya like it, soldier?" He juggled it in his palm. "Here. You can have it!"

Stepping up flush against the husky blond, the sergeant slipped his tool inside his pants. Buck felt the powerful chest against his own as the hot fleshstick slid in against his bare leg. He began to get aroused in spite of himself when a geyser of warm liquid suddenly erupted in his trousers.

The inspection! Buck was horrified, but there was nothing to do as the DI's torrent of piss poured down his leg, making a huge dark spot in his new fatigues. He fought back the desire to punch the bastard in his piggish face, knowing all too well what would happen to him if he did. The sarge just laughed at his frustration as he pulled out his fat hose and stuffed it back where it belonged.

"We'll see who passes inspection now," he teased, patting the private daintily on the cheek. Then he turned and left, laughing.

A buddy on Buck's right just shook his head sadly. "You'd better scam before anyone sees you like that," he warned.

"No shit, Sherlock," Buck snapped, still shaking with anger. But just as he started to take off, the Camp Commander marched across the parade ground with Sgt. D'Angelo and the camp's top brass, plus a brawny MP. He was trapped. They stopped to inspect each company in turn, and Buck's stomach sank to his knees when they came to his. The group of officers halted directly in front of him. Buck could feel all their eyes boring straight through his gut, and he swooned under a wave of nausea.

"You piss your pants, soldier?" demanded the Commander angrily.

"NO, SIR!"

"No? Then why are they wet, huh?"

Buck didn't answer. He couldn't! It was against regulations to rat on an officer, no matter what. Standing there mute and red faced, he could see the anger in Sgt. D'Angelo's eyes, and knew that he was going to catch hell from him later.

"Guard!" the Commander shouted.

The MP stomped up from the rear and stood to one side of the frightened soldier. He was a huge guy — the bodybuilder type — dressed like the guard at the gate. Just khaki trousers, high black boots, and a wide belt with leather strap slung over one shoulder and across his smooth muscled chest. White helmet with the MP insignia and mirrored sunglasses denoted his station. Billy club, handcuffs, and ring of keys hung from his belt, all on the left.

"Take this man to officers' quarters," the Commander instructed. "Latrine duty for the day!"

"YESSIR!" The guard saluted crisply.

At the Commander's signal, Buck was hauled away. The MP escorted him roughly across the parade ground toward the officers' quarters secluded on the far side of camp. Behind the main barracks stood a small gray shed that served as the latrine. Throwing the private inside, the MP followed him in and closed the door.

The latrine was filthy. Flies buzzed in through the open

window, the floor was sticky and damp, and the odor of stale piss stung Buck's nose. There were no urinals, just a continuous trough in the painted cement floor at the base of cinder-block walls. Running along three sides of the shed, it was clogged here and there with drains and cigarette butts. The drains didn't work very well. Heavy metal rings were bolted to the walls about three feet off the floor. Five along the far wall, four on either side, evenly spaced. Buck wondered about their purpose, but not for long.

"Strip!" ordered the brawny soldier-cop.

But Buck was confused. There weren't any mops, buckets, or anything in sight with which he could clean the place. And why should he shed his uniform when it was piss-stained already?

The guard grew impatient. "I said strip, soldier-boy!" He grabbed Buck's shirt from behind. Yanking it roughly from the tight-fitting trousers, he pulled it off over the blond's head without unbuttoning it. Then he knocked the private to the floor, unlaced the shiny leather boots, and pulled them off too. Stunned by the fall, Buck didn't resist as the MP's large hands removed his web belt and tore open his fly. Easily lifting the young man off the floor, the guard heaved on to his pants and dumped him naked onto the puddled cement.

"On yer knees, asshole!"

As Buck scrambled to obey, the guard drew his arms behind his back and secured them with handcuffs. Whipping a leather collar from his hip pocket, he fastened it around the private's neck.

"Against the wall!"

The muscleman kicked Buck in the ass repeatedly while he scurried into position. He forced the young jock to squat on his haunches, his backbone rubbing against the rough cinder-block and his feet, still clad in soggy sweatsox, resting in the piss-trough. With a heavy spring clip, he hooked the back of the collar to one of the metal rings in the wall.

The situation began to dawn on the dazed private. *Latrine Duty! It doesn't mean you clean 'em. It means you are one!* That's what the rings were for — there were places to hold a dozen guys at once! Buck's imagination exploded in raunchy scenes: Gangs of beer-guzzling soldiers. Rows of human urinals, naked and bound. Buckets of piss, splashing on the floor, sloshing through the overflowing piss-trough. Bely laughs and gurgling groans. A half-dozen gushing cocks spraying you at once...

While it all sank in, the MP clamped a metal ring around Buck's golden balls and fastened them to a tether in the trough with another clip. This done, he stepped back to admire the new pisser.

Buck's position was uncomfortable, but somehow erotic. Squatting like that on his heels, he couldn't move much without either choking himself or pulling on his nutsac with breathtaking pain. He was balanced like a coiled spring, and his muscles bulged with the effort of maintaining equilibrium. The MP licked the sweat off his upper lip, enjoying the sight of the hunky private rendered immobile, dick swinging long and semi-hard, ready for pissgames.

"Spouse I oughta try ya out first," he said, reaching in his khakis. Taking a wide-legged stand before the nervous soldier, he played with his hairy copdick, slipping the dark foreskin back and forth over the crown.

"OPEN UP, PISSHOLE!" he growled.

Buck stared at the hunk of uncut meat as a single drop of dark yellow fluid oozed from the slit in the head and hung there like a golden pearl. He slowly opened his mouth to take it when the MP rammed the toe of his boot into his tethered balls.

"WIDER!"

Grunting loudly in pain, Buck stretched his jaw as far as he could. Grinning triumphantly, the MP aimed his dripping hose down the private's throat and pissed — long and wet.

"SWALLOW IT, YOU LITTLE CREEP! YEA, DRINK MY FUCKIN' PISS, MAN!"

Buck gulped frantically at the torrent of piss, trying to get it all. It overflowed his gaping mouth, spilled out the corners of his lips and down his chest. The guard whipped his dick from side to side, spraying the funky liquid all over the naked soldier. Buck was dripping wet and choking from the piss up his nose when he finally stopped.

The MP put his dick back in his pants and zipped up. "Have a good time," he laughed, then gathered Buck's uniform off

the floor and headed out the door.

Buck was left alone to contemplate the whole day ahead of him as a urinal. He shook his head to get the MP's piss out of his eyes and tried to lean back against the wall to relieve the tension in his legs. It wasn't much use. The only good thing was the strange fact that his cock still stood out stiffly.

It wasn't long before the door opened again and in strode a tall, wiry lieutenant whom Buck had often seen around camp. Returning from his usual morning run around the camp perimeter, he wore nylon running shoes and a jock-strap — shorts being unnecessary at Big Timber. Sweat trickled down his hard, angular chest, soaking waistband and pouch of his jock with salty male sex-oids. Sandy brown curls clung to his chest and forehead. He rocked back and forth on long, sculptured legs to relieve the cramps while fondling the swollen pouch of his jock with one hand.

"Well, ain't we got a pretty piss-hole today!" he said with a broad, toothy grin. He quickly pulled off the jock strap, stepping out of it with a runner's agility, and let his piss-filled cock flop around freely.

Wasting no time, the lieutenant stood over Buck and put his jockstrap upside-down over the private's head. He pulled the waistband down around the kid's neck and hooked the leg straps over his ears. The V of the crotch was right between Buck's eyes, the odorous elastic pouch completely covering his nose and mouth. Buck could see around it on each side as he looked up at the lieutenant. Strong musky scents filled his nostrils and set his heart pounding.

"Hey, jockface! Ya like that, huh?" the lieutenant laughed. "Nice sweaty jock to sniff!" He played with his dick, keeping it in a state of semi-erection as he rubbed the tip against the pouch over Buck's face.

"Here, soldier!" he said, aiming his rod at the helpless private. "TAKE IT!"

A yellow flood burst from his cock, soaking the jock-strap and Buck's head and shoulders. The lieutenant stepped back slightly and sprayed his remaining piss over Buck's chest and genitals. When the gush turned to a trickle, the lieutenant began to jack himself off.

Buck could hardly breathe. The jock pouch, completely soaked, pressed against his mouth and nose, making even breath long and laborous. It was a claustrophobic, yet highly erotic sensation — like drowning in a mist of heavy, pungent piss. His chest heaved with effort as he watched the flopping cock and balls in front of his face.

"Wanna see it come, jockface? Huh?" The lieutenant flexed his whole body as his nuts slapped against his fist. "You love t'eat cum and piss, don't ya, soldier! Yea, suck that jock!" He pumped faster while Buck chewed hungrily on the piss-drenched jockstrap. He wanted it, alright! The officer's long dick erupted in spurts of white jism that fell on Buck's face in thick gobs, mixing with the other male fluids that he inhaled with each breath.

Still panting from his strenuous orgasm, the lieutenant retrieved his jockstrap and climbed into it. "Hope t'see ya around again, soldier," he said almost friendly-like. Then he jogged out the door, bare-assed.

The day passed slowly, blending into a steady stream of hunky officers and their piss-spurting cocks. In between bouts as an unwilling receptacle, Buck tried to ease the discomfort of his position, but always in vain. Once, when his legs began to twitch violently and the cramps in his toes were unbearable, he slumped down against the wall and nearly blacked out. Forgetting his situation, he raised himself up to ease the pressure of the collar on his windpipe and screamed from the sudden jerk on his stretched nuts. Thus he had to choose which pain he would inflict upon himself at the relief of the other. And all the while his own prick continued to spew out the endless buckets of golden juice he'd swallowed. It just seemed to keep coming while his belly sloshed noisily at every movement.

It was late afternoon, soon on mess time, when the Camp Commander entered the latrine flanked by two young men. The officer wore fatigues and boots, but his companions were naked as jaybirds except for studded black dog collars. Extremely muscular guys with stupid, brutish faces, they were the Commander's personal set of "German Shepherds." Each carried a can of beer which they chugged at, and Buck knew right away that this was going to be a super-wet one.

"Lie him," the Commander ordered.

Slugging down the last of their beers, the two young men obeyed orders without a word. They released Buck from his bonds and let him roll around in the puddles on the floor, panting with relief. The blood came rushing back into his head and legs, making him dizzy. But when the two guys grabbed at him, and he felt their strong paws on his body, he jerked himself up violently and shook them off.

The Commander laughed heartily. "That's it, soldier. Fight 'em! Tell ya what — if you can out-wrestle 'em both, I'll let ya go here and now. OK?"

Hearing his challenge, the Commander's 'pels' attacked the private in earnest. Buck was too tired to fend them off. Sure, he was a big strong boy, too. And he knew that he could've taken on one of them in a fair fight. But both were just too much. He put up a helluva scrap, though, and by the time the other guys pinned him to the cement, all three were red-faced and sweaty.

The Commander chugged at his beer. "Surry, soldier. Looks like you lost that one!" He leaned against the wall, lit a cigarette, and inhaled deeply. "OK, boys, have your fun."

At his signal, the two lusty 'boys' rolled Buck over and pulled him up on hands and knees. While one squatted behind him holding on to his hips, the other scrambled around front and grabbed him by the ears. Buck gagged and groaned at the simultaneous rape of mouth and anus. They plunged their huge cocks in to the root, but they didn't fuck. Instead, they just left their semi-swollen rods buried deep within his trembling body. Then both together, the Commander's dogs pissed into his mouth, up the exhausted private's nostrils.

The golden screw up his ass was nothing compared to the raunchy stuff in his mouth. Buck could drink no more. He let it splash out over himself and his assaint, which just excited the young stud even more. Pulling Buck up by the ears, he lifted the kid's mouth off his spurting pecker and pissed square in his face.

"YAAHOOO!!" he cried, digging the sight of the blond private choking on his torrent of used beer. The Commander cheered them on from the sidelines.

When the piss stopped flowing, the young men renewed their assault. This time they fucked the private hard and mean until he grunted loudly. The guy behind rammed his cum-squirting organ deep in Buck's ass while his buddy covered his handsome face with heavy, white cream. They came like they hadn't done it for months. When they had drained themselves, the Commander snapped his fingers.

"Bring 'im here," he ordered.

Still on their knees, the two studs dragged the panting soldier to their master's feet, holding him up by the arms. The one on the right grabbed his neck from behind and tilted his head upward. The Commander glared down at him, downed the last of his beer, and unzipped his pants.

"Open up, soldier!"

Buck had no fight left. He stretched his tortured jaw muscles as far as they would go while the officer pulled out his cock. Taking a last drag on his cigarette, the Commander casually tossed it into the private's dripping mouthhole.

Screaming in agony, Buck gagged on the hot cinder and tried to eject it with his tongue. He was terrified that it would fall down his throat. The two young men held him tight while a quick splash from the Commander's cock put it out, sending chunks of paper, carbon and tobacco down the private's gullet. Buck drank eagerly now, lapping at the officer's funky piss to sooth the burns in his mouth. When he had drained himself completely, the Commander let Buck go, but not without a warning about breaking the rules again.

Back in his barracks, Buck was relieved to find out that Sergeant D'Angelo wasn't mad at him.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "The guys told me what happened, and you'll be glad to hear that we ambushed the bastard who pissed in your pants."

"Buck's jaw spring open. "You what Sir?"

The sarge smiled devilishly. "Yep. Me and the guys, we got him tied out in the shit-pit for the night. We'll see how cocky he is in the morning." They both laughed.

As Buck drifted off to sleep that night, he heard howls and laughter coming from the clearing behind the barracks. Just imagining the dark orgy going on back there, with the DI from A Company as the guest of honor, made him smile with satisfaction.

to be continued . . .

A cartoon illustration of a muscular man with a speech bubble saying "FUCKIN' HOT!". The man is shown from the chest up, facing slightly to the left. He has a large, broad head, a prominent nose, and a thick mustache. His skin is a light tan color. He is wearing a dark, possibly black, tank top. His muscles are very exaggerated, particularly his chest and arms. He is holding a small, dark object in his right hand, which is raised towards his chest. A speech bubble is coming from his mouth, containing the text "FUCKIN' HOT!". The background is a solid light tan color. On the far left edge, there is a large, bold, black letter "D" with a horizontal line extending from its top.

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• **control** to give head and more to this
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• **id** be well-stocked with LUST and must be
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• **and** This is a discreet space
• **a** blank room warehouse per 1f
• **space** pants. Leather breeches high
• **leads** gloves. Have BMW motorcycle.
• **bottoms** road apply. Box 181F
• **FRANCISCO** SM. Sagittarius 55 5'11"
• **Age** 5" Knowledgeable Riding breeches
• **seeks** same to 35 Fetish most impor-
• **fems** women clothing. Box 205P
• **FRANCISCO** M. Gemini 27 8' 160.
• **6'5"** Novice. Will supply Master with
• **mouth** and ass. Eager to be trained to
• **in** exactly the way he wants to be
• **Wants** long scenes with bondage and
• **ation**, preferably from Oriental or
• **Master** to 45 No feds, pain for its
• **Box** 240.
• **FRANCISCO** MS. Virgo 31 5'8" 155.
• **6'5"** Novice. Masculine, good top or
• **to** please the most discriminating.
• **must** respect limits, be clean, masculine.
• **under** 40. No feds, feds. Box 0b0Q
• **FRANCISCO** SM. Scorpio 46 5'21"
• **White** 7" Knowledgeable. Masculine,
• **king** dude with moustache 41" chest.
• **seeks** young well built companion,
• **S&M** and bondage roles. Limits
• **expanded** with imagination and
• **Photo** and details assure prompt
• **Box** 30UX
• **FRANCISCO** SM. Gemini 23 5'11"
• **White** 7" Knowledgeable. Enjoys giving
• **receiving** rough sex with clean-cut, straight
• **ing** partner to 40. Should have good
• **be** well-endowed. No feds, feds, red
• **Box** 314M
• **FRANCISCO** M. Virgo 48 8' 165
• **6"** Knowledgeable. Well-trained as boy
• **and** uniform worshiper craving heavy
• **and** mental obedience training under
• **drinking**, honest trustworthy
• **on** No sexual kind permanent arrange-
• **77**
• **ANA** DM. Cancer 28 5'8" 130
• **6'5"** Knowledgeable. Good-looking,
• **no** man seeks well-hung, trim studs for
• **wide** and limit expanding sessions. Look-
• **to** top men bottom man, man who enjoy
• **No** scat, blood, bruises, brutality Main
• **is** bondage and C/B torture, but will
• **try** almost anything else. Send informative
• **er** and name your gains. Photo. Box 380
• **MAN OAKS** SM. Libra 36 5'6" 130
• **7** Novice Seeks knowledgeable, under-
• **ing** partner under 50 who respects limits
• **Box** 181T
• **DIO CITY** MS. Scorpio 32 5'7 1/2" 160
• **6'5"** Knowledgeable Seeks understand-
• **ing** partner who wants a relationship out of bed
• **as** in. No blacks, dirty bodies. Box
• **27**
• **VALLE** MS. Virgo 30 6' 180 White
• **Novice** Imaginative, masculine intelligent
• **photo** Seeks considerate understanding
• **and** most vulnerable partner
• **No** W/S scat heavy drugs unorthodox
• **Box** 0B4
• **LOS ANGELES** SM. Scorpio 28 6'2"
• **White** 8 1/2" Novice. Adventurous, strong,
• **element-oriented**, seeking understanding
• **affectionate** partner to 40. Beards,
• **muscles** a good discipline only
• **Box** 310
• **AND** S. M. Pisces 40 5'7 1/2"
• **White** B. Enjoys S&M on cat skins
• **and** sexual satisfaction Must be
• **way** OK Box 132M

FLORIDA

• **AND** S. Pisces 26 5'11" 150. White. 6'
• **muscle** well-built intelligent S seeks mascu-
• **ature** M for spread-eagle bondage and
• **Looks** unimportant musculature and
• **are**. Will consider relocating, particu-
• **Hawaii**, No role-switching, slob or weak
• **Box** 318R
• **ER** M. Aquarius 24 5'8" 150 White.
• **Knowledgeable** Sincere leather inner dig-
• **scenes** Wants to get into prolonged total
• **edge**, dog and toilet training. Willing to
• **eriment** and correspond. Box 110
• **ER** MS. Scorpio 28 6'3" 195 White
• **Completely** inexperienced. Prefers partner
• **for** mutual fulfillment of fantasies with
• **to** learn or who will teach well, respect
• **limits**. Also wants to correspond with/mes-
• **sages** into wrestling movies etc. Travels
• **Box** 15 JF
• **CO SPRING** MS. Libra 43 5'9" 147
• **White** 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Masculine well-
• **construction** man will do anything to sa-
• **is** a Master, knows and respects limits but

will experiment. Has fantasy-trip location and
equipment for sessions with masculine, sincere,
heavy-hung guy to 45 Prefers rugged outdoors
type and will consider permanent relationship.
No feds, feds hustler dopers. Box 213

CONNECTICUT

• **GREENWICH** S. Cancer 45 5'11" 160
• **White** 6" Heavy leather scene. Has fine leather
• **toys**, seeks macho partner who knows how to
• **serve** No phonies, feds feds. Box 051E
• **ESANON** MS. Sagittarius 36 6'1" 190
• **White** 7" Knowledgeable. Imaginative, muscu-
• **lar**, attractive, heavily into bondage and most
• **scenes** Seeks Master or slave to 45 with good
• **body** Box 300
• **MYSTIC** S. Aries 50 5'10" 175. White.
• **8"** Old hand. Experienced top man with train
• **usually** uninhibited, honest partner to 50
• **No** drugs, phonies, dildos, feds, feds Box
• **329**
• **NEW HAVEN** MS. Gemini 23 5'11" 145
• **White** 6" Novice. Has sincere desire to learn
• **both** roles from knowledgeable partner to 35
• **No** drugs, feds, redheads Box 1680
• **NEW LONDON AREA** S. Aries 50 5'11"
• **80** White 8" Experienced leather Master
• **available**. Top man. Most willing to go into
• **genitorture** or whatever. Limits respected and
• **expanded**. Good judgment and discretion
• **assured**. Box 329
• **STAMFORD** SM. Virgo 26 5'7" 158. White.
• **8 1/2"** Knowledgeable. Gives slave what he needs
• **with** care and responsibility. Prefers bottom
• **Seeks** partner 35-40 for good take relation-
• **ship** possibly permanent. Must be mature
• **responsible** capable of feeling as well as acting
• **No** feds hustlers, alcoholics, unstable types
• **Box** 326
• **WEST HAVEN** M. Capricorn 21 5'10"
• **140** Chinese 8" Knowledgeable Obedient,
• **willing** to learn. French active. Greek passive.
• **Will** wear restraints, harnesses, clamps, etc
• **Seeks** knowledgeable, dominant understanding
• **partner** with own living quarters and equip-
• **ment** L/L scenes, white a plus. No feds,
• **heavy** S&M Box 052E7

DELAWARE

• **WILMINGTON** SM. Virgo 41 5'11" 185
• **White** Knowledgeable. Compatible with most
• **people**, seeks partner to 50 who truly enjoys
• **wearing** (not just owning) boots, leathers,
• **Levis**, No feds, studs, under 5'6" Box 062H

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

• **WASHINGTON** SM. Sagittarius 33 5'7"
• **130** White 10" Knowledgeable Very inter-
• **ested** in a variety of sexual experiences and
• **willing** to try them with mature, uninhibited
• **partner** 45 to 50 preferred No feds, feds, long
• **hair** Box 43 840
• **WASHINGTON** MS. Libra 30 5'10" 165
• **White** 6 1/2" Novice. Adaptable in either role to
• **the** desires or demands of understanding part-
• **ner** to 45. Large endowment, muscular pre-
• **ferred**. Box 125K5.
• **WASHINGTON** SM. Leo 42 5'10" 165
• **White** 6" S&M story-writer anxious to cor-
• **respond** with guys willing to tell him about
• **their** hot times Interested mainly but not
• **solely** in real-life group scenes first initiations,
• **bristcocked** brutality, prison reform, mil-
• **itary** interrogation, hazing, etc. Box 017M
• **WASHINGTON** M. Sagittarius 54 5'6"
• **182** White 6 Novice. Helpful using sub-
• **servient** to decent good doing, mature,
• **well-educated** well-endowed Master who is
• **sincere** and has a sense of humor. Prefers cut
• **under** 35 No beards redheads professional
• **hairy** bodies. Box 2275

• **WASHINGTON** S. Pisces 35 5'10" 145
• **White** 10". Hairy, masculine, super macho
• **Italian** looking for hairless near-hairless well-
• **built** butch M to 35 who has endurance and can
• **really** please a stud. Want someone into S&O,
• **W/S**, etc., but will respect limits I am stable
• **and** intelligent but arrogant enough to combine
• **both** physically and mentally Blonds a real
• **plus**. This could be a regular or permanent re-
• **lationship**. Willing to correspond for further
• **meeting**. Send frank letter Photo a must. Box
• **220F**

FLORIDA

• **COCOA BEACH** S. Capricorn 58 5'6" 155
• **White** Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to
• **please**. Box 360
• **FT LAUDERDALE** M. Aquarius 28 5'10"
• **135** White 7" Novice. Wants control and
• **training** from manly, respectful Master to 40
• **with** initiation No feds, feds. Box 124
• **FT LAUDERDALE** MS. Leo 32 5'9" 160
• **White** bodybuilder-31" waist, 43" chest,
• **17"** arms-seeks same or natural builds. No
• **feds** or feds. Eager to find those into giving
• **scat** and W/S only. L/L Box 249
• **FT LAUDERDALE** M. Pisces 43 6'2" 160
• **White** 6" Novice Will obey and completely
• **serve** dominant, masculine disciplinarian to 45
• **Beards**, tattoos a plus. No scat. FF Box 346

• **FT MYERS** S. Libra 28 5'6" 135. White.
• **8"** Knowledgeable. Masculine, well-built, at-
• **tractive** stud seeks muscular, well-endowed
• **partner** Other bodybuilders, Marines pre-
• **ferred** Box 294V50

• **HIALEAH** SM. Pisces 32 5'8" 165 White
• **6"** Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles
• **to** go as far as partner's experience permits.
• **Partner** should be well-built, over 28, not in
• **Miami** or Ft. Lauderdale. No feds, feds, long-
• **hair**. Box 009.
• **HIALEAH** S. Sagittarius 32 5'11" 180.
• **White** 8" Knowledgeable. Will provide skilful
• **application** of pain/pleasure and fulfill fantas-
• **ies** of muscular deep-throated partner to 40
• **into** long sessions. No feds, scat, burning or cutting.
• **Box** 136
• **HOLLYWOOD** M. Libra 24 5'11" 155
• **White** 7 1/2". Into S&O. W/S. Would like good
• **looking** butch Master under 35 for discipline,
• **training**, permanent relationship. No feds,
• **blacks**, feds, hardcore S&M. Box 369
• **JACKSONVILLE** M. Taurus 33 5'7" 140
• **White** 7" Knowledgeable Exceptionally good-
• **looking**, enjoys lots of ass action with mascu-
• **line** partner to 45 into fantasy trips. No scat
• **needed** brutality Should be well-endowed
• **Box** 30PM

• **JACKSONVILLE** SM. Libra 26 5'11" 155
• **White** 6" Novice Attractive, masculine, highly
• **sexed** dude wishes to expand experiences with
• **tolerant** partner to 45 respectful of limits No
• **feds**, feds, ego trippers. Box 051A.
• **JACKSONVILLE** S. Sagittarius 48 6" 150
• **White** Novice. Thorough, patient, respectfu
• **of** limits and tolerance. First and foremost a
• **foot** fetishist. No feds, great personalities.
• **Slender**, sexy feet a plus. Box 159
• **LAKE WORTH** SM. Pisces 38 6'1" 175.
• **White** 8" Old hand. Can endure much in either
• **role** and wants no-nonsense partner who knows
• **what** he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex
• **No** feds, amateurs. Box 125T

• **MIAMI** M. Aries 48 5'9 1/2" 155. White 8 1/2".
• **Knowledgeable**. Will submit to and serve
• **rugged**, masculine partner to 50. Funky, hairy,
• **sweetly** a turn-on Blacks, straights preferred but
• **not** necessary No feds. Box 059
• **MIAMI** MS. Leo 38 5'11" 170 White 6 1/2"
• **Knowledgeable**. Will serve hunky, bearded
• **Master** to 40 who respects limits and can give
• **love**, dominance. Should be lean, well en-
• **dowed**, masculine biker. No feds, feds, alco-
• **hols**, drugs Box 260

• **SATELLITE BEACH** S. Virgo 47 5'3 1/2" 175
• **White** 7" Knowledgeable Will provide any ex-
• **perience** desired with respect and understanding
• **of** limits. Reliable, trustworthy. No feds, feds
• **hard** drugs Box 199
• **ST. PETERSBURG BEACH** M. Taurus 42 6'
• **222** White 8" Novice Passive with high pain
• **threshold**, Will serve a knowledgeable Master
• **who** respects limits. No heavy booze, drugs
• **Must** be clean Box 062L

GEORGIA

• **ATLANTA** S. Capricorn 38 5'4". 175 White 8"
• **Old** hand. Experienced to teach young men
• **to** 25 who is butch in appearance and wants
• **training** from partner understanding of limits
• **Box** 009D
• **ATLANTA** SM. Leo 40 5'8" 135 White
• **7"** Novice Sensitive to partner's needs, body
• **signals**, limitations. Seeks partner 30 to 40
• **able** to entertain Travels frequently to Cali-
• **fornia**, Texas, Florida, major Eastern cities. No
• **feds**, drunks. Box 052R
• **LITHONIA** M. Cancer 48 5'11" 153. White
• **6"** Knowledgeable. Seeks young, willing part-
• **ner** of medium height. No feds. Box 220P

HAWAII

• **HONOLULU** M. Aries 41 5'10 1/2" 154 White
• **7"** Knowledgeable. Needs strong, well-built
• **Master** to enforce slavery Hacks a specia
• **fantasy** No feds, drunks, drugs Box 017P

IDAH0

• **BOISE** SM. Taurus 42 6'1" 160 White
• **7"** Knowledgeable. Tolerant, patient, Intel-
• **ligent**, will respect limits fully of slender
• **light-complexioned** partner to 50. Should have
• **little** or no body hair, be into suspension and/
• **or** spread-eagle bondage. No feds, scat. Box
• **062F8**

ILLINOIS

• **ALTON** S. Capricorn 35 6' 170 White
• **Knowledgeable**. Versatile, muscular, hunky
• **Stud** seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-
• **cut**, no feds. Box 159M
• **BERKELEY** MS. Virgo 32 5'8" 175 White.
• **6'5"** Completely inexperienced. Imaginative,
• **willing** to experiment with wife good-looking,
• **but** Master 18 to 40 No drunks or g's d're
• **heavy** S&M. Box 070Z
• **CHICAGO** S. Aries 27 6' 180 White 6 1/2"
• **Knowledgeable**. Demands and will reward
• **respect** and obedience from submissive partner
• **to** 35. Possible permanent relationship. No
• **bolds**, feds, feds, TVs, drunks. Box 181P
• **CHICAGO** M. Gemini 28 5'8 1/2" 150 White.
• **7"** Knowledgeable. Needs to serve and be

humiliated by assertive, attractive partner under
40. Box 300Y

• **CHICAGO** SM. Capricorn 37 6'6" 220.
• **White** 7". Strong S/Novice M. Masculine
• **Enjoys** giving pain. As M. moderate pain a
• **turn-on** with very masculine partner. Should
• **be** tall, well-built, experimental, under 46
• **have** good sense of humor, into FF. No late
• **feds**, drunks. Box 205T

• **CHICAGO** M. Capricorn 47 5'8". 160. White.
• **6"** Knowledgeable. True M into heavy S&O
• **has** high pain tolerance. Seeks knowledgeable,
• **masculine** partner to 40 who knows what he's
• **doing**. No role-switching. tall. Box 342

• **CHICAGO** MS. Cancer 31 8' 162 White
• **6"** Completely inexperienced. Intelligent
• **respects** limits will do anything with/for
• **intelligent**, understanding partner to 50. No
• **selfish**, uncaring, unforgiving. Box 010.

• **CHICAGO** M. Cancer 39 5'11" 185 White.
• **Knowledgeable**. Seeks bodybuilder type up to
• **45** able to totally dominate. Must be masculi-
• **ne**, clean, straight in appearance. Box 052Z1

• **CHICAGO** M. Taurus 34 5'10 1/2" 196 White
• **7 1/2"** Knowledgeable. Wishes to meet Master
• **who** likes to be served, knows how to get
• **service**. Past training allows for thoroughly
• **experienced** M in all facets except scat. Groups
• **can** be arranged. No feds, drugs, drunks, Box
• **070Y**

• **CHICAGO** MS. Gemini 25 6'1" 180 White.
• **7 1/2"** Knowledgeable. Weight, fat with an un-
• **derstanding** and tolerance for pain seeks ath-
• **letic**, well-built hairy partner to 40. Should be
• **into** bondage and rough sex but know when to
• **stop**. No feds, feds, drunks, cigarette smokers.
• **Box** 180X

• **CHICAGO** SM. Scorpio 38 5'11" 175
• **White** 8". Knowledgeable. Adaptable ex-
• **perimental**. Partner must be interested in
• **mutual** pleasure. Big balls, hairy chests a plus.
• **Box** 181S

• **CHICAGO** M. Aries 39 5'10" 175 White
• **7 1/2"** Knowledgeable. For fun and willing to
• **try** almost anything with levelheaded partner
• **in** good physical condition. No feds, feds
• **Box** 186Z.

• **CHICAGO** SM. Sagittarius 30 5'11" 160
• **White** 7 1/2" Knowledgeable. Will switch roles
• **for** right partner to 40. Should be above average
• **in** looks, build, endowment. Must be clean,
• **respectful**, discreet, willing to switch. Box
• **278A**.

• **CHICAGO** S. Cancer 32 5'11" 160 White
• **6 1/2"** Knowledgeable. Experienced Master with
• **gentle** style suitable for training novices as well
• **as** expanding limits of experienced slaves into
• **horrors**, S&M. Must be clean, discreet, mascu-
• **line**. Box 294V

• **EVANSTON** S. Scorpio 48 6'11" 175
• **White** 8" Knowledgeable. Turned on by high
• **heavy** BOOTS and wants slave with same strong
• **interest** for mutually heated sessions. Respects
• **limits**. No feds, feds, hard drugs. Box 017R25

• **LANSING** M. Taurus 32 5'10". 155. White
• **8"** Knowledgeable. Into leathersex with
• **masculine** partner over 30 who is REALLY
• **the** Master. No long hair feds. Box 294V15

• **MAYWOOD** S. Gemini 45 5'11" 190 White
• **8 1/2"** Completely inexperienced. Seeks clean,
• **discreet** partner Box 147
• **MCHENRY** M. Scorpio 23 5'8" 150 White
• **6'5"** Novice Nice tight hot ass, good muscle
• **control**. Needs to please, worship, service,
• **satisfy**, submit to highly sexed, heavysex,
• **husky**, rough L/L Master to 40. Bigging belly
• **O.K.** C&B, tit torture, big chest, muscles,
• **tattoos**, large endowment, rugged biker. Long
• **sessions**, heavy action a turn-on. Box 058.
• **SPRINGFIELD** MS. Aries 51 5'8" 170
• **White** 5 1/2" Knowledgeable. Wants to meet
• **muscular** hairy men for bondage, 30-50 pre-
• **ferred**. Box 335
• **WHEATON** M. Scorpio 35 5'10" 195. White.
• **8"** Novice. Training and reducing to better
• **serve** and please you, Sir Box 160

INDIANA

• **FORT WAYNE** S. Taurus 37 5'11", 157
• **White** 7 1/2". Old hand. Masculine dominant
• **levelheaded** a hot guy with experience in a
• **variety** of roles seeks trim, well propor-
• **tioned**, emotionally stable partner to 40 with
• **reasonable** endurance for pain. No feds, feds,
• **heavy** drugs. Box 369P
• **INDIANAPOLIS** S. Libra 35 6' 150. White.
• **7"** Old hand. Very demanding but considerate
• **Master** heavy into S&M, bondage, humiliation
• **with** mature, dependable true slave to 45. No
• **chickens**, beginners or those unable to follow
• **complete** domination. Box 132F
• **INDIANAPOLIS AREA** M. Aquarius 43 6'
• **170** White 7". Knowledgeable. Imaginative,
• **responsive** and discreet. Into leather bondage
• **scenes**, groups a turn-on. No feds, feds. Cor-
• **respondence** invited, exchange photos and
• **experiences** Box 150M.
• **INDIANAPOLIS** S. Virgo 45 6'3" 190
• **White** 8 1/2". Novice, Firm, understanding

rich, very low nicotine, clean-cut dominant but not unkind partner 27 to 50. No brutality, sodium for its own sake. Must be physically clean. Box 220K

NEW YORK M. Gemini 48. 6' 140. White. Knowledgeable. Enthusiastic, butch, ever-hard to over-please seeking partner sincerely into work and not play-acting. Absolutely no scat. Box 64

NEW YORK M. Taurus 48. 6' 145. White. 6' Knowledgeable. Wants relationship with clean, sexy man with leather tastes. No hardcore. No drugs, feds, blacks. Box 252C

NEW YORK M. Leo. 30. 6'8", 150. White. 6' Has sincere desire to please demanding partner. No feds, dirt, handicaps, heels. Box 12515

NEW YORK M. Capricorn 43. 5'8". 165. 6' Completely inexperienced. Willing to learn from patient understanding partner to 50. No outright brutality. Box 181

NEW YORK L. L. L. SM. Taurus 43. 1/2. White. 6' Knowledgeable. Friendly, responsible, intelligent, creative. Fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to be fantasized with masculine, discreet. Unwilling partner to 48. No feds, feds, blacks. Box 4861

NEW YORK H. H. H. S. Sagittarius 42. 6' White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Gentle yet firm. Respect limits of quiet, obedient slave. No Can travel, will assist older Masters in long-term relationship. No TVs, marijuana, drugs. Box 320

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEBORO SM. Capricorn. 47. 5'8". 166. 6' Novice. Wants L/L guy for B&D. Twenty workclothes preferred. Likes trade. Age not a problem, but no feds, feds. Box 135P

CHARLOTTE SM. Cancer 43. 5'6". 140. White. Novice. Dominant but considerate leather. And bike owner seeks sincere, honest, partner to 40. No feds, feds, phony. Box 1865

CHARLOTTE AREA SM. Cancer. 44. 6'1 1/2". White. Experienced. Domination without pain. Digs wearing partner's clothes and boots. Box 156

CHARLOTTE S. Leo. 52. 5'9". 172. White. Old hand. Wants true lover of Levis, high riding britches. Cycle owner preferred. Box 41K

OHIO

CLEVELAND SM. Sagittarius. 39. 6'2". 166. White. Knowledgeable. NE Ohio. Richmond Atlanta area. Seeks variety and enthusiasm. Box 154

CLEVELAND N. M. Gemini 43. 6'1". 196. White. Knowledgeable. Into heavy S&M. Would like to be with a partner who can give me a good pain heavy trunks of dog. Box 187

CLEVELAND MS. 24. 6'. 166. White. 7' Novice. Enjoys pleasuring masculine S to 45. Not local for possible permanent relationship. No redheads, one-night stands. Box 021

CLEVELAND SM. Sagittarius. 30. 5'11". 162. 6' Novice. Former slave seeks respect. Partner to 45 for W/S, light B&D, nude. Should be neat and discreet. No feds. Box 316

CLEVELAND S. Libra. 29. 5'11". 140. 6' Knowledgeable. Highly sexed, well-educated Master will guarantee satisfying work and respect limits of clean, healthy looking partner to 45. Should have sophisticated equipment. No feds, feds, loose. Box 152Z

CLEVELAND + MS. Aries. 46. 5'10". 165. 6' Novice. French active. Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner. No feds, heavy S&M. B.O. Box 017V

CLEVELAND M. Libra/Sagittarius. 46. 5'9". White. 6' Novice. Wants to serve big, sexy Master 30 to 50. Some experience but no pain more than 1 RF

CLEVELAND MS. 1. 26. 5'11". 195. 6' Novice. Completely inexperienced. Wishes to learn from intelligent, masculine partner to 50 who will respect limits. No violence, multiple. Box 132T

CLEVELAND S. Cancer. 31. 5'11". 180. White. Novice. Will please and respect limits of earthy, muscular partner. Must be clean. No feds. Box 197

CLEVELAND SM. Aquarius. 46. 5'8". 143. 6' Novice. Dominant on knowledge. Good-looking, tattooed, turns on easily. Physically and mentally attractive. No scat, feds, feds, heavy pain. Box 234

CLEVELAND SM. Taurus. 25. 5'9". 183. White. Novice. Satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, tough appearing butch types. No feds, feds, no chicken. Box 365

CLEVELAND M. Libra. 35. 6'1 1/2". 215. White. Completely inexperienced. Willing to serve eager to please clean, well-muscled Master. No feds, hard drugs. Box 165P

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS. S. Libra. 28. 5'11". 140. 6' Novice. Knowledgeable. Highly sexed, well-educated Master will guarantee satis-

fying sessions and respect limits of clean, healthy, good-looking partner to 45. Should have sophisticated equipment. No feds, feds, loose. Box 152Z

SPRINGFIELD SM. Scorpio. 45. 5'10". 155. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Versatile, willing to learn and experiment with knowledgeable, role-switching partner 35 to 50. Must be masculine in appearance and behavior. No feds, feds, major deformities. Box 318S

OKLAHOMA

MUSKOGEE S. Capricorn. 49. 5'10". 180. White. 6' Knowledgeable. Totally empathetic with partner and has complete collection for his entertainment. MUST have boot and breath. No drugs, heavy S&M, play-for-pay types. Box 189

OREGON

PORTLAND S. Leo. 34. 6'1". 155. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Selfish, arrogant, dominant, demanding, wants to own fully slave who will serve, obey and satisfy every need 100%. No feds, feds, blacks, hippies. Box 347

PORTLAND S. Sagittarius. 39. 5'5". 140. 9". Novice. Fantasies fulfilled, good times assured by persistent, level-headed Master. Massage available, sound included. Partners MUST be clean, should be stocky, husky, muscular, hairy types 21 to 60. Does anyone share an interest in exotic cats? Box 068G

PENNSYLVANIA

HARRISBURG M. Scorpio. 40. 6'. 163. White. 6". Novice. Needs discipline and bondage. Box 319

NEW KENSINGTON S. Libra. 40. 5'7". 170. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Nineteen years and many varieties of experience will please totally servile partner under 6". Must be willing to accept demands. No feds, feds. Box 066D

NEWTOWN SM. Aries. 46. 5'9 1/2". 165. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Broadminded, excited in either role with hairy, masculine partner to 60. No feds, lack of respect. Box 296

MAIN LINE PHILADELPHIA MS. Leo. 47. 5'7 1/2". 145. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks sincere, straight appearing Master 27 to 50. No feds or blacks. Mountaineer a real turn-on. Box 296G

PHILADELPHIA S. Virgo/Scorpio. 42. 5'7". 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Italian steel, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather chains and feds. Will train up to 35 in S&M. B&D. W/S chains, bike and western leather toys. Sent me a picture of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052

PHILADELPHIA M. Libra. 48. 5'10 1/2". 140. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 062F

PHILADELPHIA M. Aries. 26. 5'10". 180. White. 6". Novice. Into B&D. Would give up freedom for right Master to 35. Wring and enjoy to learn from gentle, honest, old hand. No feds. Must be clean, heavy S&M. Beers, drugs, cigarettes. Box 166

PHILADELPHIA S. Capricorn. 26. 6'3". 180. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Good-looking body builder with strong, creative personality seeks willing, trusting partner to 35. No feds, drugs, back talk, sloppiness. Box 318K

PHILADELPHIA S. Libra. 40. 6'3". 165. White. 9". Novice. Has assumed slave role for greater awareness of slave limits and desires. Seeks submissive partner to 45 with good basket and bum. Will not mark, bloody or shave. Box 294V25

PHILADELPHIA S. Taurus. 40. 5'11". 165. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Imaginative, male, hot looking, middle-aged, hairy, muscular, 6'0", bearded, mustache, 5'0", should have good body and teeth, must be clean. No feds, feds, redheads, feds. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 277G

PHILADELPHIA SM. Pisces. 49. 5'11". 175. White. Will train slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T

PITTSBURGH MS. Virgo. 49. 5'11". 135. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Interested in learning all facets and enjoyments of both roles. Seeks cooperative, orally oriented partner over 25. Into FF, group sex. No feds, feds, Box 05DR

PITTSBURGH M. Virgo. 50. 6'. 165. White. 7 1/2". Old hand. Thirty years' experience in first class servitude. Not into heavy S&M but can provide young slaves for Masters' stronger desires. Box 206G

READING SM. Cancer. 46. 6'. 180. White. 6'. Novice. Enjoys bondage. Respects limits. Dominant, but will switch for right partner. Must be clean. Box 051B

WILKES-BARRE S. Cancer. 40. 6'. 170. White. 12". Old hand. Extensive military experience, specialist in military and special discipline and training. Builds torture equipment to order. Seeks masculine partners interested in fantasy scenes or totally satisfying the Master's needs. Will train willing beginners. No feds, feds. Box 055

SOUTH CAROLINA

CHARLESTON M. Leo. 35. 6'. 156. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Prefers motorcycle rider who wears skintight leathers, high boots and codpiece pants, one who wears chaps and boots for sex and like leather hoods. Enjoys Western scene. No feds, feds, heavy drugs. Box 222

TENNESSEE

CHATTANOOGA SM. Pisces. 46. 5'10 1/2". 200. White. 7". Old hand. Versatile. Into everything. No feds, feds, feds. Box 134

CHATTANOOGA A. S. Aquarius. 31. 5'11". 155. White. 6". Novice. We have a Master who is under 40, close to 40, able to give a lot of pleasure. Box 0125

CHATTANOOGA M. Leo. 30. 6'. 165. White. 6". Novice. Leather. Wants a shirt with leather save to a wife and give. Age not a problem. Must respect limits. No feds, feds. Box 180Z5

FRANKLIN M. Virgo. 40. 6'. 175. White. 6". Novice. Intelligent, has stamina. Seeks partner to 55. No feds, drugs. Box 060Y

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN S. Aquarius. 54. 6'. 165. White. 6". Old hand. Ex-motorcycle cop. Military man has extensive collection to please small, neat, clean, white slave to 50 with boot and breech fetish. No feds, role-switching, drugs, mutilation, scat, drunks. Box 296Q

MEMPHIS MS. Aquarius. 37. 6'2". 180. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Travels extensively. Will be prominent under dominant partner. Box 140

SIGNAL MOUNTAIN SM. Aquarius. 55. 6'5". 230. White. 5". Old hand. Seeks a true masochist who wants and needs to feel pain to living. No drugs, drunks, blacks, chicken. Box 218

TEXAS

AUSTIN M. Aries. 30. 6'. 155. White. 6". Novice. Needs needs horny and wet. Into everything. Love Jack stud to 25 to 40. Long and hard and of course all in a must. No feds and body service. Box 294V9

DALLAS SM. Cancer. 35. 5'1". 194. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Dirty minded. A bored Master who is wife and man will give hands. Free. Box 017K

DALLAS S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White. 7 1/2". Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No feds. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049

DALLAS S. Pisces. 33. 6'. 170. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Strong. Flexible feet, steel like. Very imaginative. Dirty. Box 017K

DALLAS SM. Cancer. 35. 5'1". 194. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Dirty minded. A bored Master who is wife and man will give hands. Free. Box 017K

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DALLAS S. Aries. 42. 5'8". 130. White. 7 1/2". Old hand. Handsome stud respects limits. No feds. Must be masculine appearing, acting. Box 049

Blond, large endowment, hairless body turn-on. No one selfish or inflexible. Box 151

NORFOLK SM. Aries. 40. 5'8". 160. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Good-looking and eager to learn with thick endowment. Seeks affectionate, unselfish, considerate partner. Box 181Z

RICHMOND S. Leo. 45. 6'1". 175. White. Brown hair, blue eyes. 8" cut. Harley rider, ex-cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, L/L, truckers, horses, W/S, J/O. Light S&M. Boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 400

WASHINGTON

TACOMA SM. Capricorn. 37. 6'2 1/2". 190. White. 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, feds. Box 185uZ

TACOMA SM. Libra. 51. 5'10". 240. White. 7". Completely inexperienced. Virgin ego. Sincere, genuine, honest. Friendship more important than sex. No feds, no turn-offs. Box 181X

WISCONSIN

GLEN HAVEN M. Leo. 51. 5'9". 160. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Serious, well-educated, experienced. Likes long, active sessions and will try almost anything with strong, imaginative, calm, trustworthy S who respects limits. Must be real man. Box 116

KENOSHA SM. Gemini. 45. 5'9". 145. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will satisfy wants and needs of unsatiable, sensitive partner over 30. Public shaving important. Box 185W

LAKE GENEVA S. Aquarius. 40. 5'10". 170. White. 8". Novice. Considerate, imaginative, firm, dominant. Seeks intelligent partner for possible permanent relationship. No feds, feds. Box 136M

MILWAUKEE MS. Capricorn. 42. 6'4 1/2". 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-60. No feds. Box 194V85

MILWAUKEE MS. Capricorn. 42. 6'4 1/2". 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-60. No feds. Box 194V85

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AUSTRALIA

EAST SYDNEY, N.S.W. M. Sagittarius. 33. 5'7". 134. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Will do best to please Master willing to try new ideas and scenes with pleasant positive S to 35. No feds, disrespectful of limits. Visiting San Francisco and Denver in October. 77. Box 071

LINDEN PARK, SOUTH AUSTRALIA M. Cancer. 44. 6'. 160. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Seeks knowledgeable partner. Age, endowment, etc. not important. Box 167W

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA A. Taurus. 25. 5'8". 154. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Turned on by leather boots, leathers. Wants correspondence with breached, booted leather guys. Cops a bonus. Box 062.

BELGIUM

BRUSSELS SM. Aries. 34. 6'. 166. White. 7". Old hand. Leather and S&M are a way of life. Having real man who fully accept its consequences and whose final aims are mutual and self pleasure. Seeks intelligent, good looking, imaginative partner to 45 who will switch to be used. Light and dark. 1. 1. 1. frequently. No feds. Box 313

CANADA

CALGARY, ALBERTA SM. Cancer. 31. 5'8 1/2". 135. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Seeks clean, amiable oriented partner in general area to 45. Thoughtful, versatile, respects limits. No feds, feds, heavy drinkers. Box 332

EDMONTON, ALBERTA S. Cancer. 30. 5'6". 130. White. 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Level-headed, imaginative, will respect limits of dude heavy into work. No role switching. Box 131

PORT ALBERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA M. Pisces. 42. 5'7". 142. White. 8". Knowledgeable. Experienced and obedient, willing to serve and please. Leather Master into B&D. W/S. Black a real turn-on. No feds, feds. Box 048L

WEST VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA SM. Warlock host offers vacation accommodations in totally dedicated S&M home to masculine male stallions, any race, and their slaves. Box 011

TORONTO, ONTARIO SM. Libra. 27. 5'11". 190. White. 6". Novice. Imaginative, willing, digs lengthy sex scenes with husky, hairy partner to 45 into role-switching. Box 017T

TORONTO, ONTARIO S. Taurus. 47. 6'. 175. White. 6". Old hand. Into straps and paddles.

Masculine, well-built, levelheaded. Seeks young, short, lightweight, smooth-skinned partner. Blond preferred. No fats, unclean. Box 066B

TORONTO, ONTARIO. MS. Capricorn. 23 5'7" 120. White. 6". Completely inexperienced. Needs experienced, forgiving teacher under 30 in Toronto. Box 074

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Taurus. 40 5'11" 150. White. 6". Novice. Former priest trained to be obedient and to serve. Finds great satisfaction in satisfying well-hung Master willing to teach. Must be discreet, non-possessive. to 45. Box 069

TORONTO, ONTARIO. S. Leo. 50 5'7" 142. White. 7". Old hand. Wants docile slaves who dig being spanked and strapped by leather guy. Slender or muscular guys 21-35 only. Box 080

TORONTO, ONTARIO. M. Libra. 31 5'8" 145. White. 8 1/2". Novice. Intelligent flexible obedient, strong libido. Wishes to learn from mentally/physically dominant, hunky masculine partner to 45. Box 163

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. M. V. go. 28 5'7" 150. White. 7". Old hand. Docile boot-slave and expert boot-licker who lick your boots clean. French kiss, suck, mouth massage and polish them to a high gloss. Boots are made to be licked and sucked constantly by boot-slaves on the big, sweaty smelly feet of cycle cops, firemen, SS boot Masters, bikers, spunked rodeo cowboys, fishermen, road and construction workers. Keep a slave plenty busy. Put his tongue and mouth to work on your Masterful boots and those of your friends and working companions. Try me and see the results. Box 053

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. SM. Sagittarius. 27 5'8" 130. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Hand some, masculine, athletic versatile model. Can travel. Wants to meet partners with their heads together. No fats, skinnies. Box 251

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. M. Capricorn. 45 5'9 1/2" 185. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will give complete service to and be humiliated by masculine stud under 40. W/S, spit, public abuse. No feds, fats, drunks, heavy drugs. G. & B.M.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. MS. Sagittarius. 26 5'0" 165. White. Novice. Seek leather master who will spank, praise and humiliate. Blond preferred, to 35. No husbands. Box 22/K

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. M. Virgo. 44 5'7" 40. White. 7". Knowledgeable. Will satisfy his Master's sexual whims and fantasies. Breeches and boots a turn on. No domestic slavery. drunks, cars. Box 313X

MONTREAL, QUEBEC. S. Aries. 30 6'11" 160. White. 9". Old hand. Will respect and expand limits of willing slave to 40 who likes pain, games, B&D. No feds, fats. Box 318T

SEPTILES, QUEBEC. MS. Pisces. 43 5'8" 145. White. Knowledgeable. Boot slave wants partner to 40 who loves leather and wearing heavy masculine boots. No snoker or Adidas types. Box 265

ENGLAND
SLE OF MAN. M. Sagittarius. 52 6' 214. White. 5 1/2". Novice. Turned on by bondage boxing gloves hoods, rubber. W/S. Seeks firm, trusting, hunk-butcher Master. Eager to try new toys, positions, grade, proppers, chain bondage. Box 152T

LONDON. S. Aquarius. 47 5'0" 125. White. 7". Old hand. Must be able to meet partner with similar enjoyment of the S&M experience. Occasionally travels to New York, Maryland & California. No scat. Box 149

LONDON. M. Gemini. 40 8' 150. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks heavy heel on, an well-masculine, well-endowed partner. No fats, scat. Box 297

GERMANY
KELSTERBACH. SM. Capricorn. 29 6'3" 183. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Active seeks horny-looking, well-built partner to 45. Tattoos a plus. No hardcore S&M. Box 293

HOLLAND
THE HAGUE. SM. Pisces. 32 6'11" 148. White. 8 1/2". Knowledgeable. Into biker scene, S&M, W/S, FF, leather gear and boots. Visits U.S.A. at least once a year. Looking for masculine partner with same interests. Box 295M

SWEDEN
JOHANNESHOV. MS. Gemini. 26 6'1" 121. White. 7 1/2". Knowledgeable. Seeks good looking, well-educated leather fetishist preferably biker, to 35. Must like travelling. Box 028

SOLNA. M. Cancer. 30 5'8 1/2" 132. White. 6 1/2". Novice. Seeks knowledgeable masculine partner to 45. Can switch but prefers M role. Box 228M

SWITZERLAND
GENEVA. M. Taurus. 35. 5'6". 136. White. Juncut with two rings in foreskin. Obedient,

submissive, heavily into bondage. Seeks honest strict, extremely knowledgeable partner to 45. No body odor, fats, dirt. Box 185Z5
LAUSANNE. SM. Aquarius. 33 5'9" 160. White. Old hand. Good-looking and adaptable. Wants honest contact who is really interested in leather and S&M. Box 188Z

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DRUM BECAME CAPTURED BY A
SADISTIC BIKER WHILE TRYING TO
RESCUE A YOUNG GAS STATION WORKER.

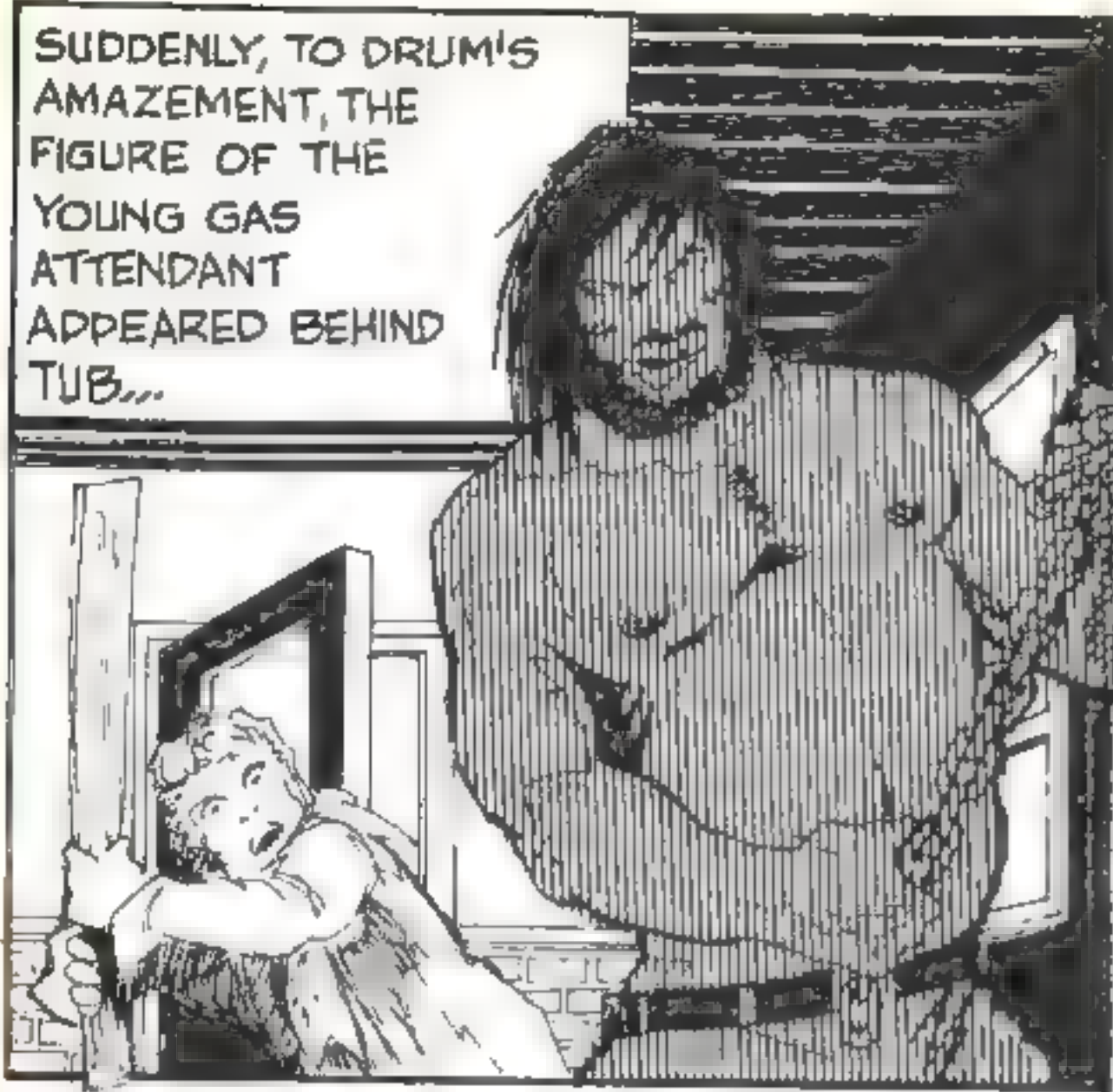


YOU'VE GOT
MY TWO
MATES LOCKED
AWAY SOME-
WHERE...IT WOULD
NOT TAKE ME LONG
TO FIND
THEM

BUT WHY
BOTHER...

...WHEN I'M ENJOYING
TRYING TO MAKE
YOU TELL ME
WHERE THEY ARE!
I HAVEN'T HAD
SUCH FUN IN
A LONG TIME!

SUDDENLY, TO DRUM'S
AMAZEMENT, THE
FIGURE OF THE
YOUNG GAS
ATTENDANT
APPEARED BEHIND
TUB...



WITH ALL HIS PENT UP HATRED, THE BOY
LET FLY AT TUB WITH A PLANK...

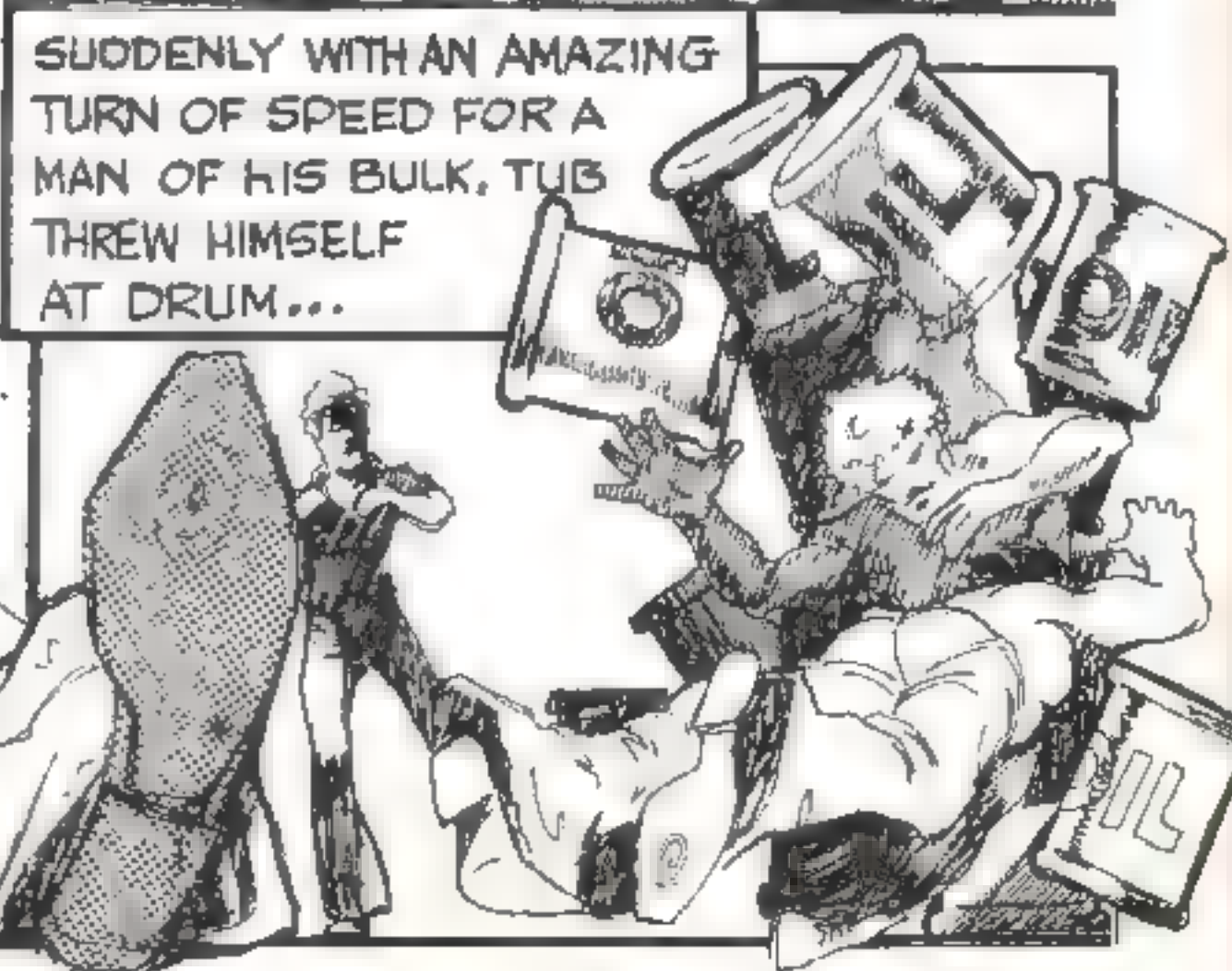
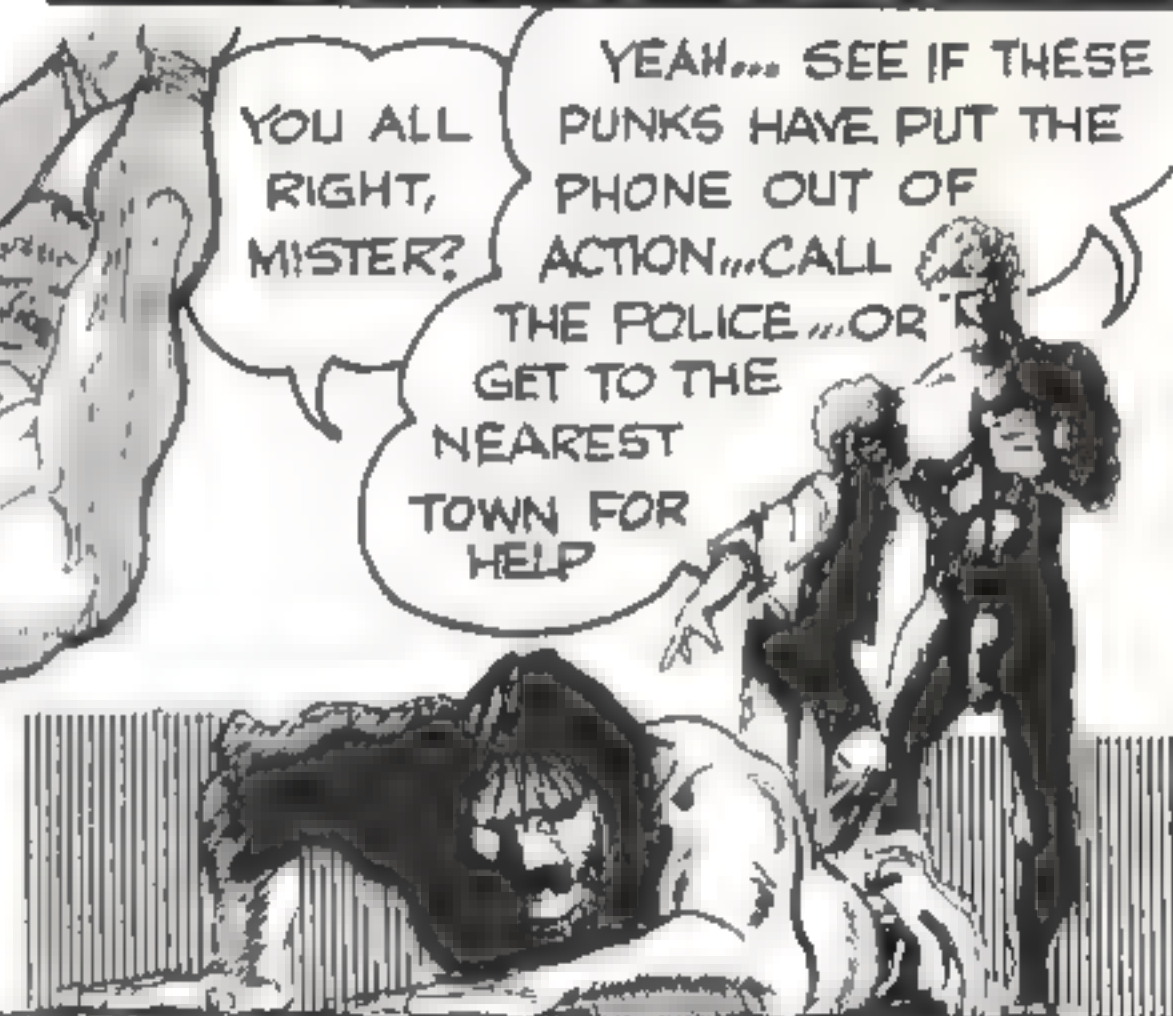
...JUST
CUT THE
ROPE...

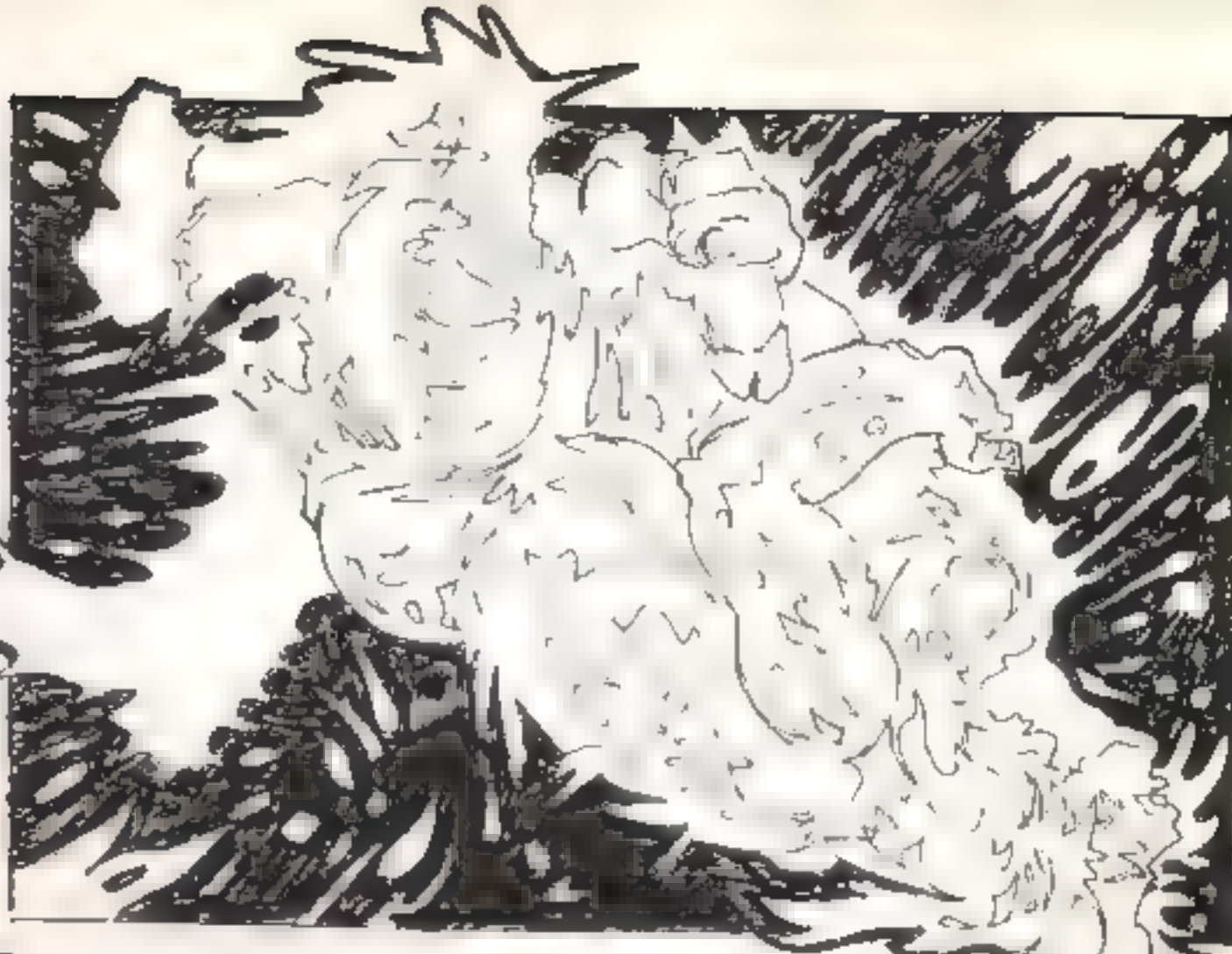
YOU ALL
RIGHT,
MISTER?

YEAH... SEE IF THESE
PUNKS HAVE PUT THE
PHONE OUT OF
ACTION...CALL
THE POLICE...OR
GET TO THE
NEAREST
TOWN FOR
HELP

SMART WORK, KID...
AND NOT A BLOODY
MOMENT TOO SOON.
QUICK, CUT ME DOWN
BEFORE THAT FAT
BASTARD WAKES
UP...

SUDDENLY WITH AN AMAZING
TURN OF SPEED FOR A
MAN OF HIS BULK, TUB
THREW HIMSELF
AT DRUM...





DRUMMER VIEWS THE MOVIES

TOWARD AN UNDERSTANDING OF

Salo

(DRUMMER'S FAREWELL TO PASOLINI'S LAST PICTURE SHOW)

LET'S CUT THROUGH ALL THE QUEENLY BULLSHIT ABOUT *SALO*, the last and most controversial vision of Pier Paolo Pasolini. If you're alive and gay, you waited two years for the U.S. release of this film. Now that you've seen *Salo*, how do you handle its scenes in your own head and explain them to unkinky gays? Especially since *Salo's* explicit scenes, at first viewing, seem so directly tied to the S & M lifestyle. You can't laugh *Salo* off like *Pink Flamingo's* outrageous Divine eating shit. *Salo* is no joke.

TWO KINDS OF CINEMA

Make a distinction: movies and films. You go to a *movie* to escape life's tensions. You go to a *film* to intensify life. You go to a movie for entertainment. You go to a film for intensified input. Some guys short-circuit when they pay admission for a movie only to find out what's on screen is more than they bargained for: a film.

Before you approach the boxoffice, read reviews and listen to word-of-mouth to determine if the feature showing is a movie or a film. Then figure out if you're in a movie-mood for entertainment, or in a film-mood for intensity. Since most reviewers are confused assholes trying to judge movies by film criteria, and films by GP-movie standards, you basically pay your money, take your chances, and wind up as your own best movie/film critic.

With an entertainment-movie, you get pretty much the sound of music you bar-

gained for. With the intensity of a film, you can bet you'll be yanked into some artful spaces you never expected to go. When you leave a movie, you exit much the same as when you entered. When you leave a film, you exit changed by an experience that really opened your eyes and your mind.

SALO IS A FILM

Poor Pasolini; more misunderstood dead than alive. He filmed clues to his murderers' identity. His murders are our attempted murderers. His clue is *Salo* itself: a film about the Bryants and Briggs and Pryors (whose grandmother's name is Bryant). Pasolini's *Salo* is a cautionary film, a warning flag. He is frankly blunt about his message. For him there is no pentimento in *Salo*. No regret. No change of heart or mind. Certain murder, he cuations, lies in wait.

Salo is a dark film shot in a narrow space.

SALO IS ABOUT AMERICAN GAYS TODAY

There are two kinds of S & M: ritual and real. Ritual S & M men go to see *Salo* hoping that Pasolini has made a gay porno-fantasy movie as innocuously entertaining and ritualistic as *Born to Raise Hell*. Instead, Pasolini, although a fan of ritual-macho S & M, in *Salo* presents a film of real S & M. (And often disappointingly straight at that!) Ritual S & M is Black Leather Therapy acted out for mental health with mutual consent. Real S & M is the evil stuff of a Hitler born again in a Bryant, Briggs, or Davis. Real S & M is Fascism. Chances are that American Gays in the coming 'Eighties are in for a fantastically fascist bad time. Goodbye, glitter, and hello, Anne Frank.

CABARET TO JULIA

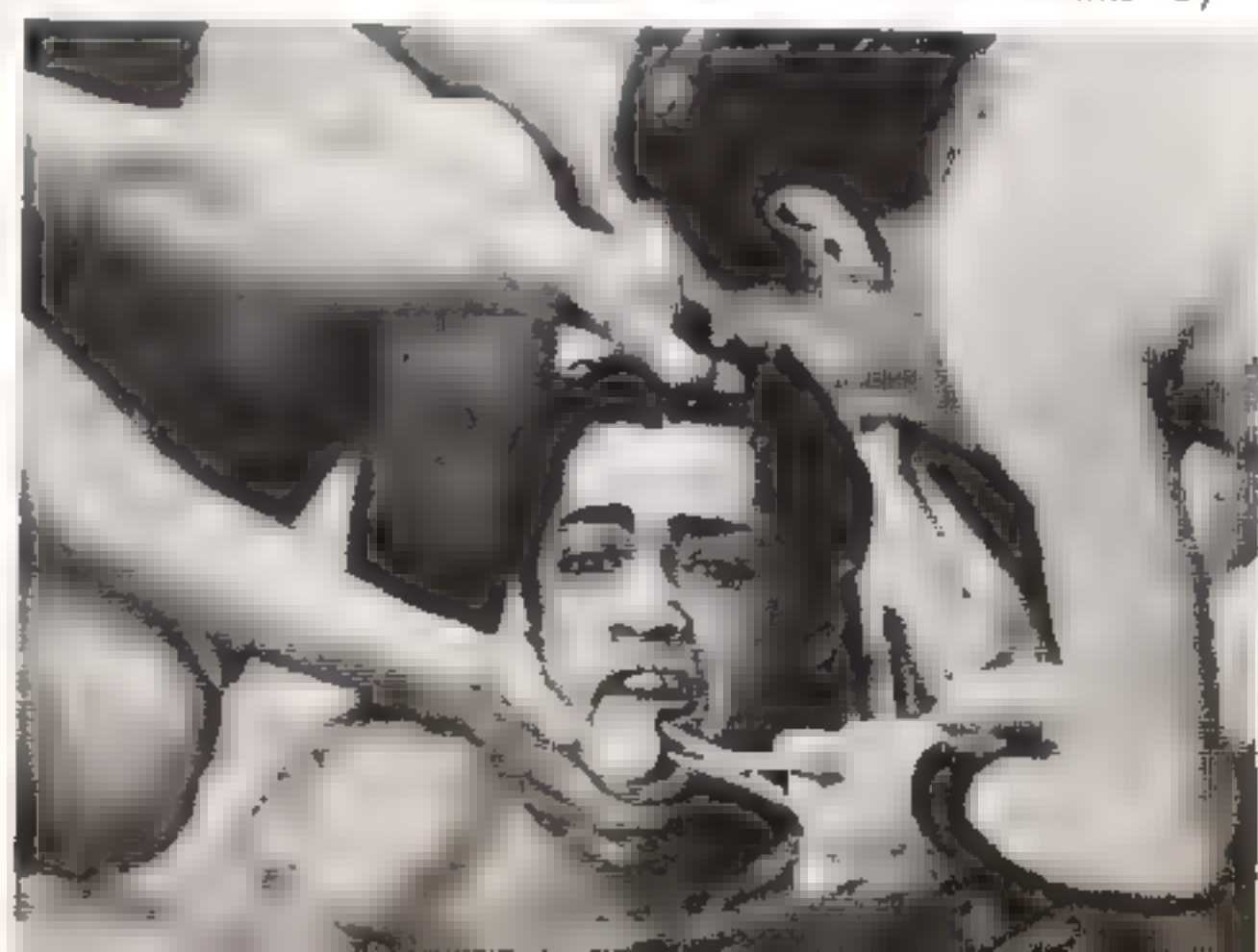
Films find Fascism fashionable. *Cabaret* insightfully showed the easy seduction by Fascism when the handsome blond Nordic boy sang "Tomorrow Belongs to Me." This sequence detailed Fascism's bandwagon seduction as face after face joined his rousing song. Director Fosse's own filmic power seduced the American audience right into the spirit of the sunny beergarden song, so that in moviehouses everywhere audiences were shocked to find themselves so suddenly, so easily sucked into the thrill of what began as a gloriously innocent song and built to an impassioned fascist anthem.

Julia more gently shows dramatist Lillian Hellmann (Jane Fonda) rescuing liberal Europeans from pre-World War II Fascism which eventually murders Julia herself (Vanessa Redgrave). Less delicate y than *Cabaret* and *Julia*, the films of young Spanish director Fernando Arrabal (*Viva la Muerte* 1974 and *Guernica* 1976) portray the grotesquely real S & M of Franco's Fascism under which Arrabal and the current generation of young Spaniards grew up: gay men shot up the ass with pistols because they were gay, his own father buried to the neck in sand so his head can be used by four horsemen as a polo ball, a woman shitting on a male prisoner's face. These are strong images meant to stir up strong audience reaction by a filmmaker. A moviemaker, on the other hand, like Ken Russell rolls Ann-Margret around in chocolate in *Tommy*, and this movie-brand of pretend-shit the faint-hearted think is "just a wonderful camp."

SOME GUYS WON'T FACE TRUTH

So what his Fascism to do with Gay Americans in 1978? Someone has said, "We will have Fascism in America, but we will call it Americanism." Bigots from Bryant to Briggs are Americanists. Americanists do what Fascists did. Hitler burned books and censored radio. Germans were not allowed to see what they wanted to see nor say what they wanted to say. Americanist/Fascists always want other people, their victims, in tied-up situations.

Pasolini dared demonstrate this by





literally tying up *Salò's* victims, by literally gouging the eye (to symbolize you may not see what you wish), by cutting out the tongue (to symbolize you are not free to speak your opinion), by scalping the head (to symbolize you may not use your head according to your own thoughts), by forcing one couple to make love on command (to symbolize you may not fuck except as ordered), by shooting an interracial pair of lovers (to symbolize you must not only procreate with your own kind, but you must also have passion for nothing but the Movement). And always, Fascism makes you eat its shit.

Americanist "morality" will not allow gay people to see with the perspective of gay vision, nor stand up to speak out with opinion for rights. Anita wants your eyes, your tongue, and like *Cuckoo's Nest* Nurse Ratched, she wants your balls. Dade County, remember, has "tied-up" gay housing. Add insult to injury: TV gouges your eyes, your ears, and your wallet with Anita's plastic face shilling the Orange Shit the Americanists automatically swallow.

THE WIZARD OF OZ MEETS
MUSOLINI

Salò offers strong images to strengthen the viewer. Pasolini was so aware of the horrors of his third section "Circle of

Blood" that he softened the images by distancing the audience from the bloody action with a telephoto lense that gauzed out the edges. Sometimes assault is the only way to raise consciousness.

Throughout *Salò*, which is not salacious, Pasolini artfully staged his cautionary political warning at a gut-level. *Salò's* images are contrived to get your attention; *Salò's* message is to hold your interest, *Salò* is a political film in the anti-fascist tradition of Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers* and Costa-Gavras' *Z* and *State of Siege*.

And despite his serious message, Pasolini has the sense of humor to add the comic relief of those silly women dragged up like Glinda the Good Witch, coming down the Hello-Dolly staircases telling their naughty, campy tales. But, he flags, behind their fashion lurks Fascism.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MGM
MUSICALS?

Lots of gay men don't like real things. They hide in fantasy and ritual. They prefer life in a gay ghetto. They need nobody to cover their eyes and ears. On their own, they ostrich-like refuse to look or listen farther than their cocks can shoot. They miss Pasolini's value of using gay vision in a twisted straight world.

Pier Paolo's images are strong. His

message is clear: FASCISM IS COMING OUT OF ITS CLOSET TOO. His film won't let us ignore it. He shakes us to bodily we want to turn away our faces from the screen. We may not emotionally like what we see; but, understanding his visionary point of view, we can intelligently distinguish and explain how what he films is not about our Ritual S & M, but about a real political-moral reality that, like something dreadful, this way comes. GET THE PICTURE?

In defense of her own b'zarrre short stories' strong images, Flannery O'Connor wrote about people who have eyes and see not and ears and hear not: "To the a most deaf you have to shout; and to the a most blind, you have to write in very large letters."

Pasolini's death-cry, *Salò* shouts very large.

Jack Fritscher

PHOTO COURTESY OF SURF THEATRES
GROUP, SAN FRANCISCO



This is the film for those of you who love imaginative excitement and adventure, but may have felt short-changed intellectually by the spectacular *Star Wars*. Not that *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* picks up where the earlier-released sci-fi epic left off, but that this new Columbia release deals with abstractions that its predecessor left untouched. It isn't so much a matter of "better than" as it is one of "different from," conducive of being viewed on a fascinating variety of levels.

Encounters of the "third kind," for those of you who haven't left your dungeons for the past six months, are those involving *contact* with alien beings (the "first kind" is a UFO sighting, and the "second kind" *physical evidence* of visitors from outer space). While there has been a tiresome plenitude of flicks over the years dealing with a pedestrian variety of contacts with extra-terrestrial beings, none has attempted to deal in quite this way with the psychotheological ramifications.

In coming to grips with these implications, however, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* in no way sacrifices either fascination or just plain entertainment. Niggling complaints on the part of some peevish critics that there is something of a mid-film sag are totally unjustified; that period of character insights and plot development is absolutely mandatory in terms of the 35-minute climactic section that concludes the film; a section, incidentally, featuring the most astounding marriage of sight and sound the motion picture industry has ever produced.

The opening sequences are deceptively conventional — a series of seemingly unrelated incidents meant simply to indicate that something most unusual is going on in the skies over midwestern America. We are then hypnotically drawn into the life of an Indiana repairman (Richard Dreyfuss) who, sent to investigate a widespread power failure, experiences the first "encounter." Bit by bit, we become involved with his unique obsession and its effect on others, notably wife Teri Garr and their three repulsive children. All react in completely human and understandable ways.

A major casting coup is the use of famed director Francois (400 Blows) Truffaut as a French phenomenologist, heading a large group of international scientists, who attempts to find the rationale behind the UFOs, as well as ways to communicate with them. Truffaut, appropriately, speaks only his native language throughout — a nice touch of realism that enhances the overall effect.

All the performances are uniformly excellent, with Dreyfuss, it should come as no surprise, particularly outstanding in both his anguish and his ecstasy.

Writer-director Steven Spielberg should now be the hottest talent in town, and deservedly so — the two years of his time and \$30,000,000 of Columbia's investment have been well spent. Douglas Trumbull, remembered for *2001* and *Silent Running*, is credited as senior special-effects man for realizing the unprecedented visualizations, with Joe Alves as production designer. The finest score in recent movie history is the work of John Williams. Producers Julia Phillips and Michael Phillips obviously would settle for nothing but the best.

They, and the audience, get it.

— Ed Franklin

Equus

The attempt to transplant Peter Shaffer's shattering play, *Equus*, from stage to screen was fraught with hazard. A good deal of its searing impact derived from the overt theatricality of the physical production: expressionistic unit set, lengthy monologues delivered directly to the audience, nonrepresentation lighting and sound effects — all elements seemingly antithetical to the singular realism inherent to film.

It is with relief one reports that Sidney Lumet (working from Shaffer's own screenplay) has made the translation into movie terms very nearly a successful one. Wisely using two principals from the New York cast, Richard Burton and Peter Firth, in the pivotal roles of the repressed psychiatrist, Dysart, and the emotionally-tortured stableboy, Strang, the director has fabricated a version of the original that retains much of its hypnotic force.

As the story of an outrageous crime — the inexplicable blinding of six horses by their devoted attendant — *Equus* can be interpreted as a psychological thriller, a crime play, or an intellectual horror story. The primary focus can be properly oriented to that of a simple suspense yarn: *why* did the boy do as he did? Burton's role as the psychiatrist is to discover the answer to that bewildering question, in the course of which investigation flashbacks illuminate the accused in relationship with his family, a young girl (in an extensive nude scene with him), and his own particular godlike demons, the horses themselves.

But it is the relationship between him and the child psychologist into whose unsteady hands he is remanded that occupy the bulk of the exercise. With virtually no changes in the (sometimes blue) dialog and absolutely no alteration or compromise with the original premise and content, this Lester Persky-Elliott Kastner production, released by United Artists, still asks that most pertinent of questions: does anyone have the right to force someone else into a preconceived concept of "normality"?

Burton and Firth, well nigh flawless, are supported with excellent performances by Colin Blakely and Joan Plowright as the mystified father and mother, Harry Andrews as the outraged owner of the stables, and, most especially, Eileen Atkins as the compassionate magistrate

who induces Dysart to take on Strang as a patient. Jenny Agutter, late of *Logan's Run*, ably provides the other nude body.

While one might fault Lumet for excessive over-reliance on melodramatic lighting and music in some instances (notably during Burton's longer speeches), the fact remains that *Equus* posits a dilemma that deserves broadest possible dissemination, and, as a film, will hopefully motivate audiences across the country to examine their own notions of right and wrong. I recommend you be among them.

— Ed Franklin

Damnation Alley

Perhaps (but not bloody likely) if there had never been a *Star Wars*, one might be more indulgent toward *Damnation Alley* (at one point in time more accurately entitled *Survival Run*). But the unavoidable fact is that *Star Wars* does exist, is also a Twentieth Century-Fox presentation, and was produced with infinitely more intelligence and care than this Johnny-come-lately Jan Michael Vincent vehicle.

In the first place, the basic premise has been done to death: that old chestnut focusing on the survivors of a nuclear holocaust (the mere spelling out of those words brings on a feeling of galloping ennui), in which you take a young leading man (Jan-Michael), supply a somewhat older antagonist (George Peppard), throw in an exotic female (Dominique Sanda) — foreign accents are mandatory here — along with a minority or two (Paul Winfield), and mix with an adolescent innocent on the brink of manhood (Jackie Earle Haley).

Damnation Alley is the thuddingly dumb film even a retarded three-year-old would have predicted from such a tiresome catalog of ingredients. Not so the convoluted production team of Hal Landers, Bobby Roberts, Jerome M. Zeitman, and Paul Maslansky. An indication of their combined wisdom is that they delayed release of this turkey for more than a year after it was completed and had been mercifully committed to a dusty shelf on the Fox vault. Delayed it, that is, until *after* the impact of that biggest blockbuster of all time, *Star Wars*.

What few talents the principal actors might possibly have possessed are cunningly blunted by director Jack Smight, working from an awkward screenplay by Alan Sharp and Lukas Heller based on a non-novel by Roger Zelazny. Only the extremely expert special effects, thanks to the efforts of William Cruse, Milt Rice, and Ken Middleham, provide evidence that some kind of human intelligence may have been involved in the whole dreary mess.

All the landmobiles, supertornadoes, giant cockroaches, and hillbillies in the universe cannot save *Damnation Alley*. In a curious kind of reverse gestalt, it is considerably less than the sum of its parts. We who have now just about reluctantly given up on Jan-Michael Vincent can only hope, perhaps a bit wistfully, that one of his forthcoming pics — *Big Wednesday* or *Olympiad* — will do something to resurrect his rapidly-diminishing horde of fans.

— Ed Franklin

THE PLEASURE CHEST

NEW YORK

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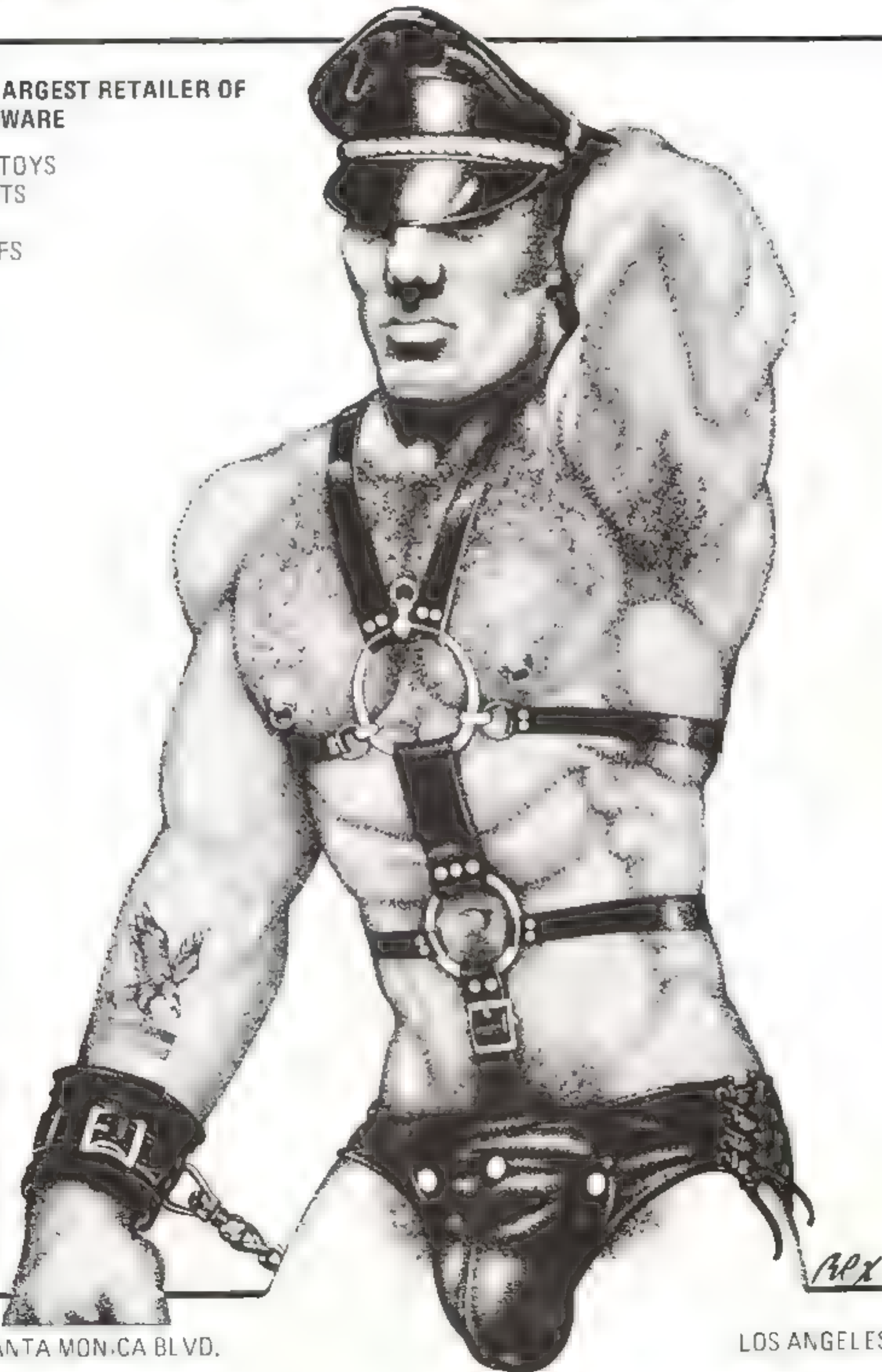
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Continued from page 17

GAY SPORTS. TUFFY

Peeled down the same way, Tuffy's Sportswear on Castro in San Francisco caters to outfitting the jock from the jockstrap on out, layer by layer, out to whatever sports uniform is needed. Tuffy himself is behind the competition between San Francisco and Los Angeles for the First Annual California Cup in gay all-star football, basketball, and volleyball. Through Tuffy's USA Club, whitewater rafting trips are currently coordinated by Larry Kratzer, a veteran tour guide of whitewater trips through northwestern Colorado and northeastern Utah.

Tennis, racquetball, and squash are coached by Jim Stacy, athletic director for gay racquet sports. Stacy has instituted a challenge system for advanced, intermediate, and beginning players. Stacy is one of northern California's top squash players. The caliber of coaching and play for tennis, racquetball, squash, and badminton is geared to provide the good gay athlete with quality competition while insuring adequate instruction for the beginning player.

Bodybuilding, sponsored by Tuffy's USA, likewise looks to the interests of the beginner. Since most gay men belong to either a traditional weight gym or a Nautilus Fitness Center, this bodybuilding association addresses itself to the needs of gay pumpers wherever they work out. Utilizing the buddy system, advanced bodybuilders share their training tricks with men on the threshold of a properly bulked and defined physique. An openly gay physique contest is planned for the near future.

Tuffy's interesting shop is located at 597 Castro in San Francisco. The USA Club phone is (415) 621-2128.

BAY AREA BOXING CLUB

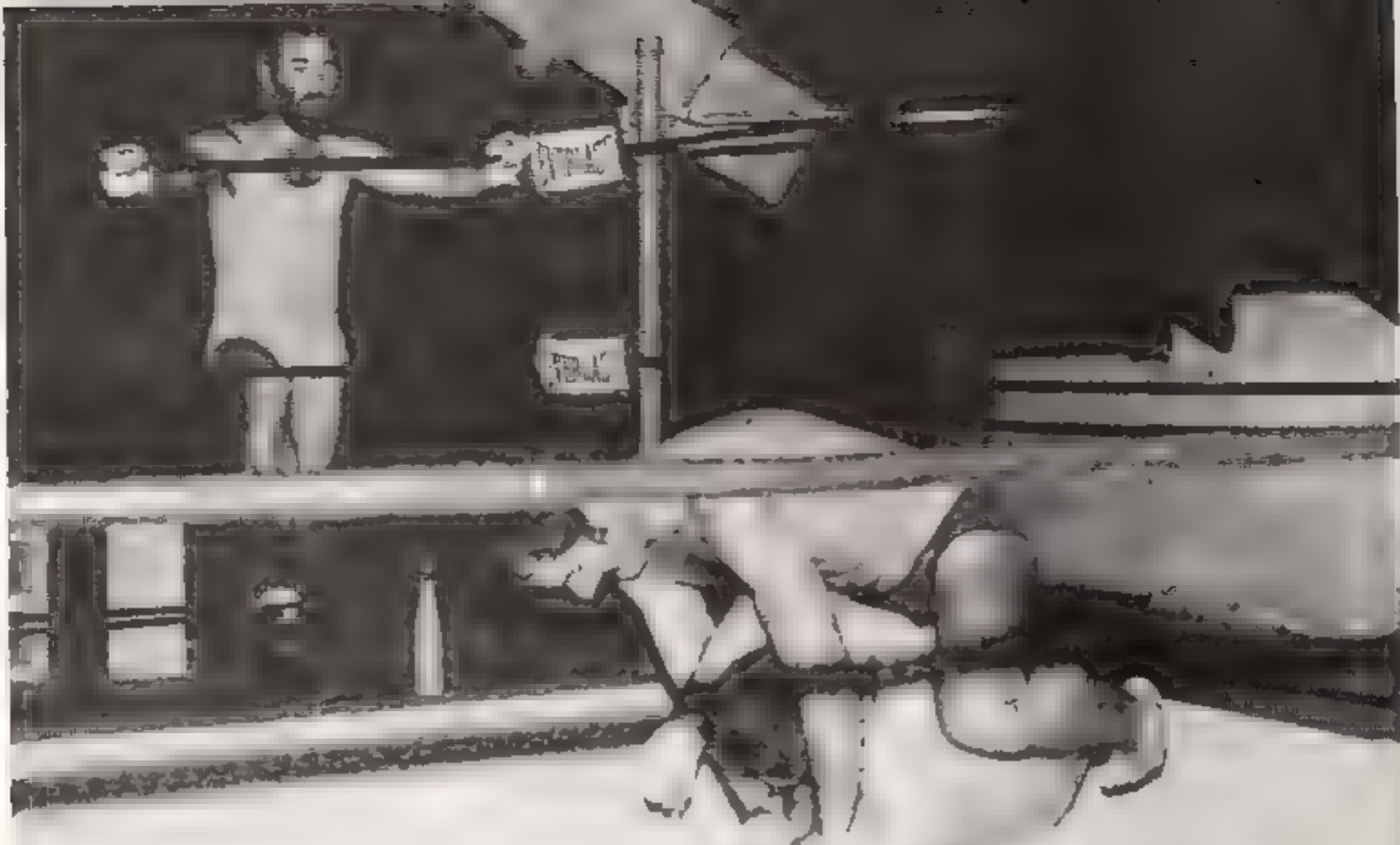
Greg Varney is a man who knows what he wants and how to organize what he gets. Native to the Bay Area, Greg has wrestled and boxed in a variety of cities, but chose San Francisco as the founding city for his Boxing and Fighting Club. The disarming Varney, who has the face of a Botticelli boxer, has plenty to say about sports and the gay men who play them.

"I started boxing when I was eight years old," Greg says, "and I won a Golden Gloves title when I was seventeen. I've always loved boxing for itself. Those lockerroom romances are porn-film fantasies. Not that boxers aren't gay. Just that most male athletes at the mere mention of homosexuality really tighten up. I mean when I watch a bout I don't go to see the bodies per se. I go to watch the technique. Secondly, the bodies from light to heavyweight interest me."

"What turned me on sexually to boxing was once when I was thirteen I boxed naked with another kid for about thirty seconds. I tried not to think about that during my amateur career, but when I was twenty-four, I came out. Ever since



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Bay Area Boxing Club Meets Godzilla

TUFFY'S/ San Francisco

then, my main purpose has been to open up boxing to gay men who never were aware that this sport could be available to them. For instance, my roommate, Mike Mooney, started boxing in May, 1976. When I started teaching him to



box, I found he was really good and highly motivated. So I took him to my local gym and we started his amateur career. So far, he's had two amateur bouts and is scheduled for his third. Something Mike always dreamed about doing, but thought he couldn't, has happened — so far successfully.

"Meeting men such as Mike who like boxing and fighting doesn't happen easily on the streets or in the bars. So I put ads in various gay publications and got a real flood of letters and calls. Right away I knew I had to weed out the phonies, and there were plenty — about 75 percent. A phoney, I judged, was a guy more interested in jerking off looking at himself or me in our Everlast gear than he was in actual training or sparring. Sex is for-sure involved, but secondarily. With this premise, I started the Bay Area Boxing and Fight Club in 1976.

"Mike and I looked for the right place, both to live and to box. We finally found

Continued on page 83

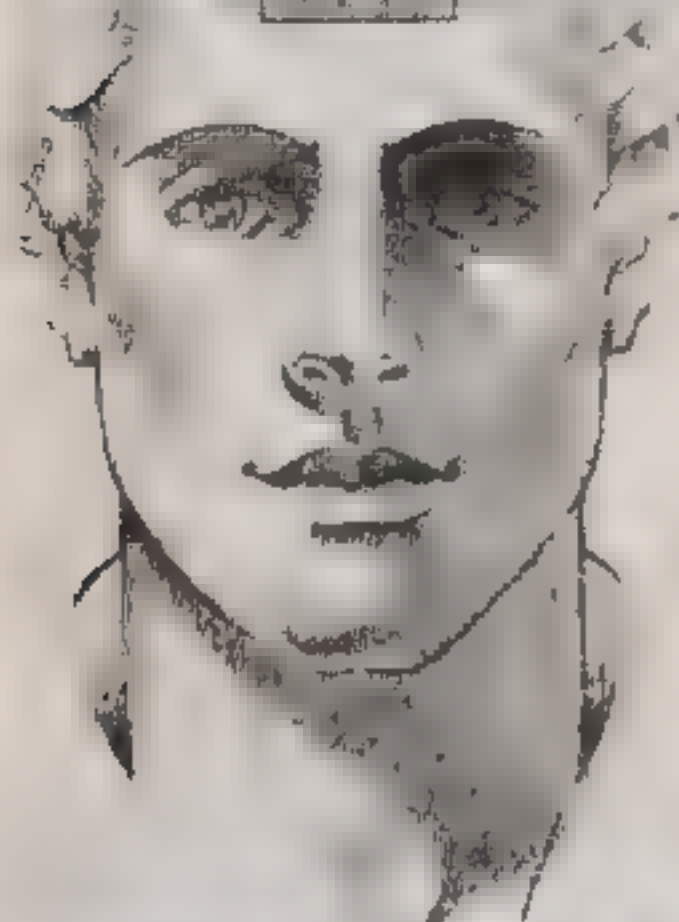
DRUMMER 71

ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD



GAY SOURCE

A CATALOG FOR
MEN



DENNIS SANDERS

GAY SOURCE: A CATALOG FOR MEN
Dennis Sanders
Berkeley Publishing Corporation
New York, 1977

Conventional gay cruising areas like bars, parks, and public restrooms are currently declining in popularity as gay awareness opens alternate avenues of meeting. These days, everything from sports to church socials provide gay activities through which we can meet, cruise, and encounter legally and with dignity. An awareness of this trend appears to be the basic motivation of *Gay Source: A Catalog for Men*, compiled, written, and edited by Dennis Sanders, who states in his Preface: "There is a broad, somewhat informal, but nevertheless highly functional network of businesses, communications, and services which have arisen in response to the needs of our great gay community."

Gay Source is a 290-page compilation of what is happening where within a sweeping variety of gay-oriented activi-

ties around the country. Topics covered range from the serious to the whimsical: arts to health to drugs to body awareness to fashions to legalities to religion to vacation paradises. Sanders prefaces each topic with an informative, and often entertaining, article detailing what the area is all about, followed by listings, descriptions, and up-to-date correspondence information for organizations, books, periodicals, and resources.

Sanders is upfront with giving *Gay Yellow Pages* its due credit while explaining how the *Gay Source Catalog* has angled its useful perspective without duplicating *Gayellow's* work. His Preface explains his *Catalog*: it is for men; bars and retail businesses like poetry and fiction are excluded, while gay musical composers and theater are included. Where other directories provide information Sanders has chosen not to include, he lists them and recommends cross-reference. He has chosen a selection of fresh topics which "... will give a cross section of information, viewpoints, and areas of interest."

Twenty-eight writers, each credible in his own field, have been chosen to author the thirty-five succinct prefacing articles, many of which are reprints from a variety of national publications. Each article describes the history and the current state of each particular topic. Some articles offer insightful direction for the future. Others emphasize where more work is needed.

Sanders has chosen not to dwell on the oppression that gays face in the non-gay world, but rather to point out the amicable relationships that exist in many areas between the gay and non-gay worlds. *The Gay Source Catalog* emphasizes our human sameness rather than our sexual differences.

Sanders' energy shows in his detailed listings of the organizations, books, periodicals, and resources he has chosen for his catalog. In these lists, he presents thoroughly all appropriate information concerning the listing and then very objectively evaluates it from several different perspectives. He states why the one book chosen is the best available, supporting his evaluation with objective evidence. He never negates absolutely any listing. Whatever is included is obviously relevant and worthwhile.

As with any book of lists, none can ever be completely up-to-date. *Gay Source* works well even with this handicap; very few out-dated listings caught my eye. Sanders states that he was often disappointed by the lack of response from many businesses and organizations who neither provided or updated information. Within the listings, he offers alternative directories and publications to bridge this gap in up-to-date information.

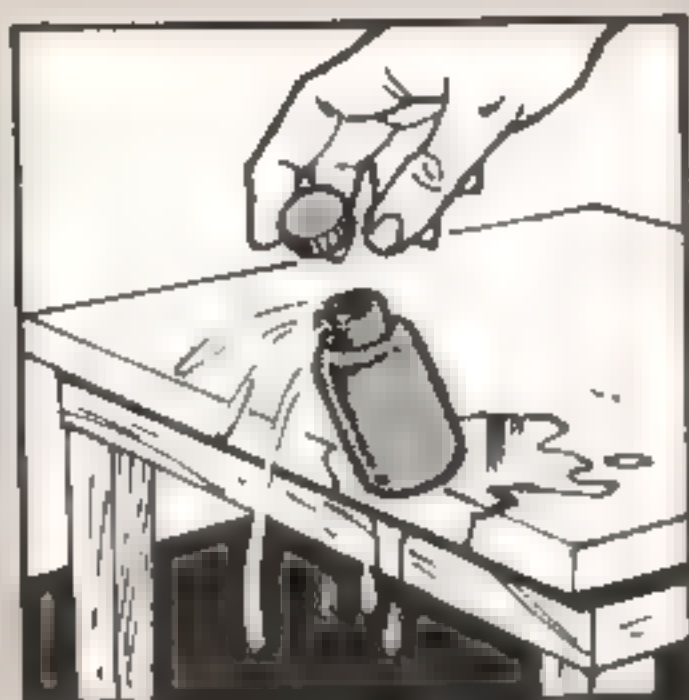
Often *The Gay Source Catalog* contains interesting surprises: a history of gay pirate buccaneer homosexuality is detailed; a state-by-state summary of sodomy, indecent exposure, lewdness, solicitation, and disorderly conduct laws, a positive approach toward government assistance for gays. Many articles offer a "how-to-do" approach: how to publish your own book, how to pump-up in ten minutes without a gym, how to go about making the decision of "coming out" professionally, how to handle an arrest situation, how to choose a therapist, etc. Sanders' book takes a most positive descriptive approach of how things are, rather than a negative proscriptive attitude on how things should be.

Gay Source: A Catalog for Men is a sound investment for any gay man, no matter where he is geographically located. For those not having the freedom of gay interaction offered in larger U.S. cities, *Gay Source* is a practical and even necessary reference book for finding alternative means to meet and communicate with other gay men. For those of us surrounded by the freedom of The Big Time, *Gay Source* is still very good news.

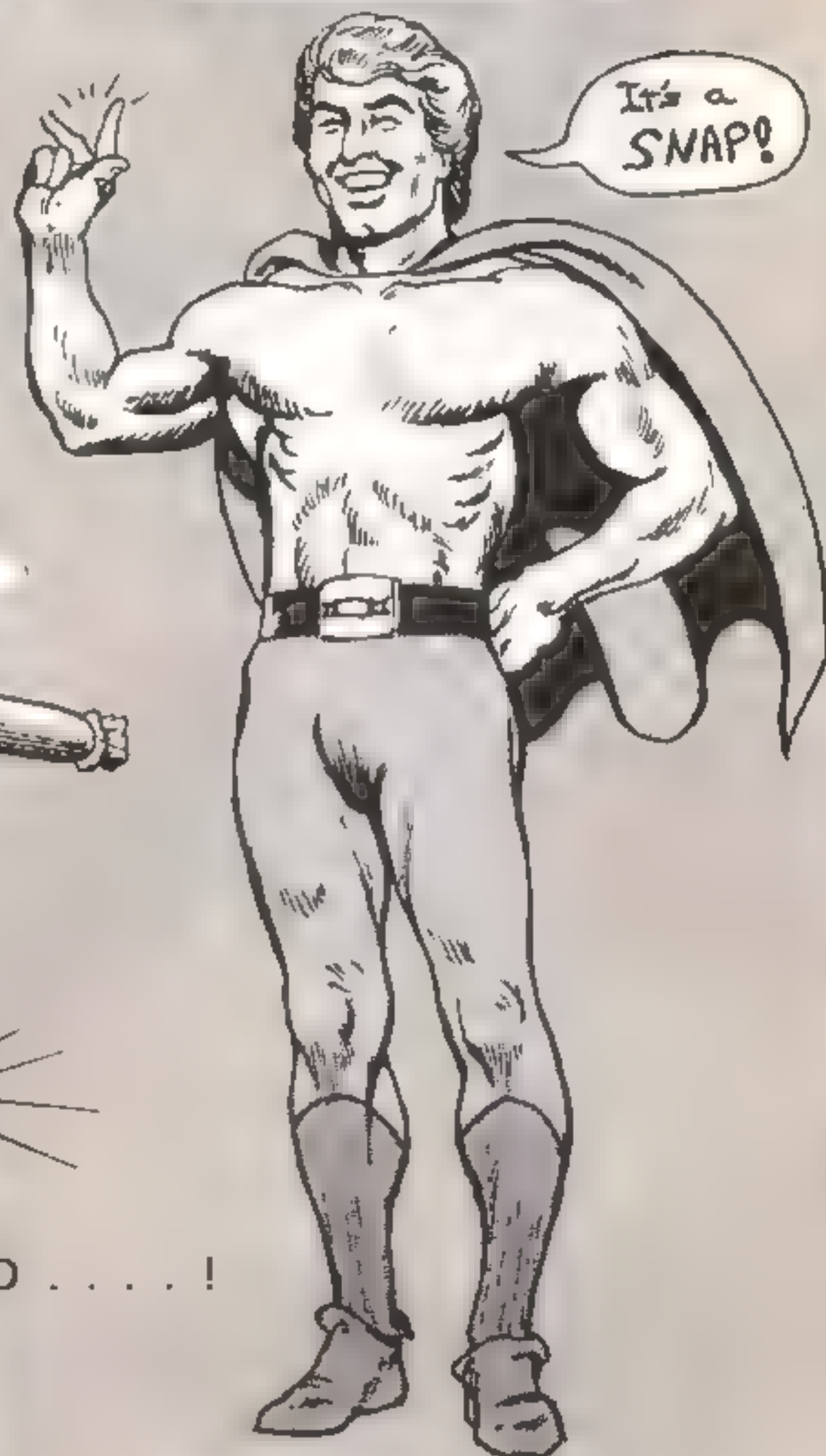
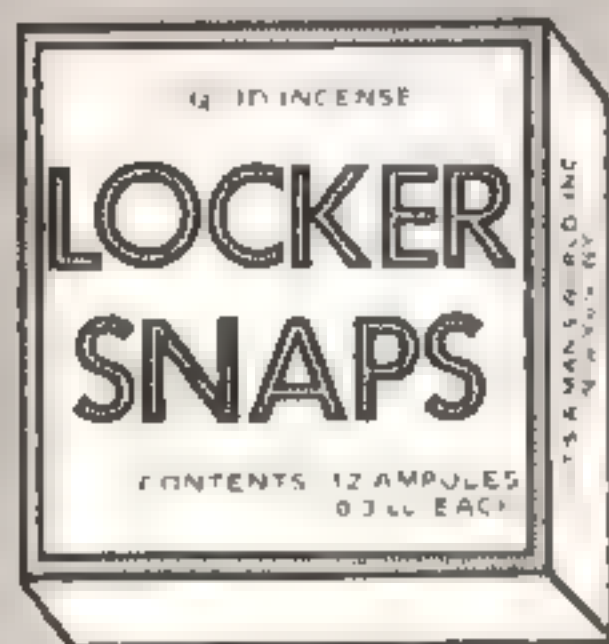
— Bob Zygarlicki

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THE CMC CARNIVAL

PHOTOS BY SPAHROW (CMC)



New York, New York hardly knows what it misses every November when San Francisco hosts the CMC Carnival. The annual autumn bash at the Seaman's Hall began modestly a decade ago as a charity bazaar and has immodestly grown bizarre enough to be A Major Event of the West Coast Season. Multiple charter busses ferry LAlanders to the party and San Franciscans prefer the November CMC at Seaman's to October's Halloween in the streets.

IS IT RICH? IS IT RARE?

Some guys think the CMC Carnival is overcrowded: two floors of booths, beer, and 10,000 bodies. CMC addicts, on the other hand, get off on the press of flesh, the long lines to the outdoor Port-a-Sans, the straight security cops staring into midspace as if they see stand-up orgies for thousands every Sunday afternoon.

SOME ON THE GROUND

The first floor of booths peddles food, drink, leather, tee shirts, and games of chance. Wandering among the predominately leather crowd are the year's muy macho contenders for Mr. CMC whose nomination may be determined by his looks, but whose winning is decided by the cash he raises for charity. They gladhand with genuine friendliness, climb

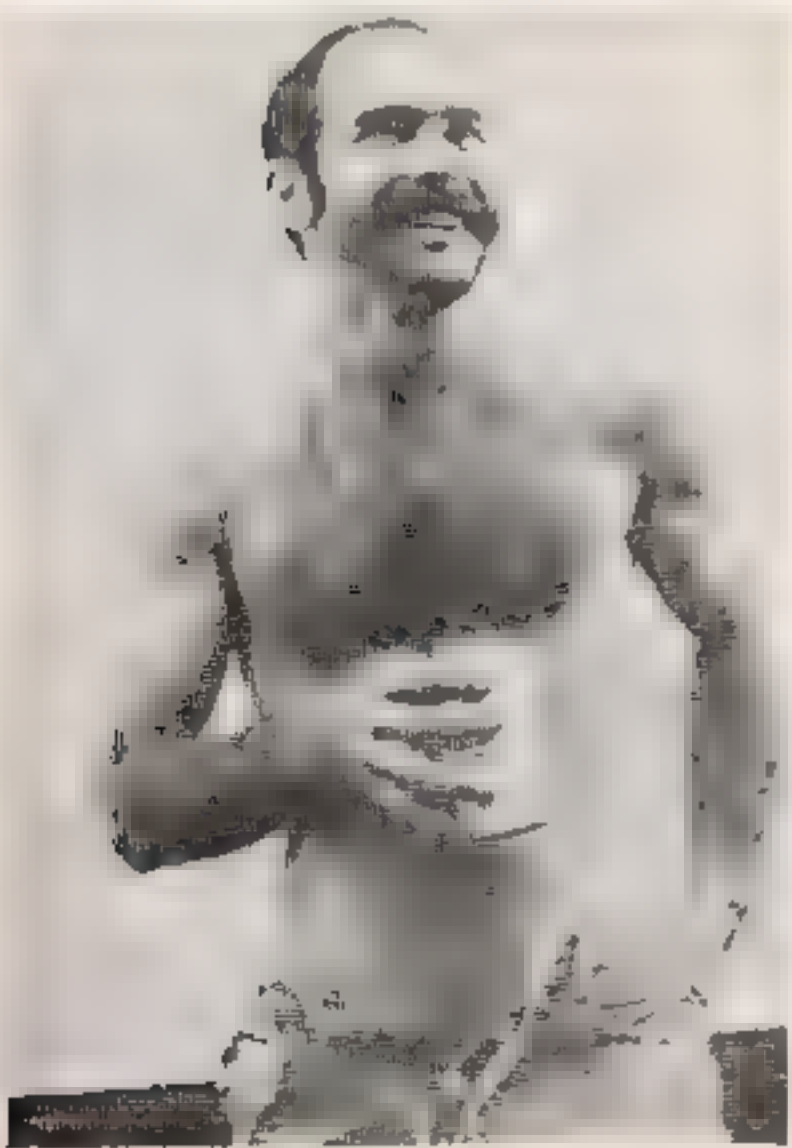
good naturedly up on stage to rousing cheers at their lengthy charms, pumped chests and cleft chins. The crowd by 4 PM is shoulder to shoulder, peeling off layers of leather, unable to move more than five feet in ten minutes.

SOME IN MID-AIR

Some guys meet, marry, consummate and divorce all in one glorious CMC Sunday afternoon. For men more adventurous, the lower-level disco orgy teaches the Funk and Wagnall's truth that *carnival* means "a celebration of meat." Performing on your knees on top of a cement floor piled three-feet-deep with beer cans, make walking on water an easy trick. Dancers dance and a sucker is always a sucker. The only hitch in the crush is getting back up from your knees to your feet. If ever a man fantasized about his face surrounded by a dozen loaded groins, and a lot of chest-to-chest action, then there is no mall to maul him nearly so good as the CMC carnival.

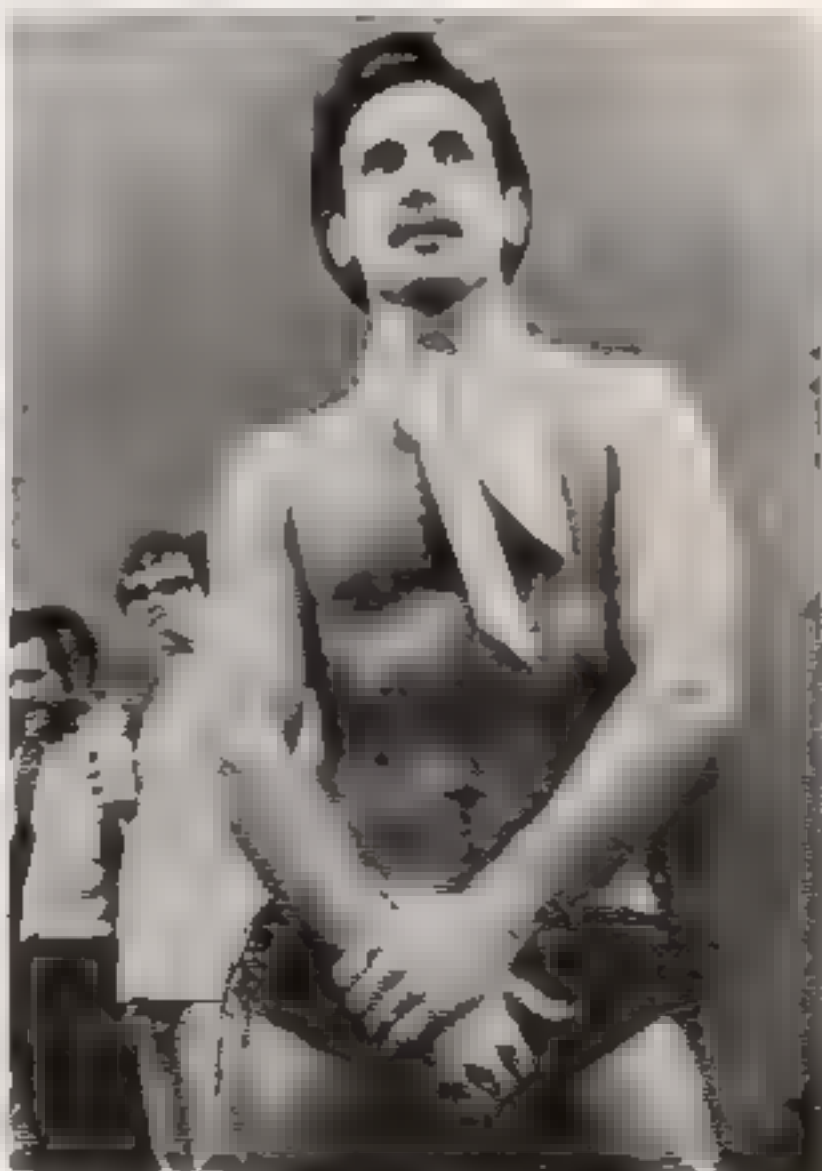
SEND IN THE CLOWNS.

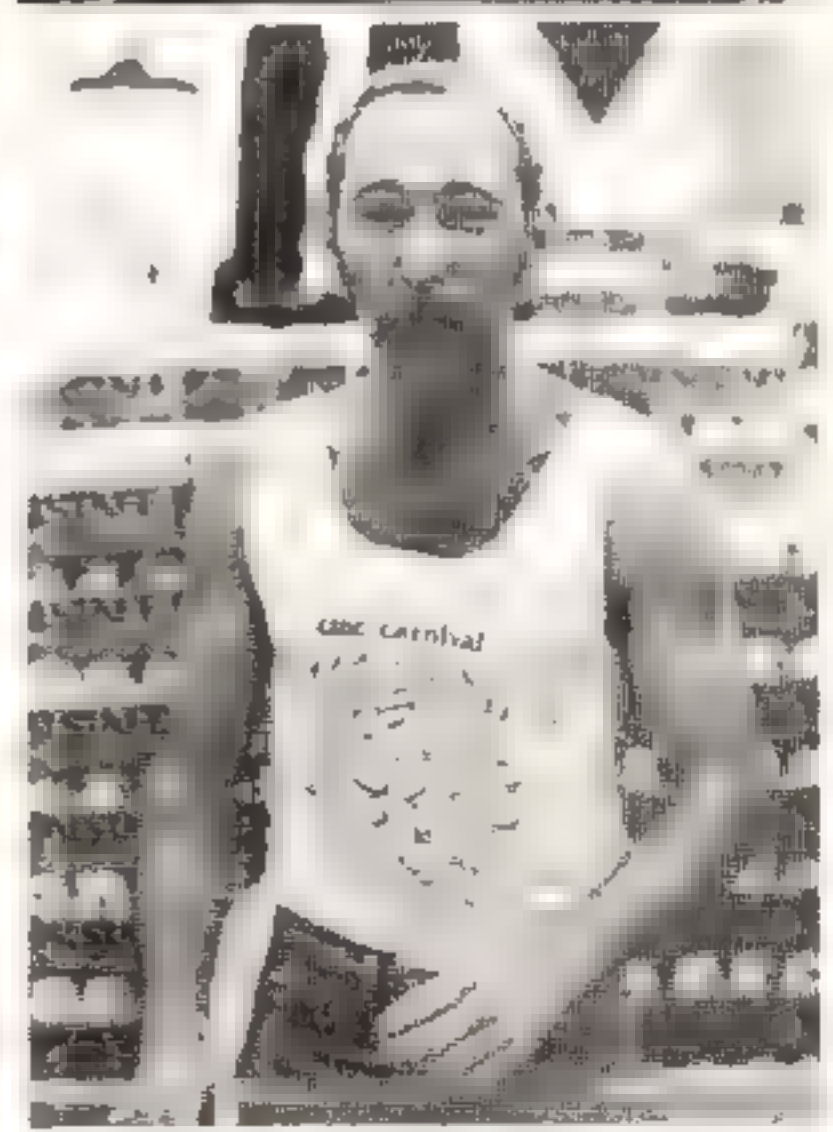
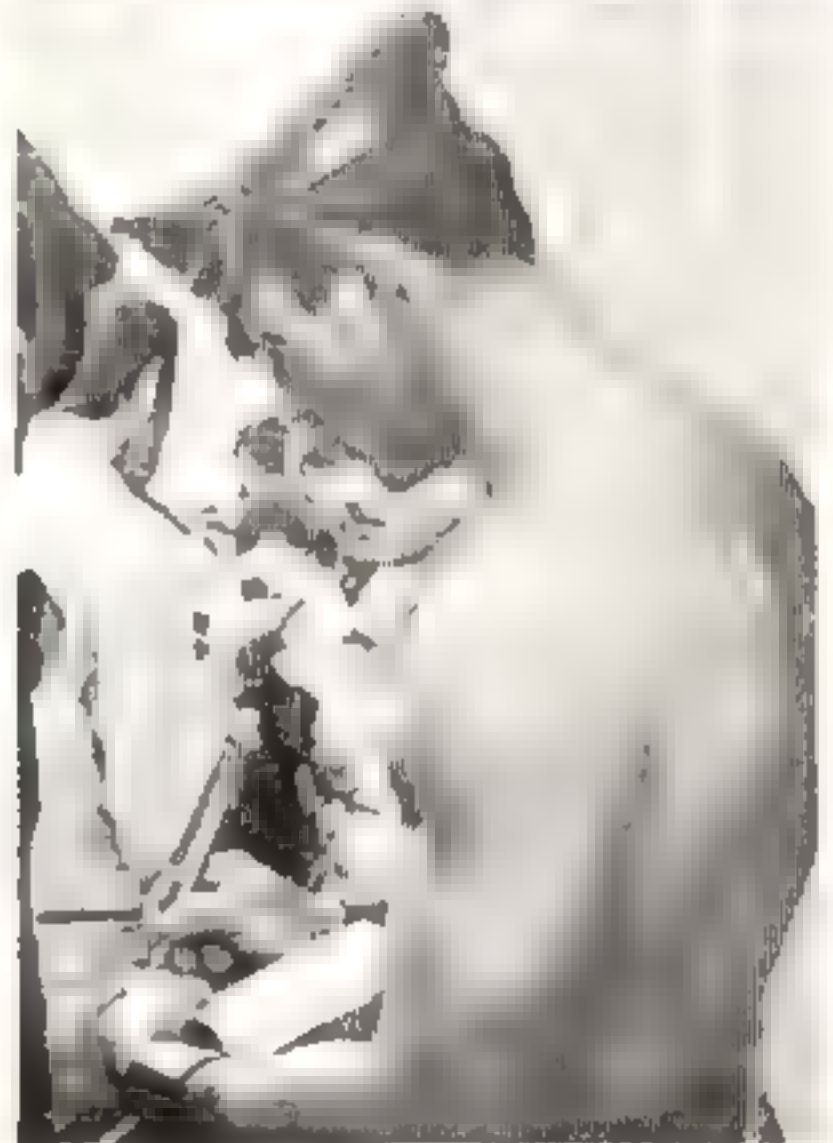
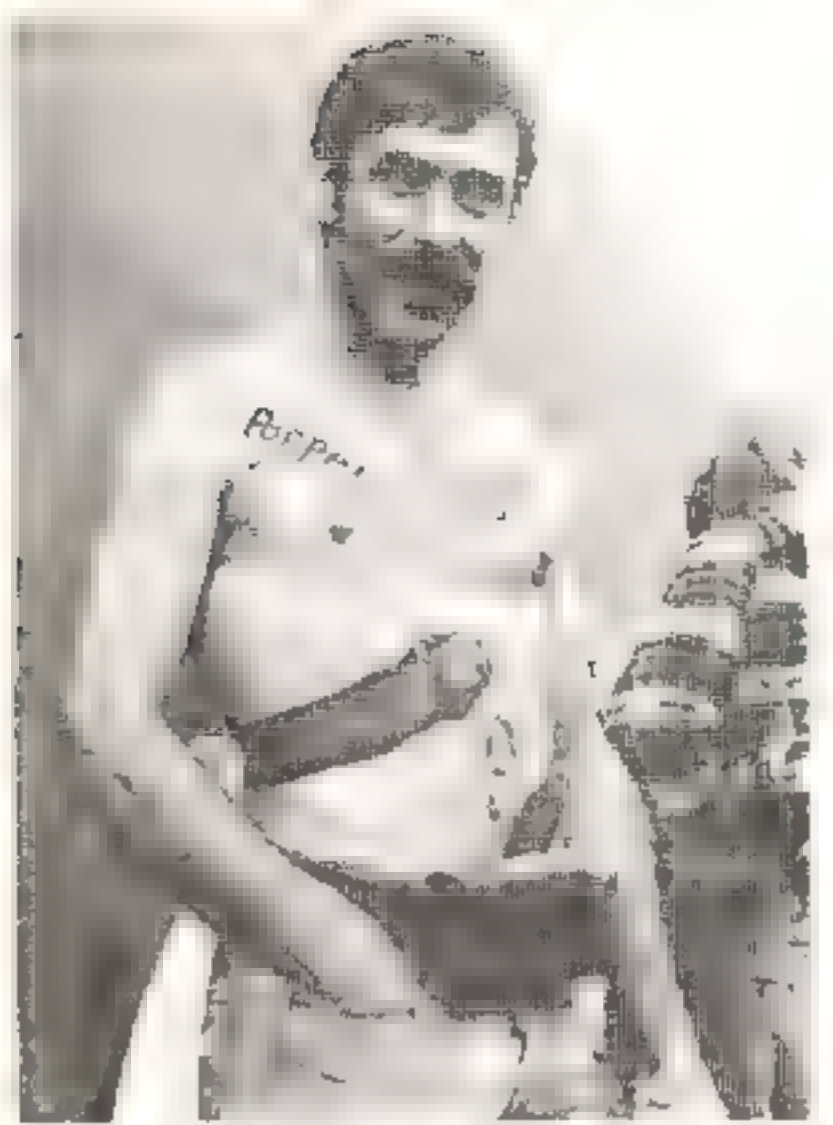
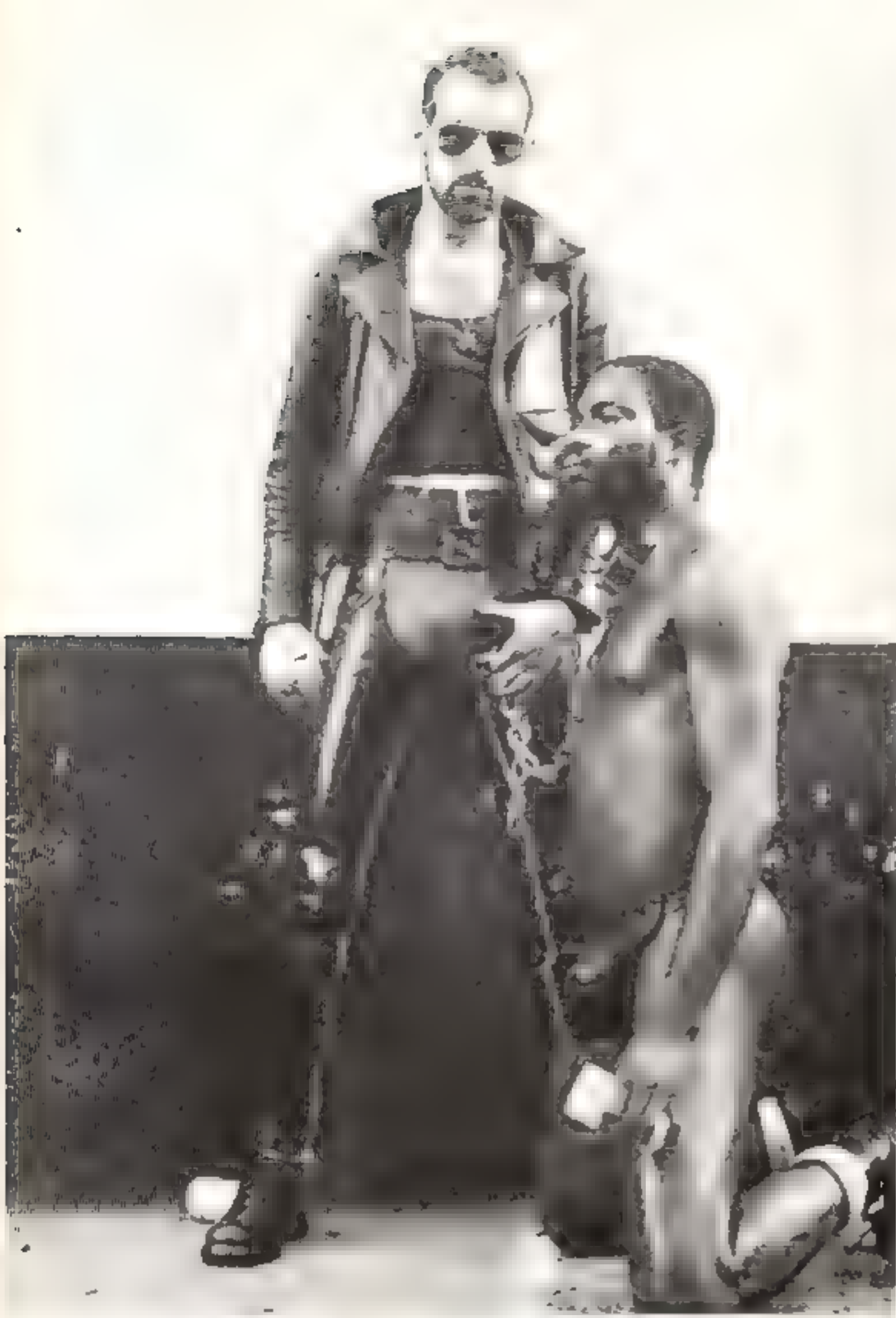
So New York, book Manhattan onto a charter flight for next November. CMC Carnival is a date not to be missed. Mark it firmly on your DRUMMER CALENDAR of Autumn Events.





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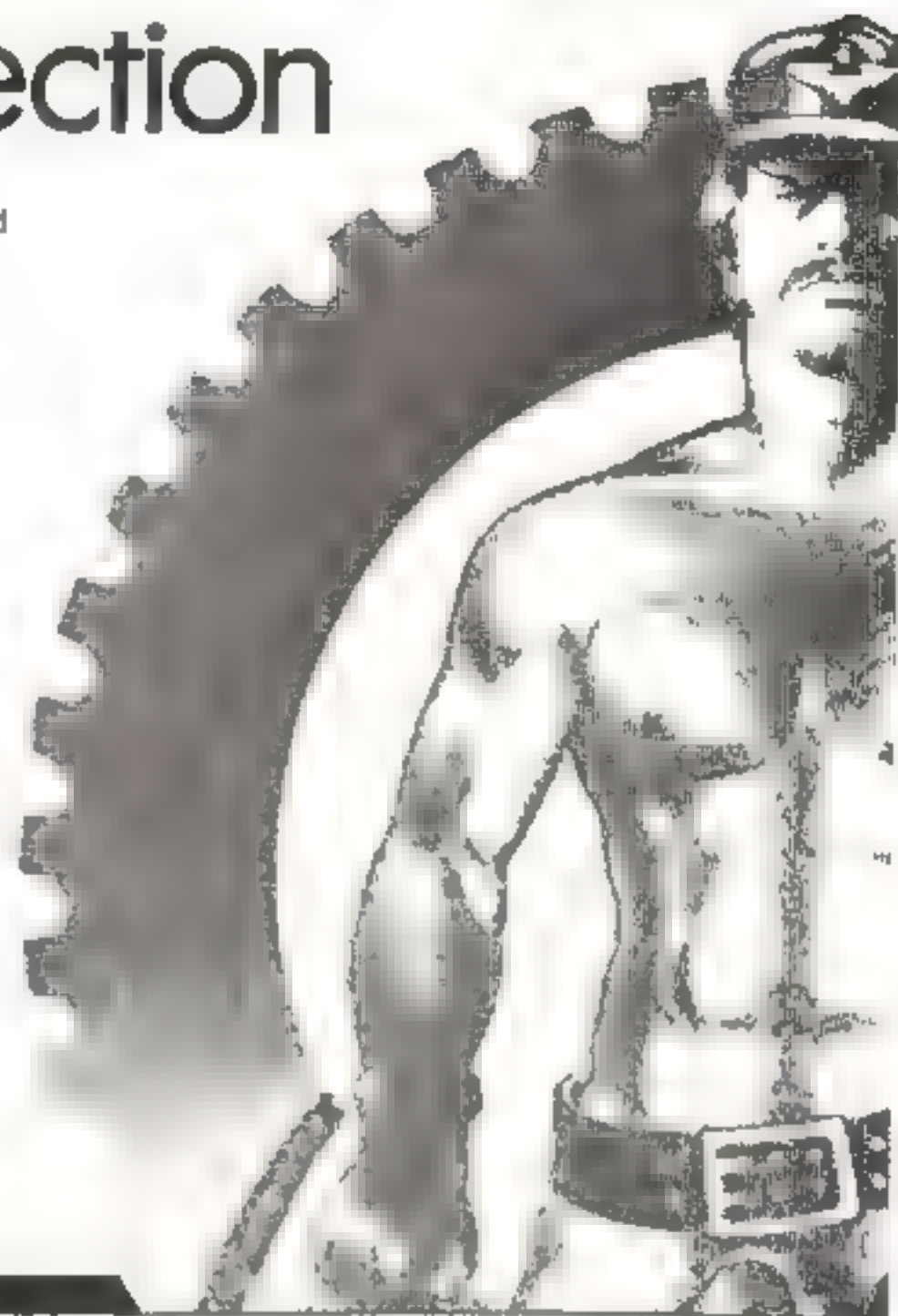
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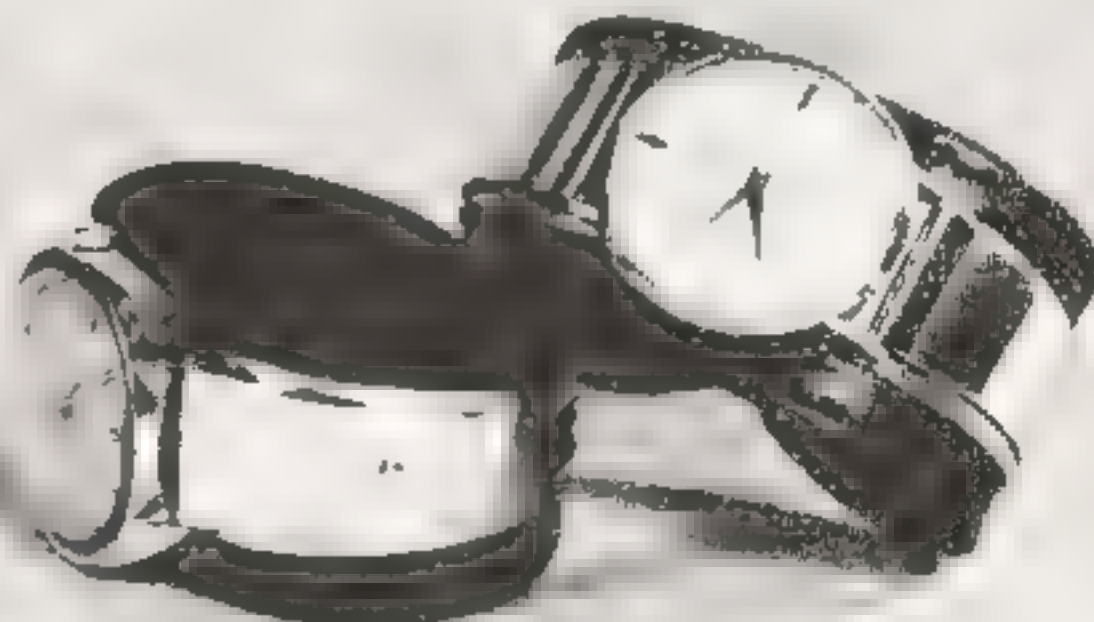
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From The Bootrack...



IV

PART TWO

"Now maybe the story should stop here, but the fact is that it didn't. I was still sitting there holding his foot between my legs and with both of his shoes on the chair next to me. I made sure nobody could see what I was doing (although Bob couldn't be sure) and held his shoes up where we could both see them. "Aren't those great shoes" I said, "just about one of the best pairs of cordovans I've ever had," and I make him agree with everything I say about how sexy they are and all. Then I held one of his shoes in front of me, down low but where he could still see what I was going to do, and I take my cup of tea and start to pour, just a few drops, into his shoe. Now, I really wanted to fill that whole beautiful shoe with that hot tea (guess I actually wanted to cum in his shoe, huh?) but I didn't have the nerve

"I let him talk me out of it that time, by making him agree to let me take his sock off instead. So, finally, I got his sock off and dropped it under the table and let him try and get it back while trying not to let anybody see his bare foot. But I kept his shoes until we were finished. And I got his shoes and combat boots a lot of times after that, but I did have to promise never to put him thru anything quite that bad again."

"the fourth and final relationship I had with this guy is kind of hard to explain. As I've been able to dope it out, he knows he has homosexual feelings, and he's willing to admit it, but he gets to feeling guilty about his wife and kid. So he calls me up and I get him out here and punish him. Which is a real pleasure, because he's one beautiful stud

"When he called this time I found out he was working alone at his office, so I had him take his shoes and socks off and leave them there before he drove out. (He did it too, because once before when I told him to, he wore them to drive with and left them in his car when he got here. I found them and made him piss in his shoes — with the socks stuffed in them. He got the point.)

"He gets to the door, in his coat and tie, but barefoot. My buddy and I let him stand outside for a while and threaten to make him take the rest of his clothes off. (I've made him do that too, but at night.) Finally we let him in and we sit around having coffee and talking. Then we make Tom strip down to his shorts, a piece at a time, and then I give him some socks and lace-up work boots and make him put them on

"We get him between us on the sofa and each take one of his feet and start working on it. He has to keep talking like nothing was happening. Whenever he hollers or asks us to stop we add to the punishment he's going to have to take

"When I finally figure I'll come if I sit there any longer with this guy's work boot in my crotch, twisting his foot around, we tell him it's time to take his punishment. We tie his hands in front of him and drag him out to the cottage. (The yard is pretty well hidden from sight, but he still gets sort of shook up about it, with nothing on but his work boots and socks, and his shorts with some damp spots where the treatment has been getting to him)

"The first thing he has to do is get down on his knees and kiss our shoes and

untie the laces with his teeth. While he's working on my buddy's shoes I beat his ass to make him work faster. Then we tell him he has to lick the soles of our shoes, which I already know is further than Tom can go. When he refuses we tie him up to the beam and tear his shorts off. Then we whip him, easy at first, but he still won't lick our shoes and I can't help laying it on him with a stick across his ass. I really don't like to hurt him, but the son of a bitch can take so damn much punishment and still tell you to shove it when he's feeling stubborn, that sometimes I get carried away

"When he still won't give in, I tell him I'll take some pictures instead, which he also won't go for. So we start in torturing Tom, and after a lot of squeezing his tits we go to work on his balls. He finally has to give in and agrees to let me take some shots. We make Tom get up on this big block of wood, and string him up tight. Then, while I take the pictures, my buddy tortures him some more to make him take his feet off the block. When he does, he's stretched up on his toes and like I said, just about ready to go out.

"By this time he's practically crying and begging us to let him down. I think I'm going to, and instead I grab my shoe and stick it in his face — he licks that dirty sole like it was an ice-cream cone, and then we finally let him go

"I guess that was the first time I had the nerve to really push Tom until he broke. I felt guilty about it, but he has been back for more since then

"So, Arne, there it is, for what it's worth to you, or members of the B.A.S. or Drummer magazine. I don't have any apologies, that is me and my life-style."

Also, from the East Coast comes the following expose of a man's most cherished desires. Again, he is a very masculine person, yet a slave to boots and shoes

... "recently a friend loaned me a copy of Drummer magazine which contained your interview on boots and shoes. Boots are my chief interest, from ankle high workmans boots to engineer, combat Army boots, western type cowboy boots, motorcycle, police, construction type, etc. Also, well polished business men's shoes, wing-tips, etc. As long as they are of all leather construction,

I have had some experience in tonguing, kissing and licking men's boots and shoes over the past twenty years or so, but only on a one-sided basis. That is, some men have allowed me to indulge my fantasy along with a j/o, after I had satisfied them sexually with a good b/j. Most of these men are married and their principal interest is getting relieved of their load. Then in return they will sit back and extend their big booted feet for me to lick, smell and kiss until I get my own satisfaction with a j/o

The first time I had enough nerve to ask permission to do this, the man, (construction worker) reacted with some surprise, but being slightly tipsy at the time, he agreed and watched with some interest as I licked his size 11 ankle-high work boots clean. They were brown heavy leather with rawhide laces, thick worn down rubber soles and heels,

Continued on page 82

DR. MMER 79

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Boots *Continued from page 79*

scuffed, scratched, and dusty. As I licked them from top to bottom, soles, heels and all, I breathed in the heady smell of the sweat-soaked leather and the white sweat socks which encased his feet. As I approached my climax I took as much of the big, rounded boot toe into my mouth as I could and sucked on it until I had cum — one of my best climax ever. Best of all, the man did not ridicule me for it, but just laughed in a friendly way and asked: "Did you get it good?"

I had this experience with the same man many times over the years, with numerous pairs of his workboots. Recently we have lost contact, but I think my first desire will always be big, dirty, ankle high, lace-up construction boots.

After my first experience with this man I had more confidence in approaching other men with this proposition. I have had contact since that first time with a welder, a shipyard worker, another construction worker — (who sometimes would appear on his nights off wearing high, brown western boots and tell me "Thought I'd give you a little treat tonight.") A few times with well-dressed business men, who expressed some repulsion after I had licked their fifty dollar wing-tips and made me wipe them off with my handkerchief afterward. (One allowed me to lick only the soles and heels.) Still another one asked if I would like to take his shoes off and lick out the interiors, which I did. He seemed fascinated by it all and watched me do it with much interest, asking several times how I liked the taste and smell of his shoes. I saw this man only once and we lost track of each other.

Also have had a few experiences in the s/m field which included boot licking, although those men seemed more interested in using their belts and boots for inflicting punishment than anything else. However, these meetings were not without enjoyment on my part.

In all, I enjoy mostly licking a man's boots without him reciprocating, but especially if he watches me do it and is demanding and expletive as to how he wants it done.

And so read the many letters that come to me. Guys who get down on the alter floors to lick the shoes and boots of servicemen (some who have fallen asleep and have no idea what's happening to their footwear, guys who shoot a load on footwear and have to lick their own cum off the shoes and boots, guys who even steal others boots and shoes, so demanding is their sexual desires for this fetish, working as a tranquilizer as well).

This does not mean all this goes on now in modern times, for in the following series of 'Boot Rack' episodes, we will go back into history and see what went on. And please don't hesitate to write me of your own opinions, for Drummer magazine is overloaded and understated now, and wishes me to handle my own column of letters, articles and stories. For Drummer is one of the most open-minded of the homophile magazines and they understand the pressures of our sexual dreams and desires.

Arnell Larsen
P.O. Box 70
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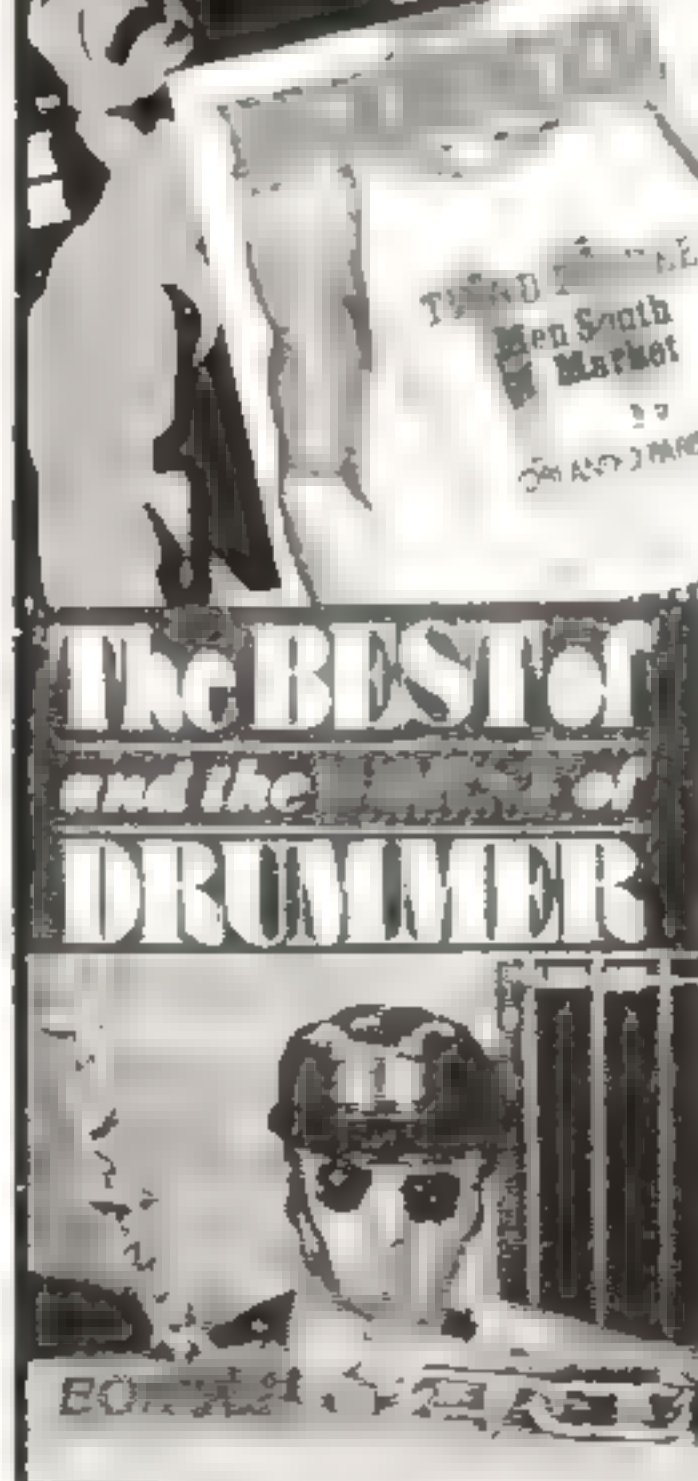
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Pissing *Continued from page 24*

rogator's arm was moving vigorously beneath the desk. At first, Day had paid no attention, assuming that his tormentor was scratching or rubbing his leg. But now he could see that his tormentor was massaging his genitals, masturbating! Day realized now that he was in the hands of a pervert, a genuine sadist, one who achieved sexual satisfaction from inflicting pain on others.

"It was the incentive Day needed. He summoned the strength to focus a disdainful smirk on the hateful degenerate, one that let him know that he had been seen, that his victim knew. He wondered, prayerfully, how long it would take the pervert to achieve sexual satisfaction, to tire of the torture and release him from it. He had been hanging for from two to three hours."

Such realities both cause the Navy to prepare its men for sexual abuse and cause civilian belief in the secret details coming to light: the spitting, pissing, shitting, masturbating, all juicily excused as preparation for patriotism.

THAT'S STRAIGHT PISS FOR YOU

For relief, comic and cockwise, Burt Reynolds wins the Wet Oscar for Best On Screen Piss in *Semi-Tough* when he inserts his dick into a rubber hose, straps it down his leg, and pisses into a metal flask strapped inside his boot. The loud soundtrack outdoes rain on a hot tin roof. Pasolini, in his version of *Something for Everyone* called *Teorema*, films the humpy teenaged son pissing off the family balcony. In Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*, a classic gay version of *The Wild One*, the lead biker stands on an altar in a church and pisses into the chalice of his helmet, and finally pisses down on all the worshippers gathered around him.

In prison plays and film like Miguel Pinero's *Short Eyes* or Kenneth Brown's *The Brig*, the piss scene is obligatory. Experienced cons usually take to shoving a new dude's head into the cellblock toilet in an initiation as time-honored as the Hell's Angels' initiation of pissing on a new member's colors. And his leather jacket. And his jeans. From then on an Angel pulls off the road strictly for a good shit. Piss just goes off like a rocket in his pocket.

SOME LIKE IT HOT

Ancient warriors bathed in piss. Victorian athletes rubbed themselves down with piss before a good cricket match. Health addicts for years have claimed piss perfect for brushing the teeth. India's Prime Minister Norarji Desai announced recently: "For the past five or six years, I have drunk a glass of my own urine — about six to eight ounces — every morning. It is very good for you, and it is even free. Even in the Bible it says drink from your own cistern. What's your own cistern? It is your urine. Urine is the water of life."

Some men, always working toward versatility, often take a liking for piss: from beer-clear to early morning thick. The range of preference is an acquired taste; the reasons for taking another man's piss range from the sacred to the profane.

Some guys start off early in life, pissing, as little boys, into the family john with their brother, having races to see who will finish first. Others start later, at college bars, pissing into the same trough. Refinements set in: going off to bars across from police stations to give the porcelain a good lick when the cops come in after duty for a quick beer quickly pissed out; pissing up a guy's ass before, during, and/or after a good hard fuck; preparing the basic water sports emblem, a piss-soaked jock, tucked into the back pocket.

RECYCLE

Variations on any theme, even Handel's "Water Music," are as endless as the inventive mind of man. Run an ad in The Leather Fraternity for Mason Jars of dirty bathwater and takers will beat a path to your P.O. Box. You just can't out-fetish and out-fantasize and out-actualize all of the people all of the time. But that is The Joy of Piss, like the joy of almost everything else: finding out that you as a man of the Third Kind are not alone, and in piss, more than almost anything else, together men sink to swim.

Sports *Continued from page 71*

a super-big apartment with an attic space large enough to set up our regulation-size boxing ring. Our facilities now include different weight boxing gloves, headgear, and other protective boxing gear, heavy bags, speed bags, and a general workout area near the boxing ring itself.

"We offer private bouts, instruction and workouts, and a lot of times, we function as an outlet for guys who just like to roughhouse on the canvas with other guys. More formally, our instruction and sparring is aimed at the growing number of men who come regularly for workouts to learn boxing techniques. We also like wrestling, but tend to exclude it so as not to duplicate the trip of the various wrestling clubs."

"We also have a majority of members heavy into the leather-sweat-contest aspect of boxing. Some of the bouts have some special rules determined by the participants. Some guys like to box in full leather. Others spar nude. Some like bodypunching fights, with no hitting of the head. Some dig wearing headgear and mouthpieces to box with full body contact above the waist. The 'contest' boxers like to fight to submission for a prize. That kind of prize, claimed in the ring on the canvas, I leave to your imagination."

"Any man interested primarily in boxing and other contact fighting sports with other gay men can contact the Bay Area Boxing and Fight Club by writing 681 Ellis Street, No. 111, San Francisco, 94102. The club and gym phone is (415) 861-1006. Novices, intermediates, pros: we respect them all at their level."

OLIVE-OIL WRESTLING

a young Turkish wrestler is an even better reality.

Each August in Gallipoli, 500 male wrestlers pair off, slap their leather thighs, clasp each other to rub the olive oil into their naked torsos and into their leather breeches. The breeches, fit like American football pants from waist to mid-calf. They are made from forty-five pieces of

a young Turkish wrestler is an even better reality.

Each August in Gallipoli, 500 male wrestlers pair off, slap their leather thighs, clasp each other to rub the olive oil into their naked torsos and into their leather breeches. The breeches, fit like American football pants from waist to mid-calf. They are made from forty-five pieces of leather and 200 yards of cotton, cost \$30, and last two years. They are soaked in water, sweat, and oil to soften the leather. Each wrestler, stripped to the waist, usually sporting a heavy dark moustache and a crewcut, lavishly coats his leather breeches and his torso, arms, head, and feet with olive oil. He knots tight his breeches' waist cord, and the ritual dating back to ancient Greek vases begins.

Over the centuries, Turkish olive-oil wrestling has become more than a sport. It is a macho ritual woven from the stuff of young men's wet dreams. Immensely popular as a tourist attraction today, Turkish wrestling peaked 100 years ago when Sultan Abdul Aziz, a massive athlete and himself a wrestler, under his imperial blessing, added the refinement of coating the marble floors of his palaces, as well as the bodies of his wrestlers, with oil — a baroque, murderous, hard-on touch.

Olive-oil wrestling has few rules. Anything goes in the free-for-all of 500 men, oiled, sweating in the sun, identified only by silver studs spelling out their names on the back waist of their leathers. There is much man-to-man macho chivalry and little shame in losing a match that goes on for hours and sometimes days. The only real shame is when a handsome young wrestler loses his leather breeches and is left standing oiled and naked in the sunswept field of brawling men. To him it's shame. To a tourist it's a prime Turkish Delight.

GAY WRESTLING

Equally delightful is American gay wrestling. The Wrestling Club network now spans from California to Chicago to New York, with the New York Wrestling Club somehow the most colorful because of its founding president and chief promoter, the dark-mustachioed John Handley, who during an interview, will answer questions and lay out the NYWC future plans most fluidly, as he pretends to reach for his cup of coffee only to feint the disarmed interviewer into a half-nelson. No exaggeration. Handley is such a wrestling aficionado that an interviewer gets his best answers being dropkicked across Handley's NYWC wrestling mats. Meeting John is a bruise forever, and a joy, once you realize that for Liza life is a cabaret, and for John life is a basic body slam to the canvas.

Handley describes his wrestling style as *mean*. His favorite holds are the body scissors, head scissors, and hammer lock. His Dewar's Profile quote: "I wrestle because I like beating the shit out of guys."

No wonder the world is beating a path to this man's door.

CRUISIN' FOR A BRUISIN'

The New York Wrestling Club was created to afford civilized men a chance



JOHN HANDLEY

like George Plimpton?

"It's more than a contest."

"It's murder," I say. I'm not ready for this encounter.

"I like spontaneity," he says. "Do you?"

"The Japanese liked spontaneity," I say. "Pearl Harbor didn't."

"Gay wrestling is a process of mutual discovery, interaction, exploration of the self as well as the other man who is of mutual interest."

"You're breaking my arm," I say.

"The other man is a person. Not just an object to toss around in a ring."

"Uncle," I say. "I'm a person."

"Again." (This guy's got style.)

"Uncle," I repeat it. "How the fuck can I write notes with you breaking my fucking arm?"

"You got to admit wrestling's fun."

"I love it," I say. "I'll remember every minute of this, and punched him in the stomach. The free-for-all was on."

Handley ain't no cupcake. He's a wrestler's cup of tea. Bouts with him can be arranged along with information about the NYWC by writing: Handley, 59 West 10th Street, New York 10011. The Chicago Wrestling Club, directed by Jim Tomnitz, can plug you into midwestern grappling if you write to Box 4491, Chicago 60680. Larry Lane is the contact for California wrestlers. Write: The Gym, 5919 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood 90028.

John Handley wisely urges all wrestlers that the reality of the sport advises accident and disability insurance as much as a protective jock. He ain't just whistling "Dixie."

HAND-JOB ATHLETES

For armchair and hand-job athletes who get off on the male body in the triumph of victory and the agony of defeat, the following three firms — endorsed perhaps against their will — give excellent service on fine quality super-8 films which you can show through your projector at normal speed or at slower speeds as low as three frames per second, in order to see each ripple of muscle, each drip of sweat, and each celebration of manflesh.

AMG (ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD)

1836 W. 11th Street
Los Angeles 9006

AMG understands gay interests. Its catalog is, in fact, a very hot magazine. As usual, state you are over 21 and enclose \$1.25. AMG magazines have long been collectibles. Nearly everyone in the midwest came out looking at good old *Physique Pictorial*. The wrestling films featured vary on a scale of 1 to 10 according to your tastes in hustlers, ex-cons and make-believe cops going at each other. Good fantasy stuff.

FILM ASSOCIATES

P.O. Box 545
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If you like bodybuilders, you'll never find better posing, oiling, and contest physique footage in the world. Reels feature the incredible Mike Mentzer, Scott Wilson, Roger Callard, Joe Means, and hundreds of other top bodies in super-8. Film Associates' product is expensive, but their quality of visual fidelity and satisfyingly quick service, in addition

to body builders you will never any other way get close to, make judicious purchase a continuing nightly joy. Especially recommended for athletes looking for a jolt of motivation. Film Associates features little, if any, nudity. They are forthrightly straight, but certainly worthy of use as a gay resource by men who appreciate the male body as the ultimate sculpture. Send \$1 for the latest brochure.

SPORTSFILM INTERNATIONAL

415 Bellevue Avenue
Normal, Illinois 61761

If you think pro-wrestlers are fat comics of the mat, Sports Film International will quickly disabuse you with its array of super-8 color professional wrestling matches featuring men for every hot taste in real rough-and-tumble choreography. Football being a seasonal sport, many hunky players like Dick Bood and New England Patriots' Russ Francis (who could fold out of *Playgirl* for days) exhibit their talents on the pro-wrestling circuit. Lovingly photographed by Sports Film International, the slamming is for real. The quality of color film is exceptional. The mail-order service, trustworthy. It is also straight and clothed in wrestling trunks and lace-up boots. Send \$1 for the current catalog. The product is a turn-on for men into man-to-man confrontation.

TOUGH IS AS TOUGH DOES

Sports is a way to practice competition, a way to learn physical/political/moral self-defense, even if only expressed through busloads of men heading Tuesday nights to South San Francisco to rollerskate. More than pirouetting, the Folsom Street men turn the rink into a poppered roughhouse of rollerball. The politicizing of gay men has caused an increase in aggression as expressed on the fields, the courts, the rinks, and the baths. Since Anita, more gay men are into combative sports and sex than ever before. This phenomenon seems a definite sign that gays are in training to counter the attacks so unreasonably launched against us. Trained physically, we build the endurance to resist morally and politically those who would have us not live a lifestyle different from theirs.

Sports gives gays literally another arena in which to speak out and communicate to a nation that prides itself on understanding sports.

In New York recently, an organization of gay athletes announced a \$100,000 national advertising campaign against Florida citrus products the day after the Florida Citrus Commission's decision to renew Anita Bryant's contract. Craig Liebermann, a spokesperson for the INTERNATIONAL UNION OF GAY ATHLETES, said the bulk of the money for the campaign was donated by professional athletes whom he would not identify.

So far, Anita and company, has only been hit with a fruit pie and a gaycott. Her jock husband better warn her what fury can be conjured at halftime in a lockerroom.

Her next hit could be a well-placed gay upper-cut to the chin.

Now that we're all in training . . .

to get down and grapple. Its newsletter, membership roster, and social events foster the network of matches between athletes, gay and even straight, for whom wrestling is a prime interest. "Whatever else happens between the two men," Handley says, "is their business."

Handley twists my arm. "In urban life, men need to rebuild primal physical encounters. Man to man," he says. "Wrestling is one path. The most personal of all sports." He pushes his knee into my groin. "We expect wrestlers to be sensitive human beings who will make an effort to perceive in a match all the levels of encounter a one-on-one grapple involves. Some guys wrest okay in private, but are afraid to wrestle in a gym or bar." He twists my arm tighter, for real. "Failure in a success-oriented society is hard to take."

"And it hurts," I say, dropping my notepad and pushing the butt of my palm into his chin.

"We all like to win matches, but not everyone can be a winner." He speaks through clenched teeth, holding my arm immobile. "Some guys think of wrestling only as a contest."

"No shit," I say. Do I look to him

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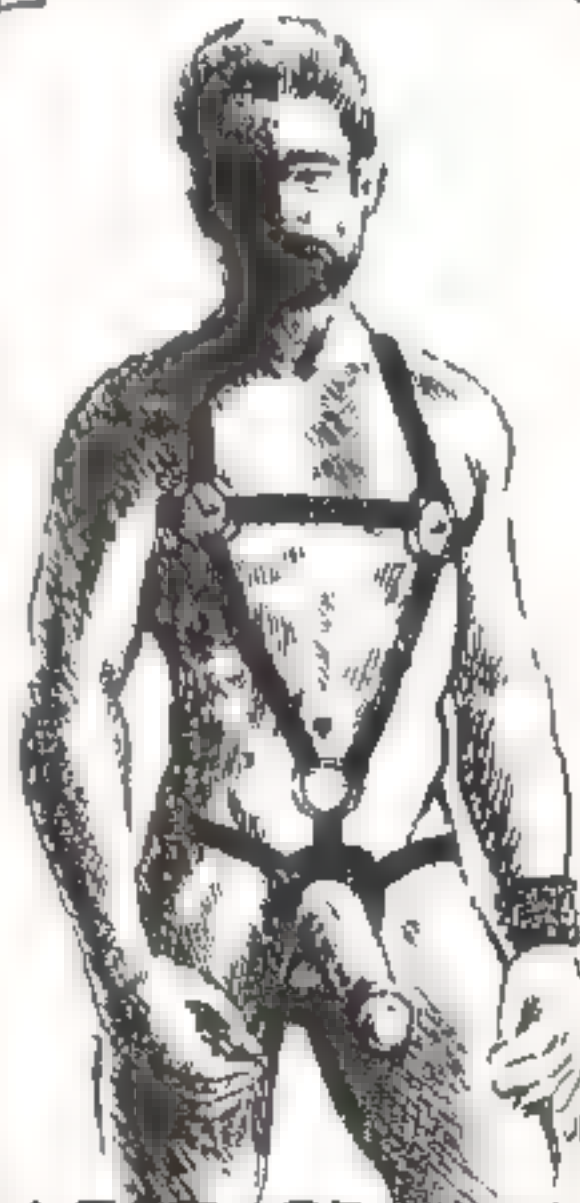
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THE NIGHT EVERYBODY WAS A STAR AND MANHATTAN ATE SAN FRANCISCO

NIGHT FLIGHT

BY
JACK FRITSCHER

NIGHT FLIGHT was a golden night in the Golden Age of San Francisco and a shock to the old over-easy attitude of Sodom-by-the-Bay. Manhattan energy streaked into town, rented the entire three floors of the Gay Community Center, and designed out of its pits a night when everybody was a star.

NIGHT BEFORE '78's EVE

The Boarding Pass ticket to *Night Flight* read 10 PM to 7 AM. By 2 AM, time-frame turned into time-warp. Barnum and Bailey with all the Ringlings of the Nebelungen could eat their hearts out. The Center is a Bette-Davis dump, but not after *Night Flight* worked the joint over like a Diller redone at Arden's. The entire interior of the Center was wrapped with white billowing sections of the Cristo fence that had run through Marin County and then into the sea; now it hung wall to wall, from the first-floor coat check to the third-floor movie dens. Three thousand men floated together inside a white parachute around circular silver ice-pools chuckful of beer, Calistoga, and The Real Thing.

CASINO ROYALE

The upper-floor Casino operated a healthy-staked, multi-prized ring around the walls. In the center of the casino stood a boxing-ring size platform. All night long, professional acts of juggling, magic, and strip-wrestling featured The Amazing Kristavo; On-Off, The Wonder Tobot; and a healthy Rick & Ron. Casino prizes came from 50 sponsors: health clubs, restaurants, bookstores, florists, glory holes, galleries, baths, Jaded Degenerate Man T-Shirts, photographers, artists, and manicurists for men who need smooth nails.

Behind the casino on the right, "The Tommy Memorial Pinball Room" ran two lines of twenty machines with levi baskets pressed tight against the front of the flashing, flipping, score-chunking pinballs. Behind the casino on the left, all night long, a single red light hung over a large brick room where the non-professional acts of juggling, magic, and strip-wrestling writhed the night away.



PHOTOS BY EFREN RAMIREZ

DISCOMANIACS

Hovering over the dance floor, the light-and-sound saucer-booth flashed in time to the high-energy music. A thousand dancers filled the floor. Aroma of popper rose over their heads where a tightrope walker balanced his way from crowded balcony to crowded balcony. Bodies heated. Shirts peeled off. Light show designs changed electronically. Special Duty Police stood straight and politely slackjawed at every exit.

Grown men reported UFO sightings of a tower of sparklers and billowing smoke rolling through the sweaty crowd. From inside the tower, hands threw pop-sicles out into the tangle of naked arms. Men moved, flowed, from amusement to amusement, wandering inside the wonderful white parachute.

Night Flight was a full Busby Berkeley production number. *Night Flight* was not just four walls and a crowd. *Night Flight* was premeditated design. Every detail was calculated to entertain the most jaded audience in the world. And its magic worked, because *Night Flight* was for one night only. Nothing about it was ordinary. Nothing about it did you see last week or could you get around to next week. *Night Flight* was the *Now* of that one night: a celebration of living life in the fast-lane of The Forbidden City of Oz.

IMAGES

As a ton of California grapes cascaded down the balcony walls, a second 20-foot high scaffold rolled to the middle of the dance floor. The crowd parted in an acid-red sea of sweat. Atop the scaffold, a man rode to the center of the crowd. He commanded six projectors like the multiple eyes of some closely encountered great iron beast. He shot surreal images from its six eyes to six screens hung around the hall. Men, dancing in front of the screens in white screenlike capes, became part of the abstraction.

In other rooms, floral displays topped with bodies into the icepools.

TOWARD 1980: A SNEAK PREVIEW

For laidback San Francisco, where failure of imagination often looks suspiciously like an energy outrage, *Night Flight* was a Manhattanization much to be desired. Michael Maletta's production proved a New Wave is hitting San Francisco, because in among the dancing, sucking, fucking, fisting, and variously heavy free-for-all s & m numbers, a lot of San Francisco heads got blown away and lost their cherries at *Night Flight*. How ya gonna keep 'em down in imagination after they've experienced a night like *Night Flight*?

Laidback and waiting like Madame Recamier has finally passed as San Francisco's favorite posture. "Laidback" won't cut it anymore. The bitch-and-bull mating of New York energy with San Francisco attitude is already producing results. Four days after *Night Flight*, two "rogue" San Francisco cops decided to raid a gay bath: a private place for consenting adults. Within hours, they were the laughing stock of the straight media and were censured by their chief. Public statements strong as *Night Flight*'s very existence strengthen the solidarity of the gay political front. The gay network is like Peter Finch's New York *Network*: "When you're mad as hell, you won't take interruptions of your lifestyle anymore."

Night Flight proceeds went to The Pride Foundation which fights for gay rights in the courts, in the military, in the bedroom, and in the playroom.

VIRGINS

After *Night Flight*, there are no virgins anymore. That one *Night Flight* night, they all jumped into the volcano. Willingly. And the good times rolled.

Night Flight: produced by Michael Maletta; conceptual design, Robert Currie; music, Vincent Corleo; lighting, Roy Shapiro, visuals, David Meyer, spacecraft, Alan Greenspan; lighting and sound equipment, William Roderick Associates and Sound Genesis; poster design, Joseph Vincent; poster illustration, Ed Parente; slide show, Steve Barnett and Paul Hatlestad.



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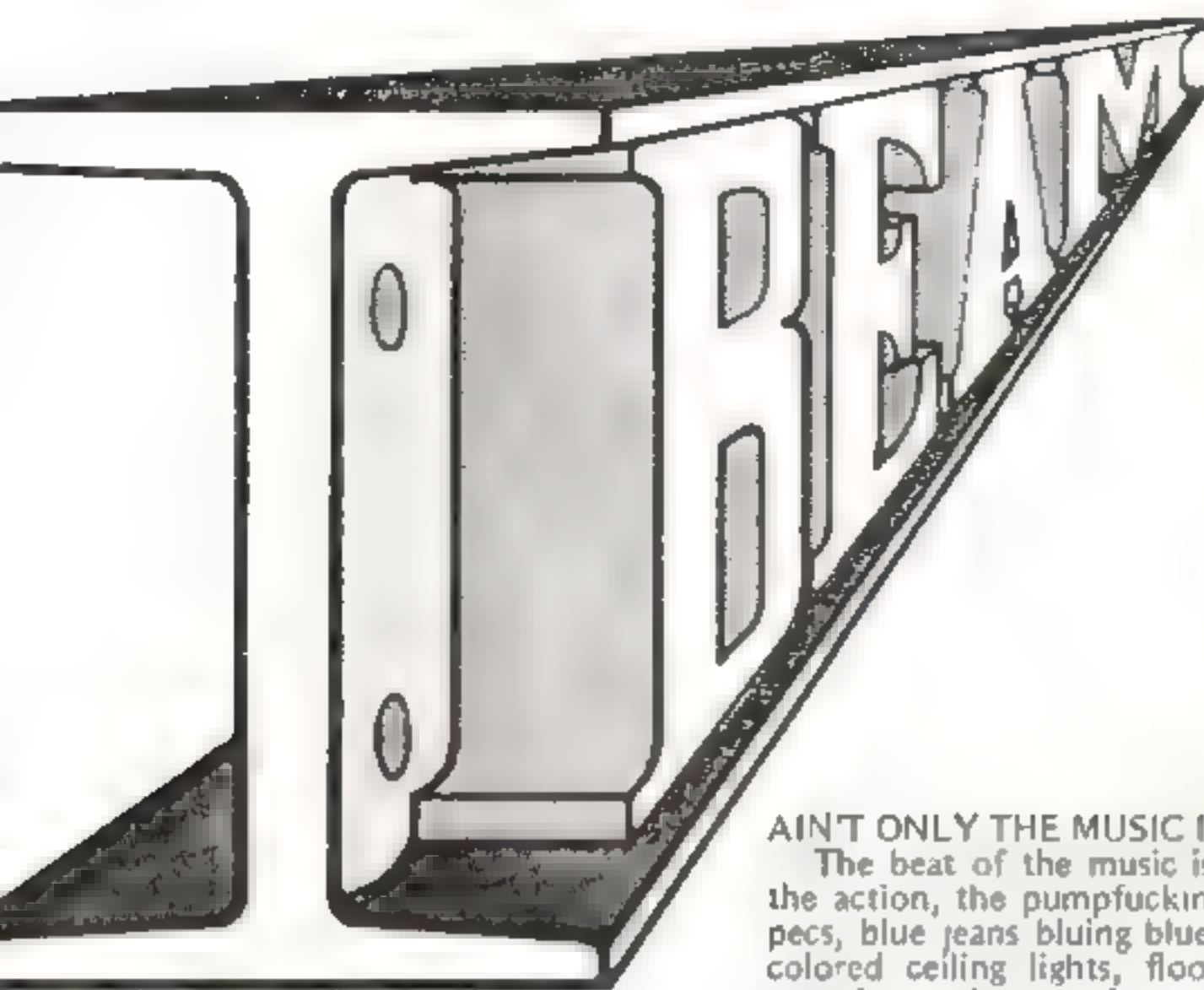
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I-BEAM 1977

Feature and Photos
by
BOB ZYGARLICKI

SOUNDS and lights pulsate. Bodies gyrate. Poppered, shirtless, sweaty men work it out Hard! Construction-gear atmosphere. This is the I-BEAM: the City's first MACHO DISCO for dancing to the beat every night on the street called Haight in San Francisco.

JOCK HOP

A deceptively low-key entrance on Haight Street, former mainstem of the Flower Children, opens on two hot bouncers who insulate the I-BEAM gang from any street-hassle invasions. Past these hunks, you walk up the large stairway to the second floor: the giant lobby/cruise/R&R area, swarms with men. Groups sit to talk. Solo-stags pose to cruise. Shirtless dancers drip with sweat after their marathon workout on the floor.

Too hot to handle, you check your jacket with the well-checked dude who takes your leather and your measure. You cruise off through the mingle, snorting up the sweaty taste of a jock hop in Marlboro Country. You hit the more intimate lobby's full-liquor bar with its Gatorade/Perrier alternatives. Corners, doorjams, and mazesways expose athletic male bodies running wet with sweat. Everywhere: reflections. A giant mirror hangs by the johns.

AIN'T ONLY THE MUSIC IN ME

The beat of the music is everywhere the action, the pumpfucking pumped-up pecs, blue jeans bluing bluer with sweat, colored ceiling lights, floor light-panels ramming color up into every crotch. Men: to the right; to the left. Topless tops and jocked bottoms. Men

Move up a few steps running your hand up the thick brass rail. Enter macho paradise: the main bar fronting the hard wood dance floor. Comfortably long, the bar is a semi-tough mixer no college ever knew: dudes drinking, towelling off, leaning, waiting. Hot bartenders getting down to business under a construction of hundreds of long copper phallic tubes hung the length of the bar: a stalactite cave for thoroughly macho primitives, a beautiful sculpture undulating through the illumination of red laser light.

Hit the dance floor action. Any night after 11, the I-BEAM is hot. Men crowd the floor, pumping every muscle to Michael's coordinated music and lights

WE CAN WORK IT OUT

The dance floor is huge as Noah's Ark: space to hold two of every type man you can fantasize. Watch, dance, bump, or rub. Who or what or where you stroke hardly matters more than men getting off dancing.

Every Oz has its focus. The I Beam comes together under three gigantic I-beams hanging free above the dance floor. Shades of jack-hammers, riveting guns, welder's masks, greasy levis, construction helmets! Lean back into your fantasy space and see the essence of booted macho men, skywalkers up on the I-beam. Look down and see the popper-n-salty reality of those para-construction types jammed on the floor, night tripping in our own world. Bumpers, beaters, bruisers, flexers, sweat-ers, jockers, poppers. Tee shirts off. Tight tanks on, clinging to hard chests.

This crowd is the NEW HAIGHT STREET v.a FOLSOM STREET.



I-BEAM: SON OF THE BOLT

A laser beam shoots off into the roiling crowd. Screams, shouts, gut noises, getting off from the center of the room to the corners. Get lost. Lose it to the best and newest sound system in the City. Energy everywhere. Men wherever you go: the oversized game room with exhibitionist bicep-sharks hustling over two pool tables or pumping crotch into the four pinball machines. TILT. Even here, the music from the disco bar pipes in: same energy muted.

The I-BEAM is a hot package well-produced. This season it's all laid out for your disco, gaming, cruising pleasure.

The I-BEAM is at 1748 Haight Street (Haight/Cole). Open 9 PM to 2 AM daily; 4 PM to 2 AM Sunday. The I-BEAM is a hot meeting spa for the macho male ready to turn his nostalgically remembered sock hops into the jock hop of his dreams.

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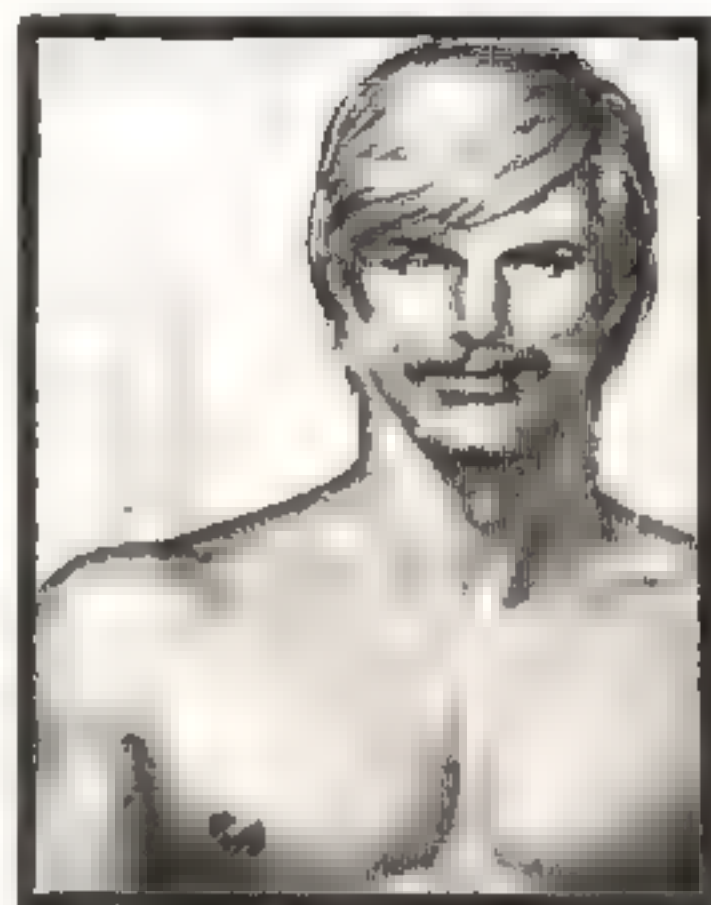


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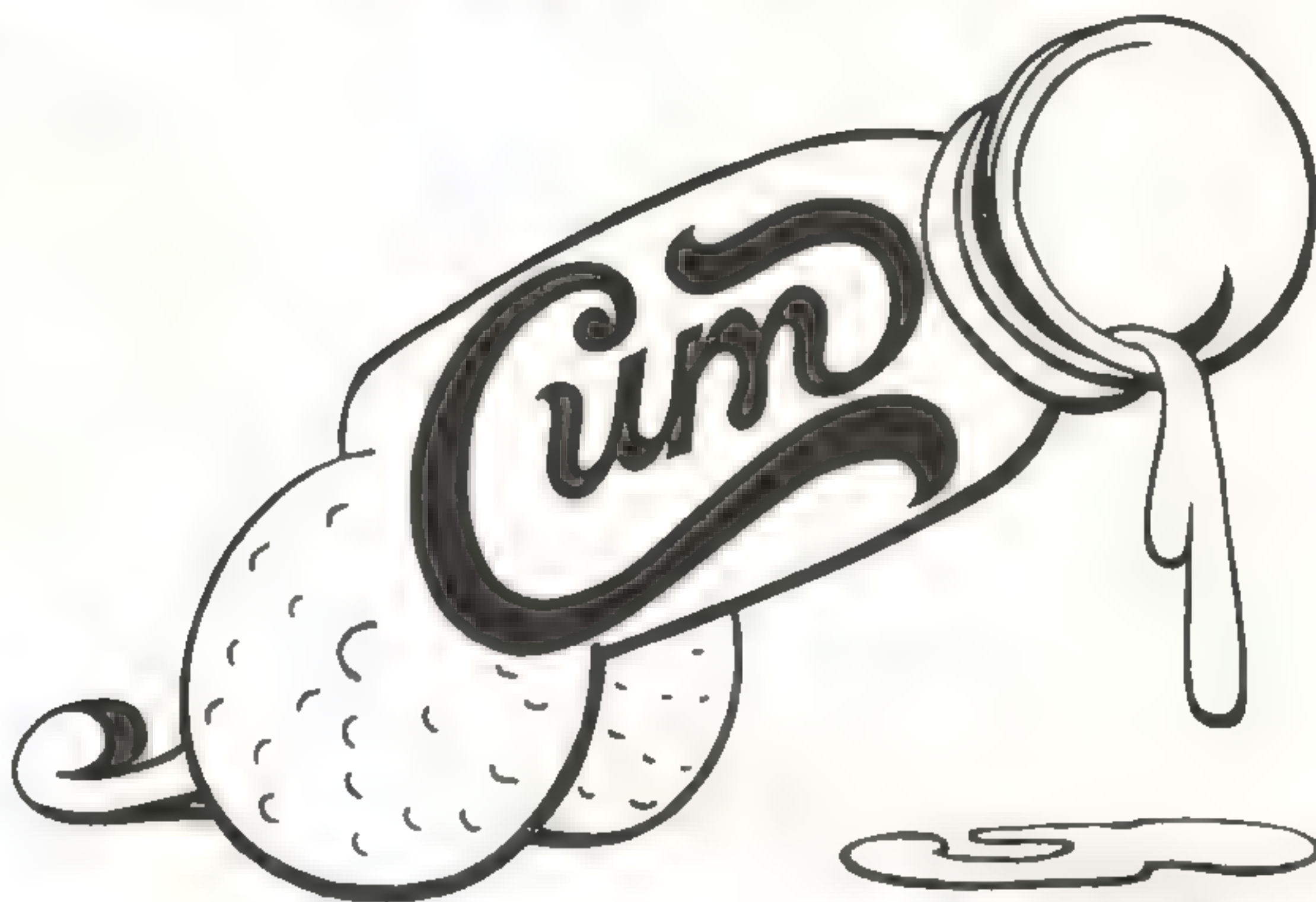
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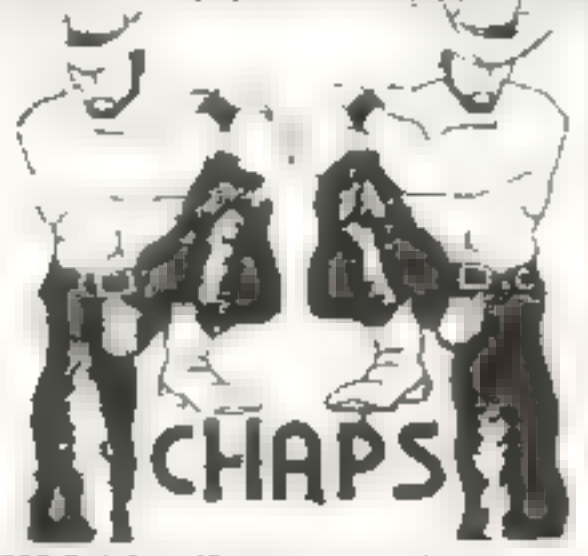
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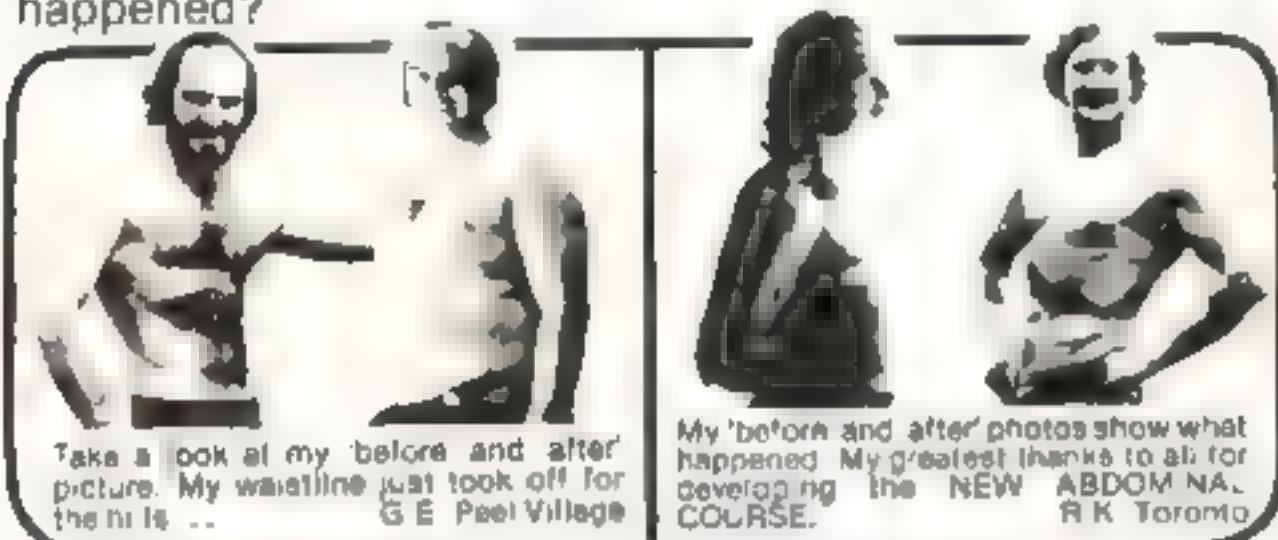
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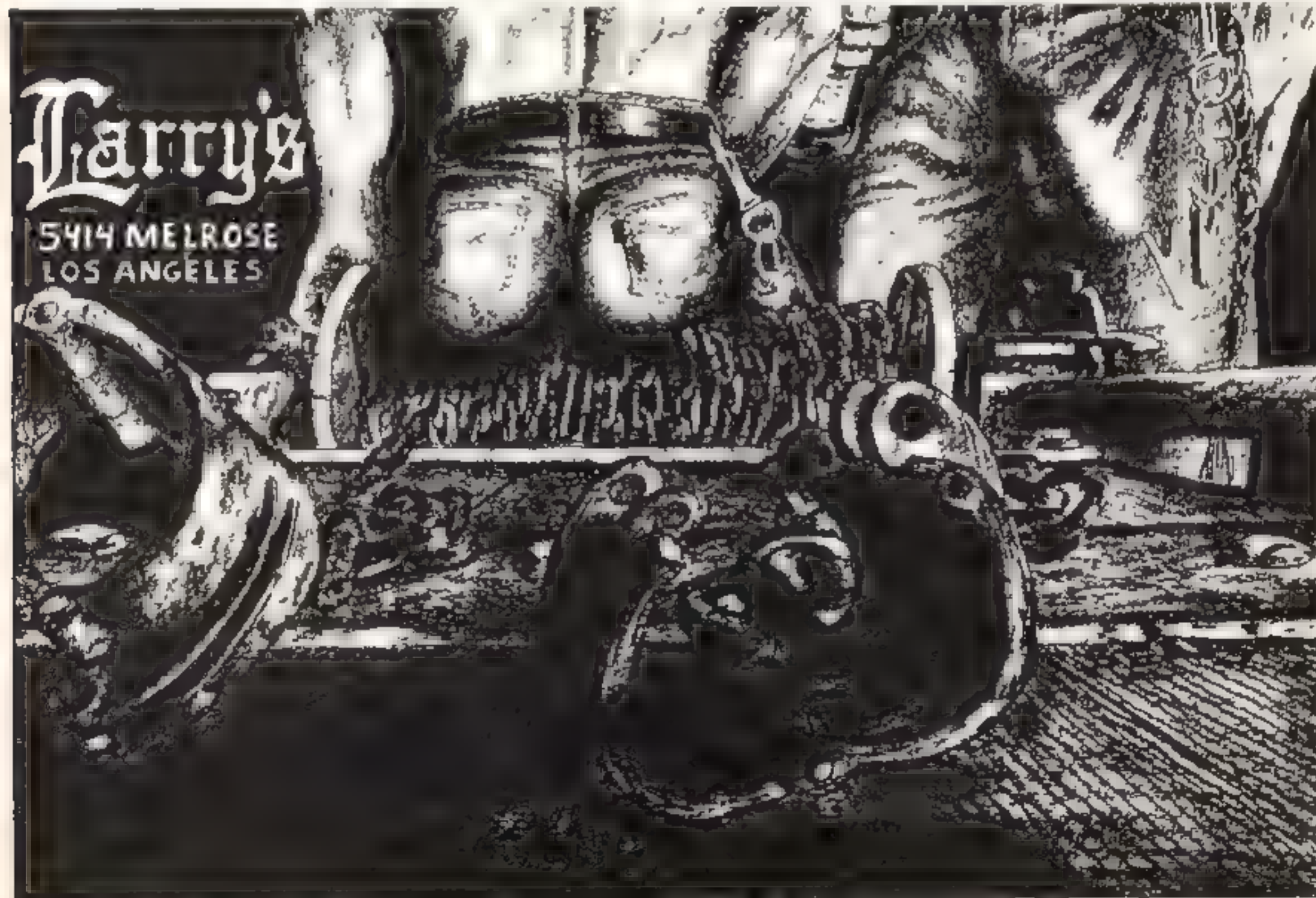
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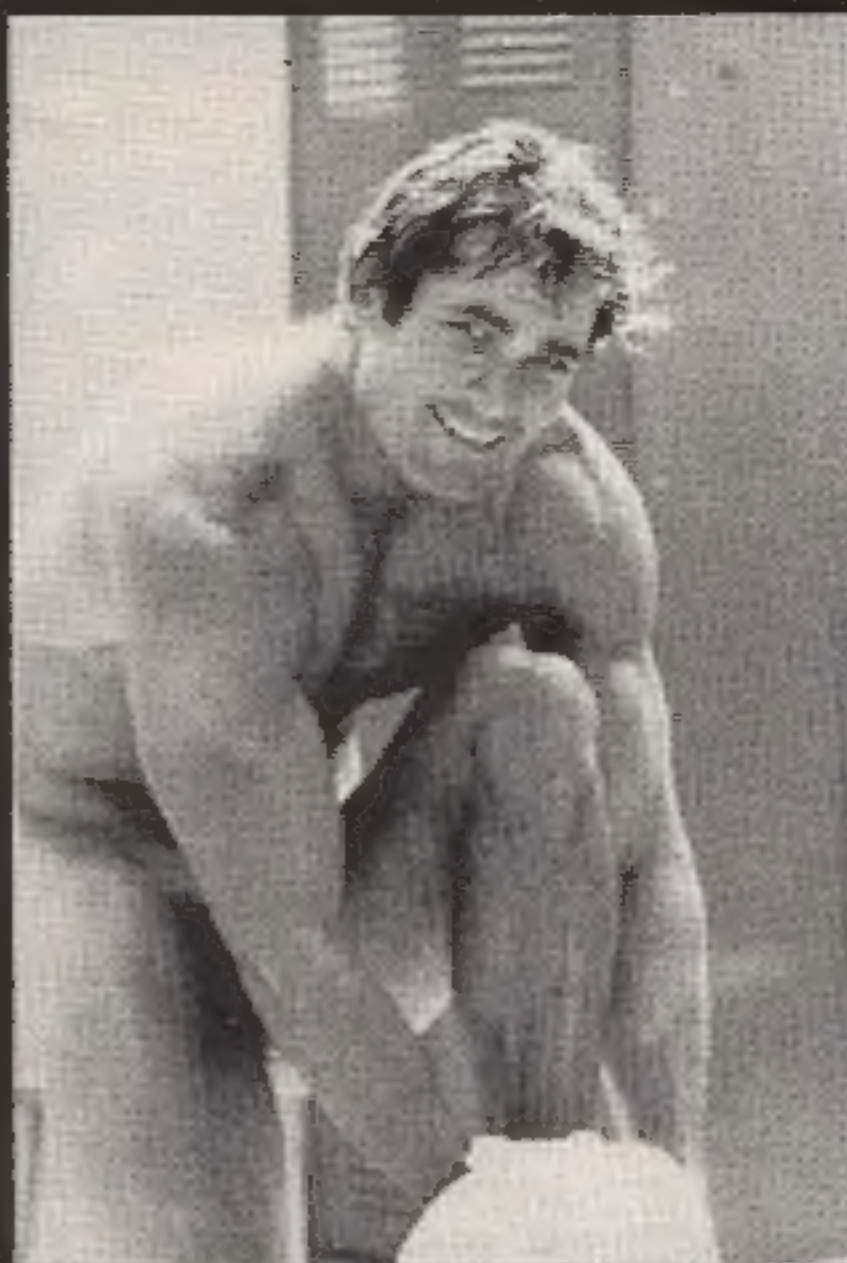
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IN PASSING

The Great Slave Auction is now history and for the four persons who were ultimately charged with felonies (first 'slavery,' then 'pandering'), after one more appearance before Judge Velarde in March, the long hassle will be over.

Details of the auction benefit have been chronicled here in other issues and are covered fairly thoroughly in the second issue of the *Alternate*. For a happening that appeared in virtually every newspaper in the country, and many overseas, the final wind-down was relatively quiet. There was a splash when the District Attorney's office called in the press and TV cameras for the sentencing, obviously to put pressure on the judge. It worked. Judge Velarde disregarded the probation reports and sentenced three of the defendants to short terms in jail. The fourth, who probably shouldn't have been tried at all, and who was allowed to plead to disturbing the peace, was given a fine. The next appearance, when there was no press coverage, the judge allowed the defendants a volunteer work program of doing "good works" at approved charities, which is what everyone thought they were doing the night of the benefit.

Why did the defendants cop-out to a misdemeanor that they weren't guilty of? Attorneys Gordon, Russell, Rubin and May, who had been retained by the Southern California Gay Community, felt that risking one to two months in court (with an anticipated one hundred twenty-five witnesses and mountains of 'evidence,' mostly unrelated to the charge) in an atmosphere created by the doings of Anita Bryant and Senator John Briggs was risky. While the D.A. hadn't much of a case, with most of his 'evidence' thrown out as having been illegally obtained by the L.A.P.D., nevertheless there was an ever-present risk that one or more of the defendants might be set up as an example. After all, Police Chief Davis had spent well over a hundred thousand dollars and had egg on his face when "the big bust turned out to be a falsie." He had to have something to show for it. The result of the fight would be thousands more dollars in legal expenses, appeals and years of litigation.

Most important of all, the cause was cold. The final court appearances were attended only by the defendants and their attorneys. The Gay Rights chapter of the ACLU chose not to support the Mark IV case. The defense fund was about exhausted and more fundraisers would have to be held to raise the large amounts needed for extended court sessions and appeals, if necessary. The L.A.P.D. and the District Attorney's office, on the other hand, have all the time and money in the world.

The L.A.P.D.'s method of operation is to charge into any group that they disapprove of, making indiscriminate arrests, knowing the cases will not stand up in court. However, the defendants will probably have been put out of business by legal fees and having been tied up in court for months or years.

The score stands as follows: Retiring Chief Ed Davis lost credibility and a million dollars off his considerable budget, along with twenty-odd vice officers, if only for a year. (Nobody, including the A.C.L.U. protested his budget this past year.) Most of the Gay community rallied around a segment that the L.A.P.D. was sure would be disowned. And while many of the original arrestees drifted away after they were not prosecuted, quite a few did not. Their support remained constant. In face, of the entire community, only the *Advocate* used the bust to divide and deride.

Perhaps most important of all, on a personal basis, the four remaining defendants showed concern throughout the ordeal for the group. There were separate offers made by the District Attorney's office but none taken. The decision to accept the final offer on the day that over a hundred prospective jurors waited in the hall, was made jointly by the four defendants with genuine concern for one another.

The final press coverage was completely one-sided. Press releases were sent out by Ed Davis' handmaiden, District Attorney John Vandekamp's office. The defendants were instructed by their attorneys to say nothing. And until now, nothing has been said.

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